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new MUSICAL EXPRESS

Special, even weirder, New Year issue...

GENESIS (that's them in the photo) & THRILLS choose their Greatest Hits

Plus Best Albums of '76 and the Teazers' Annual Awards

Pic: PENNIE SMITH

No British charts this week, on account of the Christmas holidays. But we are still able to bring you the U.S. charts, as they are compiled one week ahead of their dateline. NME's full chart coverage will resume next week.

U.S. SINGLES

w/e 1st January, 1977

This Week	Last		
1	(3)	YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE A STAR	Marilyn McCoo & Billy Davis
2	(1)	YOU MAKE ME FEEL LIKE DANCING	Leo Sayer
3	(2)	TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT	Rod Stewart
4	(13)	CAR WASH	Rose Royce
5	(14)	I WISH	Stevie Wonder
6	(7)	AFTER THE LOVIN'	Engelbert Humperdinck
7	(8)	SORRY SEEMS TO BE THE HARDEST WORD	Elton John
8	(9)	DAZZ	Brick
9	(5)	STAND TALL	Burton Cummings
10	(11)	HOT LINE	Sylvers
11	(12)	LOVE ME	Yvonne Elliman
12	(10)	LIVIN' THING	ELO
13	(4)	RUBBER BAND MAN	Spinners
14	(16)	SOMEBODY TO LOVE	Queen
15	(17)	WALK THIS WAY	Aerosmith
16	(18)	JEANS ON	David Dundas
17	(22)	TORN BETWEEN TWO LOVES	Mary McGregor
18	(6)	LOVE SO RIGHT	Bee Gees
19	(26)	BLINDED BY THE LIGHT	Manfred Mann
20	(28)	ENJOY YOURSELF	Jacksons
21	(25)	I LIKE DREAMING	Kenny Nolan
22	(29)	NEW KID IN TOWN	Eagles
23	(27)	LOST WITHOUT LOVE	Bread
24	(15)	MUSKRAT LOVE	Captain & Tennille
25	(20)	NADIA'S THEME	Barry DeVorzon & Perry Botkin Jr.
26	(30)	WHISPERING/CHERCHEZ LA FEMME/C'EST SI BON	Dr. Buzzard's Original Savannah
27	(21)	I NEVER CRY	Alice Cooper
28	(19)	NIGHTS ARE FOREVER	England Dan & John Ford Coley
29	(—)	THIS SONG	George Harrison
30	(—)	SATURDAY NIGHT	Earth, Wind & Fire

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

U.S. ALBUMS

w/e 1st January, 1976

This Week	Last		
1	(1)	SONGS IN THE KEY OF LIFE	Stevie Wonder
2	(5)	HOTEL CALIFORNIA	Eagles
3	(4)	FRAMPTON COMES ALIVE	Peter Frampton
4	(6)	WINGS OVER AMERICA	Wings
5	(2)	BOSTON	
6	(3)	A NIGHT ON THE TOWN	Rod Stewart
7	(7)	BEST OF THE DOOBIES	Doobie Brothers
8	(8)	THE PRETENDER	Jackson Browne
9	(9)	ROCK AND ROLL OVER	Kiss
10	(18)	GREATEST HITS	Linda Ronstadt
11	(11)	FLY LIKE AN EAGLE	Steve Miller Band
12	(10)	A NEW WORLD RECORD	Electric Light Orchestra
13	(13)	HEJIRA	Joni Mitchell
14	(15)	GREATEST HITS	James Taylor
15	(16)	THIRTY-THREE & ⅓	George Harrison
16	(14)	BLUE MOVES	Elton John
17	(12)	SPIRIT	Earth, Wind & Fire
18	(19)	CHICAGO X	
19	(21)	THEIR GREATEST HITS	Eagles
20	(22)	SONGS OF JOY	Captain & Tennille
21	(17)	THE SONG REMAINS THE SAME	Led Zeppelin
22	(20)	ONE MORE FROM THE ROAD	Lynyrd Skynyrd
23	(24)	CHILDREN OF THE WORLD	Bee Gees
24	(28)	CAR WASH	Original Soundtrack
25	(27)	YEAR OF THE CAT	Al Stewart
26	(23)	SILK DEGREES	Boz Scaggs
27	(26)	FLEETWOOD MAC	
28	(25)	DREAMBOAT ANNIE	Heart
29	(29)	SUMMERTIME DREAM	Gordon Lightfoot
30	(—)	THE BEST OF GEORGE HARRISON	

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending — December 29th, 1971.

Last Week	This		
1	1	ERNIE	Benny Hill (Columbia)
5	2	SOMETHING TELLS ME	Cilla Black (Parlophone)
6	3	I'D LIKE TO TEACH THE WORLD TO SING	New Seekers (Polydor)
2	4	JEEPSTER	T. Rex (Fly)
7	5	NO MATTER HOW I TRY	Gilbert O'Sullivan (MAM)
4	6	SOFTLY WHISPERING I LOVE YOU	Congregation (Columbia)
3	7	THEME FROM "SHAFT"	Isaac Hayes (Stax)
8	8	TOKOLOSHE MAN	John Kongos (Fly)
11	9	SOLEY, SOLEY	Middle of the Road (RCA)
9	10	GYPSIES, TRAMPS & THIEVES	Cher (MCA)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending — December 28th, 1966.

Last Week	This		
1	1	GREEN GREEN GRASS OF HOME	Tom Jones (Decca)
2	2	MORNINGTOWN RIDE	Seekers (Columbia)
3	3	WHAT WOULD I BE	Val Doonican (Pye)
4	4	SUNSHINE SUPERMAN	Donovan (Pye)
7	5	YOU KEEP ME HANGIN' ON	Supremes (Tamla Motown)
6	6	WHAT BECOMES OF THE BROKEN-HEARTED	Jimmy Ruffin (Tamla Motown)
10	7	SAVE ME	Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick & Tich (Fontana)
8	8	DEAD END STREET	Kinks (Pye)
13	9	HAPPY JACK	Who (Reaction)
5	10	MY MIND'S EYE	Small Faces (Decca)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending — December 29th, 1961.

Last Week	This		
2	1	MOON RIVER	Danny Williams (HMV)
1	2	TOWER OF STRENGTH	Frankie Vaughan (Philips)
3	3	STRANGER ON THE SHORE	Acker Bilk (Columbia)
6	4	JOHNNY WILL	Pat Boone (London)
5	5	MIDNIGHT IN MOSCOW	Kenny Ball (Pye)
4	6	LET THERE BE DRUMS	Sandy Nelson (London)
6	7	TAKE GOOD CARE OF MY BABY	Bobby Vee (London)
10	8	HAPPY BIRTHDAY SWEET SIXTEEN	Neil Sedaka (RCA)
16	9	I'LL NEVER FIND ANOTHER YOU	Billy Fury (Decca)
23	10	MULTIPLICATION	Bobby Darin (London)

News Desk — Edited: Derek Johnson

McTELL: first dates

THE FIRST five dates have now been confirmed for the winter college tour by Ralph McTell, running from February 9 to March 8.

He will be playing 22 dates during this period, and the first to be announced are university gigs at Leeds (February 13), Bristol (18), Lancaster (21), Glasgow Strathclyde (26) and Exeter (March 7). The remainder are expected to be finalised by next week.

As reported in last week's NME, McTell will be playing a second British tour in May, which will be confined to the concert circuit.

● Two more dates have been set for John Martyn's previously-announced February tour. They are at Belfast Queen's University (6) and Leeds University (22). He is already set for Canterbury Kent University (11) and London New Victoria (20), and the rest of his gigs are now being lined up.

Zappa's visit curtailed

FRANK ZAPPA will not, after all, be playimg any provincial concerts during his British visit in February. He is already set for two dates at London Hammersmith Odeon on February 9 and 10 with his new band Zappa and, when his visit was first announced, it was stated that two further gigs were being lined up. However, his Japanese tour is now opening earlier than originally planned, and this means he has to fly to Tokyo immediately after his second Hammersmith Show.

Lynyrd extra

LYNYRD SKYNYRD have added another London gig to their upcoming British tour schedule, due to the enormous ticket demand for their previously-reported concerts at the Rainbow Theatre on January 28 and 29. Promoter Harvey Goldsmith has now set an extra show at this same venue on Thursday, January 27, which now becomes the opening date of the band's tour. Tickets are now on sale priced £2.80, £2.20 and £1.75.

ACE: single, album, tour

ACE — who returned to Britain shortly before Christmas after ten months of exile in California — have a new album and single coming out next week. And they have announced plans for a British tour in the early spring.

The band's third Anchor album is titled: "No Strings" and is their first to feature new guitarist, American John Woodhead, who joined Ace in the early summer as replacement for Phil Harris. The LP consists of ten tracks, two of which were co-written by Woodhead. It is released on January 7 along with a new single, extracted from the album, titled "You're All That I Need".

A spokesman for Anchor confirmed this week that Ace will be headlining an extensive British tour, opening in April and running into May. They return to America at the end of January to play a winter tour of the States, and this will be followed by dates in Europe prior to their U.K. trek.

McCartney's own film plot

PAUL McCartney has himself evolved the story line for Wings' film debut later in 1977. As previously reported, the Wings movie was the brainchild of "Star Trek" creator Gene Roddenbury, who is currently working on a screenplay based upon McCartney's original plot. All the band members will have acting roles in the science fiction film, as well as providing the music. They are expected to start work shortly on the score, with the picture probably going into production in the spring. Meanwhile, it was announced this week that their new triple album "Wings Over America" has shipped Gold in the United Kingdom.

Streetwalker on crutches!

THE DAY AFTER appearing with Streetwalkers in their special one-off Christmas gig at London Roundhouse on December 19, Roger Chapman discovered that he had broken his foot while performing on stage.

The injury occurred during the band's second number, but he thought at the time he had only twisted his ankle. Later, when the pain intensified, he went to hospital and a fracture was diagnosed.

Chapman spent Christmas on crutches, but as been told that he should be fully mobile in three weeks. This means that his injury will not delay the band's British tour, which is currently being set up to start in early February.

The tour is timed to aid promotion of their new album "Vicious But Fair", released by Vertigo on January 21.

1976 CHART POINTS SURVEY

It's Abba—all the way

ABBA EMERGE as the top sellers of 1976 in both the albums and the singles chart points surveys — and by an enormous margin in both sections.

Their album "Abba Greatest Hits" tops the album table — scoring over 1000 points for only the third time since the heyday of the Beatles, and with over a 300 points margin separating their next nearest rivals. And in the singles charts they have a gap of over 400 points between themselves and the runner-up.

When you consider that last year the Singles Points Table was topped by Mud with 648 points, and in 1974 the winning total was 603 points, Abba's total of 995 reflects the full extent of their dominance of the Top Thirty in 1976.

A word also for Paul McCartney and Wings, not only for their runner-up position in the album table with "Speed Of Sound", but also for finishing seventh in the singles list — a double achievement in keeping with their international success on the concert platform in '76.

Rod Stewart also emerges as one of the outstanding successes of the past year having walked off with the No. 3 and 14 albums of the past 12 months, and at the same time clinching runner-up spot in the singles table. In fact, Rod's two major LP hits of the year — "A Night On The Town" and "Atlantic Crossing" (the latter boosted by the highly-rated TV series "Sailor") — have accumulated 1113 points, compared with Abba's 1283 points for three albums, so the margin between them is relatively small as the year's top album sellers.

It is also incredible to see Demis Roussos doing so well. His No. 3 placing in singles and No. 4 in albums are unique, insofar as Continental singers are concerned. Of course, it's true that Abba also hail from Europe — but their British hits, like those of Roussos, were not recorded on the Continent. Even so, the emphasis of 1976 seems to be that the overseas trend is switching away from the American market.

Top U.S. act of the year, is surprisingly, Dr. Hook — who not only notch the No. 13 album of the 1976 but, even more impressively, emerge as the top American sellers of the past 12 months in the singles market with their No. 5 position.

Congratulations to Tina Charles for capturing No. 6 spot in the singles table — a remarkable achievement, bearing in mind that girl singers are generally reckoned to be on a hiding to nothing in the recording industry.

It's worth noting that exactly 200 different acts appeared in the NME singles Top Thirty during the course of 1976. This is the first time that the 200 mark has ever been breached in any 12-month period, beating last year's record of 190 acts. Just why so many artists have achieved chart status is difficult to explain — maybe record buyers are becoming more selective.

POINTS TABLES ARE ON PAGE 4

Before leaving the singles, a word of explanation. Elton John collected 185 points as a soloist, but he also gained another 309 for his chart-topping duet with Kiki Dee. We have shown these two totals separately in our 1976 table but, if they were added together, Elton would have amassed 494 points — sufficient to put him in third place behind Abba and Rod Stewart.

Another record has been established in terms of the number of albums which appeared in the LP Chart during the year — 202 in all, again indicating that record buyers are expanding their horizons. This is perhaps unexpected, in view of the lack of new trends to emerge in 1976 (unless you count punk rock, the impact of which had no bearing upon the charts).

So, looking back on 1976, there is no doubt whatever that the year belongs to Abba — as far as the charts are concerned — with Wings and Rod Stewart as their closest contenders for honours.

And this is a significant feat because, in a year when practically every other industry has suffered a recession, the recording business has contined to prosper.

NEWS BRIEFS

● **THE DAMNED** who were recently booted off the Sex Pistols tour because their face didn't fit, play a couple of special New Year gigs at London Islington Hope & Anchor this Saturday and Sunday. They begin a short European tour on January 5, then return for a series of British dates which are currently being set up.

● **CONSORTIUM** are back on the road after a lengthy lay-off. Their current line-up comprises Robert Leggat (vocals), Brian Parker and Mick Ware (guitars), Ken Brown (bass) and John Parker (drums). They will be gigging extensively until the end of February and are currently seeking a new recording deal. Their manager says they have sufficient new material for three albums.

● **ELECTRIC LIGHT** Orchestra have been awarded a Platinum Disc in America for U.S. sales of their album "A New World Record", which in Britain has achieved Silver Disc status. They have also been awarded a Silver Disc in this country for sales of their single "Living Thing".

● **MOTORHEAD,** the band launched by former Hawkwind member Lemmy, have signed a recording deal with the Stiff label. They are currently recording a single for rush-release in the New Year, to be followed by an album in the spring.

● **RADIO LUXEMBOURG** is to devote a special show to the top albums of 1976 as listed in the NME Charts Points Table on Page 4 of this issue. It will be broadcast on Sunday. January 9, at 9.30 pm with Mark Wesley as host.

● **GRYPHON** have been signed by the EMI Organisation, for release on the Harvest label. They previously recorded for Transatlantic and had four albums issued through that outlet. They have just started work on a new album, for release in March under their new deal.

● **PINK FAIRIES** headline a special "New Year Frolic" concert at London Chalk Farm Roundhouse this Sunday (2), promoted by Straight Music. Also on the bill are the Stranglers, Little Bob Story and the Gorillas. The seven-hour event starts at 3.30 pm, and admission is £1.70. The Stranglers' new single "Grip" is released by United Artists on January 28.

● **POLYDOR** singles for release during the first half of January include "Romeo And Juliet" by Our Kid, "Ain't Nothing Like The Real Thing" by Donny and Marie Osmond, "Save The Last Dance For Me" by Gay and Terry Woods and "Bye B'Bye" by Bonnie Dobson.

● **SPIKE MILLIGAN** will be the narrator in a special performance of Paul Callico's "The Snow Goose" to be staged at London Royal Festival Hall on February 19. Promoted by Harvey Goldsmith, the concert will feature the London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Ed Welch.

● **LONE STAR** have added another four dates to their first British headlining tour, details of which were announced by NME last week. The new gigs are at Carlisle Market Hall (February 6), Coventry Lanchester Polytechnic (11), Maidenhead Skindles (13) and Barnsley Civic Hall (17).

● **FIVE HAND REEL** are to be the support act on the upcoming British tour by the McGarrigles which, as reported by NME two weeks ago, opens in Belfast on February 8.

War, Sly, Rufus tours on again

BRITISH TOURS by War, Rufus and Sly & the Family Stone — all originally planned for this autumn, but subsequently cancelled — are now being re-negotiated for early in the New Year, and concert appearances by the three bands are expected to be announced in the near future.

They were initially set to tour here in November and December — War and Rufus together, and the Family Stone separately. Rufus were the first to pull out, but it was hoped at the time that War would still come on their own. But shortly afterwards, War and Sly also called off their visits.

Reason for the cancellation was the crisis over the value of the Pound which, when the tours were being set up, had — in just a few weeks — fallen dramatically by 25 per cent against the value of the Dollar. There was no indication then as to when the slide would be halted, but subsequently the Pound has stabilised, and the promoter considered it provident to re-arrange the tours.

● LOU REED is expected to tour Britain in the late winter. Promoter Harvey Goldsmith confirmed that negotiations are nearing completion with Reed's U.S. management. He added: "All that remains to be set is the exact period of his visit, but it will be either in February or March."

● BOBBY VEE is returning to Britain for a one-nighter tour, starting on February 3 and promoted by Terry King. Details of his itinerary will be announced in a week or two. King is also setting up British visits in the late winter by Brenda Lee and Phil Everly.

CHAKA KHAN of Rufus

...AND KOTTKE

LEO KOTTKE

LEO KOTTKE, the six and 12-string guitar stylist, returns to Britain in February during the course of an extensive European tour. Three dates have been confirmed for him so far, but others are being negotiated.

He headlines a major London concert at the New Victoria Theatre on Sunday, February 6. And prior to this, he appears as the special guest of Jethro Tull in their concerts at Glasgow Apollo (2) and Manchester Ardwick ABC Theatre (5).

Before coming to Britain, Kottke plays 18 dates on the Continent, opening in Germany on January 11. The gigs still being finalised for him over here will include a visit to Ireland.

He recently signed to the Chrysalis label, who release his album "Leo Kottke" on January 21. It was produced by Jack Nitzsche, and features orchestral arrangements but no vocals.

Like War, Sly and Rufus, Kottke's proposed autumn visit to Britain fell victim to the rapidly declining Pound. In fact, the last occasion he was in this country was in July, 1975.

Hatcher gigs for 3 months

GEORGE HATCHER BAND are to headline their first major British tour during the first quarter of 1977. After a gig at London Marquee Club on January 5, they play a series of seven dates in Ireland, including an appearance at Belfast Queen's University (16).

They then return to the mainland for dates at London Marquee (January 19 and February 2), Glasgow Hamilton College (February 4), Edinburgh Heriot Watt University (5), Stafford College of Further Education (11), Manchester Electric Circus (12), Sheffield Top Rank (13), Doncaster Outlook Club (14), Cardiff Top Rank (15), Newport Stowaway Club (16), Swansea Circles (17), Burton 76 Club (18), Bromley Saxon Tavern (25), Dudley J.B.'s (26), London Chalk Farm Roundhouse (27), Brighton Top Rank (March 1), Wolverhampton Lafayette (4), Wigan Casino (5), Chelmsford Chancellor Hall (6), London Marquee (7), Retford Porterhouse (11) and Birmingham Barbarella's (12). Many more dates have still to be confirmed.

Gospel shows

ANDRAE CROUCH and the Disciples, one of America's top gospel groups, are playing a few selected dates in Britain during the coming week as part of a European tour. Pat Boone has flown in to guest in their opening show tonight (Thursday) at Port Talbot Afan Lido.

Subsequently the group appear at Birmingham Odeon (Friday), London Hammersmith Odeon (Saturday), Manchester Free Trade Hall (next Monday), Belfast Grosvenor Hall (Tuesday) and Glasgow Apollo (Wednesday).

Crouch and the Disciples are signed to the gospel label Word, who have just concluded a licensing deal with DJM Records. As a result, their album "This Is Another Day" and single "You Gave To Me" will be released on January 7.

Slik: new gigs

SLIK have made several additions to their New Year itinerary, reported by NME two weeks ago. Newly confirmed dates are at Torquay Town Hall (January 28), Reading Top Rank (30), Plymouth Castaways (February 1), Redruth Regal Cinema (2), Bedford Nite Spot (6), Stafford Top Of The World (7), Bournemouth The Village (10), Great Yarmouth Tiffany's (11), Stoke Bailey's (16) and New Brighton Floral Pavilion (18).

Their gig at Barnstaple Chequers Club is brought forward 24 hours to January 27, and Birmingham Barbarella's is switched from February 16 to 9. Previouly reported dates at Torquay 400 Club (January 27) and Plymouth Woods Centre (February 2) are now cancelled. This is the tour designed to take Slik back to the roots, to ensure that the public can afford to see them, instead of paying inflated concert prices.

Alkatraz play headline tour

WELSH BAND Alkatraz, who recently supported Man on their farewell tour, are set to headline their own tour during the next two months.

Dates so far set are Retford Porterhouse (January 7), Bolton Technical College (8), Burton 76 Club (14), Birmingham Barbarella's (15), Sheffield Top Rank (16), Doncaster Outlook (17), Sunderland Polytechnic (21), Manchester University (22), Barnet College of Education (28), London School of Economics (29), Cheltenham Pavilion (February 4), Bedford College of Further Education (5), Scarborough Penthouse (18) and Scunthorpe Priory Hotel (19).

YOUR NME

DUE TO THE Christmas and New Year Bank Holidays and the continuation of the dispute between local NUJ members and the management at the printing works contracted to produce *NME* (all of which is beyond our control), next week's issue will — like this one — appear one day later than normal on your newstand. Normal service will (hopefully) be resumed by the following issue.

H'Wind plan free concert

HAWKWIND are planning to give a free concert in London toward the end of January, with the primary object of recording the show, so that live excerpts can be included in their next album. They start work on the LP in two weeks' time, and it will be their first since their recent signing on the Charisma label.

To coincide with its release, the band undertake a European tour starting at the end of February, to be followed by selected British gigs in the early spring.

It has now been officially confirmed that Nik Turner has left Hawkwind due to "musical and personal differences", but their manager told NME that there are no plans to replace him and they will continue to function as a five-piece.

Knebworth 1977

THERE WILL definitely be another open-air concert at Knebworth Park this summer. Promoter Frederick Bannister was granted a licence to stage the event at a recent meeting of the North Herts Council. And he told NME this week that he has set aside four possible dates for the concert — June 25, July 2, August 13 and 20. "The final choice will be dependent upon the availability of the artists I am seeking", he said. Bannister agreed that his 1976 Rolling Stones Bill will be difficult to follow, especially in the light of strong competition expected from numerous Silver Jubilee events. "But I think you'll find that I still have a few trump cards to play", he added.

Poco due spring

Garth leaves line-up

POCO, who have now reverted to a quartet following the departure of saxist and violinist Al Garth, will be touring Britain again in the spring. A spokesman for the band revealed this week that they will be here during May and June, and their itinerary will include several festival and open-air appearances. Their visit will coincide with the release of a new album, which they are currently recording.

There have been rumours for some weeks that Garth — a former member of the Loggins & Messina outfit, who joined Poco in the early summer — was no longer working with them. But only now has their manager confirmed that there are "no further plans to include Garth in the line-up".

Garth was with Poco when they played a short British tour in the early autumn. But the band are now back to their original four-piece size, comprising Paul Cotton (lead guitar), Rusty Young (guitars), Tim Schmit (bass) and George Grantham (drums).

Kokomo show

KOKOMO are to headline a major London concert at Chalk Farm Roundhouse on Sunday, January 16. It is not yet known if Joe Cocker, who has recently been gigging with Kokomo, will be appearing in this show,— but, said the promoter, "I hope he'll turn up". Support acts are Cado Belle and Strutters, and tickets are priced £1.70. Budgie top the bill at the Roundhouse the following Sunday (23), when admission is £1.90.

Bad Company in secret gig

BAD COMPANY played a secret charity gig in a village hall near Guildford a week before Christmas, appearing under the name of Rough Diamond. Having completed their American tour and recorded a new album in France, they returned to Britain for the holiday period. Their December 17 benefit has given rise to speculation that it was a warm up for New Year dates in Britain, but a spokesman for their management said that nothing has yet been finalised for Bad Company in this country.

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TOP 100 ALBUMS

in the NME Chart in 1976

The NME Points Tables are compiled by awarding marks to every entry in the Top Thirty, week-by-week throughout the year. Thirty Points are awarded for a No. 1 position, 29 points for a No. 2 placing — and so on, down to one point for a No. 30 position.

1. ABBA GREATEST HITS 1018
2. WINGS AT THE SPEED OF SOUND 706
3. A NIGHT ON THE TOWN (Rod Stewart) 617
4. FOREVER AND EVER (Demis Roussos) 576
5. THEIR GREATEST HITS (Eagles) 555
6. FRAMPTON COMES ALIVE (Peter Frampton) 528
7. 20 GOLDEN GREATS (Beach Boys) 503
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WINGS: "Speed Of Sound" was second best-selling album of 1976

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141. Starland Vocal Band 31
143. Dion 30
144. Impressions 29
144. K.C. & the Sunshine Band 29
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151. Keith Emerson 22
153. James Brown 21
153. Can 21
155. Average White Band 20
155. Carpenters 20
155. Billy Connolly 20
155. Manhattan Transfer 20
159. Donny & Marie Osmond 19
160. Harold Melvin & The Blue Notes 18
160. David Soul 18
160. Steeleye Span 18
163. Billy Paul 17
164. England Dan & John Ford Coley 16
164. Nilsson 16
166. Be-Bop Deluxe 15
166. Harpo 15
166. Stevie Wonder 15
169. J.A.L.N. Band 14
169. Boz Scaggs 14
171. Tommy Hunt 13
172. Steely Dan 12
173. Judge Dread 11
174. Goodies 10
175. Julie Covington 8
175. Ken Dodd 8
177. Rubettes 7
177. Johnny Taylor 7
179. Henry Gross 6
180. Rodger Collins 5
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182. The Captain & Tennille 4
182. Linda Lewis 4
182. Ohio Players 4
182. Sex Pistols 4
186. Barry Biggs 3
186. Eddie & the Hot Rods 3
186. Emmylou Harris 3
189. Walter Murphy 2
189. Evelyn Thomas 2
189. Jethro Tull 2
189. Chris White 2
193. Johnny Cash & The Tennessee Three 1
193. Daryl Hall & John Oates 1
193. L.J. Johnson 1
193. Lynyrd Skynyrd 1
193. George McCrae 1
193. Sandpipers 1
193. Frank Sinatra 1
193. Wombles 1

DR. HOOK: Top U.S. act in Singles chart

TEAZERS AWARDS 1976

■ The First Annual Mack Sennett Throwing Food Around For Fun And Profit Award to **Patti Smith.**

■ The Lena Zavaroni, Come Back When You Grow Up, Memorial Bugs Bunny Beaker, also to **Patti Smith.**

■ The First Annual Mick Farren Falling Down Gets You Accepted Award to **Keith Richard.**

■ **The Second Annual Ronnie Wood What Me Worry Award to Ronnie Wood.**

■ The First Annual Alex Harvey Keep On Keeping On Award shared by **Thin Lizzy** and **Climax Blues Band.**

■ The First Annual Lenny Bruce How To Talk Dirty And Influence People Award to **Johnny Rotten.**

■ The Second Annual H. G. Wells Invisible Band Award to **Emerson, Lake and Palmer.**

■ Footballer Of The Year: **Stanley Bowles.**

Dolly Parton: Glands

■ The First Annual Mary Whitehouse Seal Of Good Housekeeping to **Cliff Richard** for refusing to have *NME* in his house.

■ The First Annual David Bowie Old Farts Pretending To Retire Award shared by **Gary Glitter, Alex Harvey** and **Harold Wilson.**

■ The Second Annual Ronnie Lane Getting Out While There Is Still Time Challenge Cup to **Jim Cregan** for quitting Cockney Rebel for Rod Stewart.

■ The First Annual James Cagney You Dirty Rat **Stool Pigeon Award to Gregg Allman.**

■ The Second Annual Marc Bolan Mighty Mouth Award to **Ted Nugent.**

■ The First Annual P. J. Proby Unnoticed Comeback Awards to **Marianne Faithfull, Mary Hopkin, Jet Harris, Mickey Dolenz & Davy Jones, Edgar Broughton, Arthur Brown, Reginald Maudling** and several others even we didn't notice.

■ The Second Annual Cecil B. DeMille Nothing Succeeds Like Excess Award shared by 20th Century Records boss **Russ Regan** and producer **Lou Reizner** for conceiving "All This And World War Two".

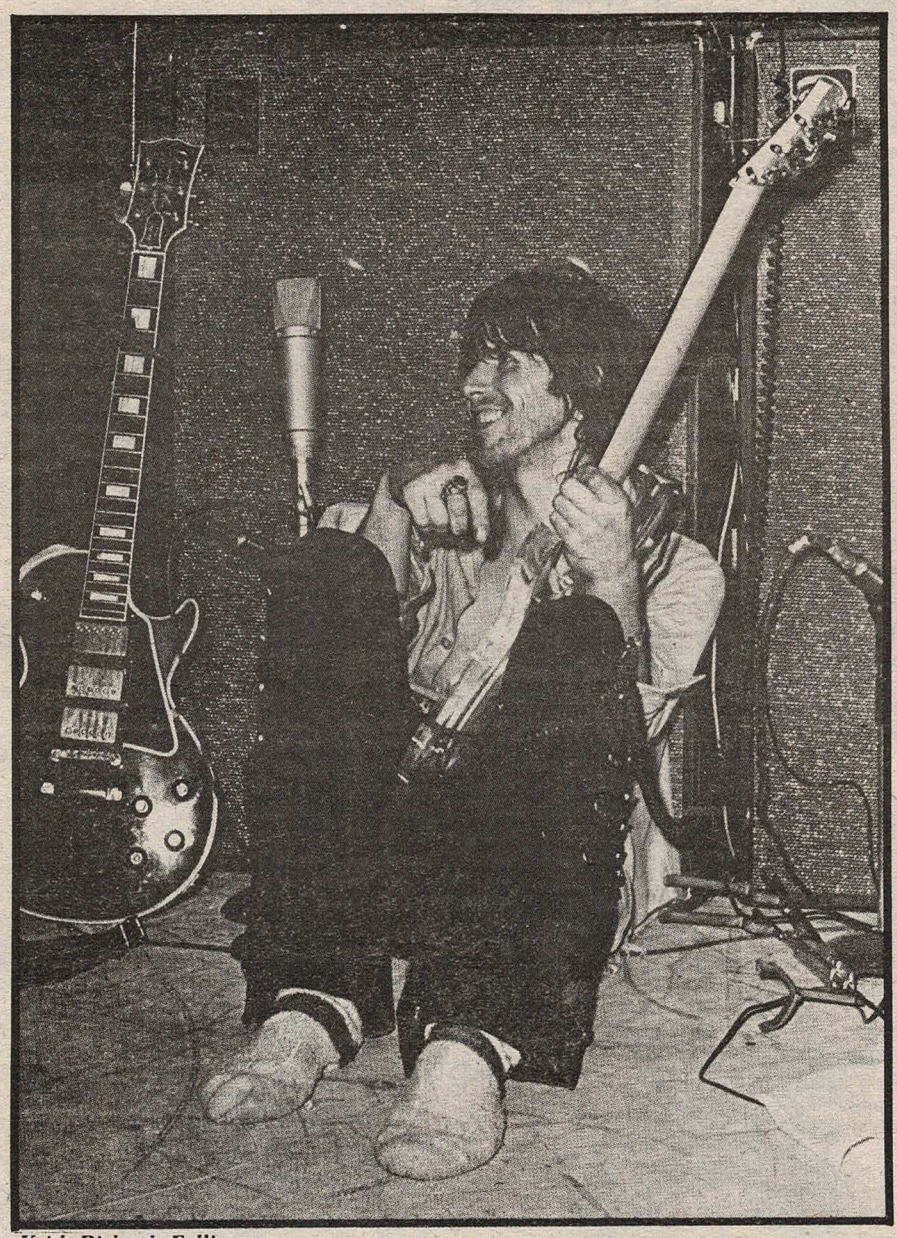
Peter Tosh: Jive toking

■ The Second Annual Art Garfunkel Wild Man Of Rock Award to **John Miles.**

■ The First Annual Jesus Christ "Bless You, Man" Award to **B. P. Fallon.**
"Bless You Man!" — B.P.

■ The First Annual Chesty Morgan These Things Are Bigger Than The Both Of Us Award to **Dolly Parton.**

■ The First Annual Bermuda Triangle Vanished Without Trace Award to **Slade.**



Keith Richard: Falling over

■ The First Annual Bobby Fuller I Fought The Law And The Law Won Award shared by **George Harrison, Neil Diamond,** the MC5's **Wayne Kramer,** and **Scooter Herring.**

■ The First Annual Faces "Ooh La La" Thanks For The New Album But Honestly You Needn't **Have Bothered Award to Marvin Gaye** for **"I Want You"** and **Patti Smith** for **"Radio Etheopia".**

■ The First Annual Richard Nixon "What's In Those Tapes You're Trying To Hide" Award to **Neil Young** who scheduled the release of a triple album set and then cancelled it at the very last minute.

■ The Second Annual Mick Farren Drunk And Disorderly Award to **Lynyrd Skynyrd** and **Jerry Lee Lewis.**

■ The First Anual Derek & Clive What's The Worst Job You've Ever Had Award to promoter **Harvey Goldsmith** for trying to ticket The Rolling Stones at Earls Court.

■ The First Annual Mick Jagger Stray Cat Award to **The Runaways.**

■ The First Annual Bryan Ferry Clothes Make The Man But Make Him What? Award to **Robert Palmer.**

■ The First Annual ~~JA~~ Jive Toking Award to **Peter Tosh.**

■ The First Annual Bob, Carol, Ted & Alice Award For Marital Harmony to **Stevie, Lindsay, Christine & John** of **Fleetwood Mac.**

LAST YEAR'S THINGS

Sharks
Patti Smith
Airfix Glue
White Dopes On Punks
Disco
Safety Pins
Rock Follies
Beatles To Reform Rumours
The Labour Party
Colombo
Rod 'n' Britt
Snuff Movies
President Gerald Ford's Son
The Allman Brothers Band
Jeremy Thorpe
Jimmy Carter
Supersonic
Pan's People
Glenn Miller Revivals
Bi Sexuals
Cocaine
Ripped T-Shirts
Razor Blades
Drug Addiction

NEXT YEAR'S THINGS

King Kong
Superman
Acid
Poverty
Comebacks
Ballroom Dancing
The Silver Jubilee
Beatles To Reform Rumours
Stiff Records
Prince Charles To Marry Rumours
Big budget porn movies
22ct gold-plated Safety Pins
Jimmy Carter
Princess Anne Pregnant Rumours
Fonzie
The Muppets
Bruce Springsteen
The Monkees
The Fifties
Bondage
Amphetamines
Zoot Suits
Petrol at £1 a gallon
EPs
Amputations
Robert De Niro
Miniaturised functional chain-saws worn around the neck on a chain

■ The First Annual General Douglas McArthur I Shall Return But Gee Hasn't The Old Place Changed Award to **Jeff Beck.**

■ The First Annual Bert Weedon Learn To Play In A Day Award to **The Ramones.**

■ The First Annual Bill Grundy Must We Fling This Filth At Our Kids Award For Dedicated Journalism to **Peter Bishop** of *The Sunday People.*

■ The Second Annual Press Officer For Service Above And Beyond The Call Of Duty Award to **Mac McIntyre** of Phonogram Records.

■ The Second Annual Steeleye Span All Around My Hat Award to **Bob Dylan**'s Rolling Thunder tea towels.

■ The First Annual Jim Morrison Flashing Got Me Busted, Nowadays It Sells Out Tours Award to **AC/DC**'s Human Kangaroo **Angus Young.**

■ The First Annual Laurel & Hardy That's Another Fine Mess We've Gotten Into Award to **Bruce Springsteen** and his manager **Mike Appel.**

DECEASED

Howlin' Wolf
Tommy Bolin
Keith Relf
Buster Brown
Jimmy Reed
Jesse Fuller
Chris Kenner
Florence Ballard
Duster Bennett
Phil Ochs
Victoria Spivey
Street Life
Man
Deep Purple
Mayor Daley
Paul Kossoff
Mal Evans
Rudy Pompelli
Bill Fehilly
Mance Lipscomb
Arthur Gunter
Little Son Jackson
Edgar Broughton Band
Chairman Mao
Charles Stepney
Duke Reid
Count Ossie
Stax Records
The Band

■ The Dion DiMucci Ain't Nobody Cooler Than Me Award to **Henry Winkler (The Fonz).**

■ The First Annual Nigel Dempster Who Needs Yesterday's Papers Prize to **Rod Stewart.**

■ The First Annual Linda McCartney Carrying A Camera Backstage Gets You Accepted Award to **Britt Ekland.**

■ The Harry Flowers Coffee Table & Hammer Outstanding Performance Award to **Peter Grant** in "The Song Remains The Same".

■ The First Annual Shangri-Las' Memorial What Colour Are His Eyes Award to **Graham Parker.**

■ The First Annual John Lee Hooker Give Me 100 Dollars, A Bottle Of Booze And A Broad **And I'll Make You A Hit Record Award to Ted Carroll** (Chiswick Records) and **Jake Riviera** (Stiff Records).

■ The Watch The Birdie Ready In Three Minutes Award to **Linda McCartney.**

■ The First Annual Joe Cocker Jeez I Can't Find My Knees Award to **Eric Clapton.**

■ The Second Annual Demis Roussos Big Mac Yum Yum Award For Conspicuous Consumption In The Face Of Obesity Award to **Steve McQueen.**

■ **The Second Annual Eldridge Cleaver I Fought The System And The System Won Award to New Musical Express.**

■ The Second Annual Alex Harvey Middle Age Can Be Fun Award to **Bert Weedon.**

We're the future of rock 'n' roll. Make no mistake about that

The Genesis Guide to GENESIS

A clockwise Genesis: Steve Hackett, Tony Banks, Mike Rutherford, Phil Collins.

A Genesis-ear-view of exactly what constitutes The Very Best Of Genesis. Statements from the men concerned taken down by STEVE CLARKE. Visual record of the proceedings preserved by PENNIE SMITH

IF there's one conversational topic that musicians loathe, detest, and despise even more than the tax laws, it's Their Own Music.

Get them to rap about some other dude's work and they'll bitch — sorry *rap* (but it was Tchaikowsky who said of Brahms, "What a talentless bastard") — until the proverbial cows come home, muttering about how the music speaks for itself, man. And surely it should; a musician's job is to write it, play it and perform it, not to talk about the bleedin' stuff.

So it was only after much persuasion that Genesis agreed to talk about Their All Time Genesis Fave Tracks. Actually, that's a lie. Genesis, being proper young English gentlemen, were only too glad to oblige, but when it's nigh on opening time the day before Christmas Eve and you're short of an intro; how else is one to start a piece? *(How else indeed? — Ed.)*

Before letting the boys in the band speak for themselves, one thing must be stressed; the following selections are strictly something of a compromise decision by the group. Only two of the songs ("The Musical Box" and "Supper's Ready") are in fact group selections, the others being individual choices — two apiece — thus making a grand and round total of ten. The order in which they're listed is chronologically ass-over-tit. In other words the older songs are first up, while the list is completed by tracks from the new Genesis album, "Wind And Wuthering". And the listing is not in any order of preference.

THE MUSICAL BOX

A group choice, this song from "Nursery Cryme" has roots going back to before either Steve Hackett or Phil Collins had joined the band. Says Mike Rutherford, "We had the makings of it when we were a four piece — just before Steve joined. Parts of it were around when John Mayhew (Collins' predecessor) was still with the band. It started off as a particular guitar tuning — F sharp. A long time ago we did some music to go with this guy's paintings for the BBC which never in fact got shown. But we recorded it and 'Musical Box' was one of the sections on it — a fairly short bit, but that was the basis of it. It went through a couple of drafts. The draft as a four piece was very rough and very loud. It was very much a group number by the time it had evolved."

"The Musical Box's" lyrics were written by Peter Gabriel after the group had developed the melody and are based on a bizarre approximation of a Lewis Carroll story, and as Tony Banks points out, it was "The Musical Box" which gave Genesis the Carrollesque identity which has stuck with the band since, although it's the only number that is obviously derivative of his writings.

At this period Genesis were known essentially as a performing band and the song was knocked into shape by constant live airings before it was recorded. Says Phil, "We had a lot of problems in the studio at that point trying to get the sharpness we have now. We were always quite happy in the studio but we just didn't seem to be able to get it on tape." Adds Mike, "The studio version doesn't have the bite on the powerful sections that the song did live."

"Musical Box" in fact became something of a live tour de force for the band and wasn't dropped from their stage set until the last tour. Even then, Genesis rehearsed the song, but Bill Bruford, filling the drum seat on a strictly one-off basis, couldn't get to grips with the drum part. Steve explains, "We had the idea in our heads that we couldn't go onstage and play a set if we didn't include that because it was a sure fire winner for the audience. Since then we've taken a few more chances."

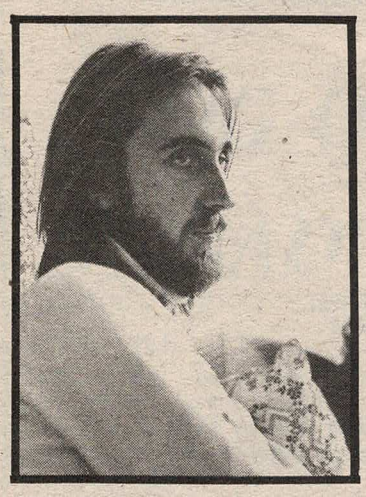
Banks: " 'Musical Box' is part of a series of songs that built up to 'Supper's Ready' which was the best of that kind of song — long, acoustic-based numbers that told a story."

WATCHER OF THE SKIES

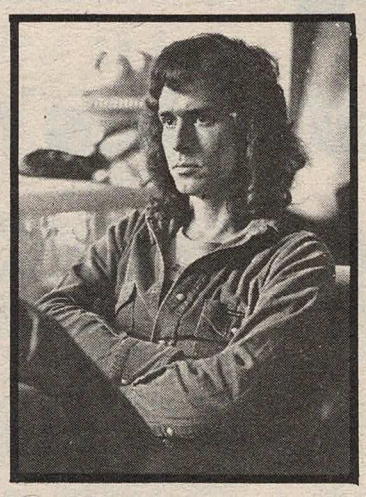
Steve Hackett's choice, "Watcher Of The Skies" was musically a group composition. The lyrics were written by Rutherford and Banks. The *adagio* intro was written by Tony and the song itself was built up over a rhythm of Phil's.

Says Banks, "At the time both this and 'Musical Box' were trademarks, particularly the intro. It was intentionally melodramatic to conjure up an impression of incredible size. It was an extraordinary sound. On the old Mellotron Mark 2 there were these two chords which sounded amazing. I don't know why. I just went through all the chords that sounded really good on that instrument. There are some chords you can't play on that instrument because they'd just be so out of tune. These chords created an incredible atmosphere. That's why it's such a great intro number. It never sounded so good on the later Mellotron. It did in fact develop out of another song which ended up on the new album. We wanted to find a fast riff which was in the same time signature. These two segments were originally joined."

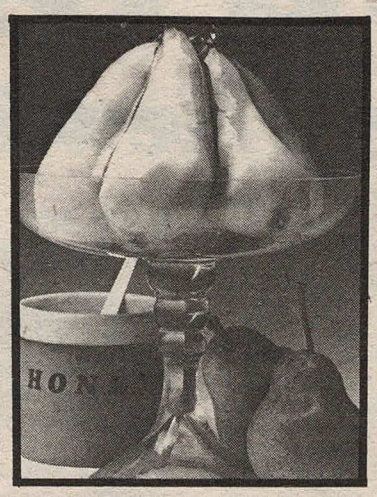
Collins maintains the studio version on "Foxtrot" is the worst version of the song Genesis have done and prefers the workout on the live album. An even better performance of the song is amongst the tapes recorded on the last tour. "Watcher" and "It" from "The Lamb Lies Down On Broadway" were joined together for an encore.



Mike Rutherford



Tony Banks



A bowl of fruit next to a jar of honey.

Phil Collins

Steve Hackett

"It's our only science fiction number," says Tony. "Mike and I wrote the lyric after looking down at Naples from this hotel roof. The whole place was deserted, as if the entire population had left the planet which is really what the song is about. 'Foxtrot', in a sense, was the first era for us."

SUPPER'S READY

A group choice, "Supper's Ready" is to this day the definitive Genesis number — and also their longest, covering as it does an entire album side, save for a couple of minutes. It's length, says Banks, is part of the reason why it's their best number. He says' "It's a number of contrasts. It's the loud against the soft and the very romantic against the incredibly stupid. And by doing that you make the romantic more romantic and the stupid more stupid."

Mike: "I remember writing it and at the time we really weren't paying that much attention to it. We were working on the 'Foxtrot' album and we were worrying more about other tracks. We didn't realise quite what we'd got. 'Supper's Ready' is very difficult to play all the way through. We pieced it together in the studio and slowly we became aware of what we had and started recording it. We had no idea how long it was. We thought it was only 15 minutes long."

The song was actually written very quickly — this in the days when Genesis would labour over compositions — and is a combination of individual and group writing. Parts of the song had been around some time before they ended up in the song — like Hackett's acoustic guitar parts. The group are particulalry proud of the "Apocalypse in 9/8". Phil Collins: "Tony's part was written when I wasn't there. I hadn't heard Tony's part so I was playing around and it was better from my point of view that it was done like that rather than sitting down and working something out.

Tony: "The idea of that part was to use a riff and not give myself any boundary with the chords, just virtually using any chord in it. The way you can change the character of a riff just by putting different chords with it is amazing. It's something which has always interested me. I was very pleased with the way it turned out. It was all done on organ — before the synthesizer days."

The lyrics were all Gabriel's. Tony, "It's quite complex. It's an excuse for a lot of fun with lyrics. It's loosely based on the idea of a Second Coming. But it's all a bit tongue in cheek." The song in fact prompted an awful lot of religious fanatics in the States writing to the band, expressing their renewal of hope after hearing "Supper's Ready". Says Steve, "There's more cynicism in the lyrics than prople give credit for. People tend to take them so seriously. Like 'The Knife' which was written before my time . . ." Banks interupts, "That was written totally as a parody on a protest song, but everyone thought it was a genuine protest song."

"Supper's Ready" lent itself perfectly to visual interpretation onstage, Gabriel becoming airborne at one point during it all. Says Steve, "The fact that audiences responded so redily to it gave us a kind of go-ahead to start doing things of endless complexity. It's very strange that that is our most successful song because it's really quite difficult to listen to. It does go through so many changes. And so in a way it meant that all things are possible really."

It was around this time that Genesis broke through on a major scale; Banks himself still considers "Foxtrot" one of their best albums.

FIRTH OF FIFTH

Banks choose this one, he says, because he wrote it. "I think it's the most successful all-round song on 'Selling England By The Pound'. It's a very romantic song. It builds to a climax with the guitar solo — which recalls an earlier flute theme — with masses of Mellotron". Phil: "It's a tune that never really did as well onstage as it did on the last tour. It came to life on the last tour. It really got a great audience reaction whereas before . . . 'Cause the ending is quiet and people would sit around waiting for somebody else to clap. Maybe it was because everbody knew it by the time of the last tour . . . And with two drummers it just seemed to happen."

Tony: "It was pieced together with the whole group around so it was one of those things where the group arrangement is quite important. There were three separate sections and it was Mike's idea to put them together. I was thinking of keeping them separate, but they worked very nicely together. I'd offered some of it at the time of 'Foxtrot' and Phil found it very difficult to play on it — this one part of it — so we dropped the idea. I'm glad we did 'cause I developed it a lot better. I think it was great to be told no at that point and produce something a lot better as a result of it."

Banks and Rutherford wrote the lyrics together. Tony admits they're not their best. "We were a bit stuck for an idea for a lyric. We started off writing very simply about a river, then the river became a bit more . . . a river of life. You know, it's quite allegorical and I don't think it's our most successful lyric. I've always been a bit disappointed with the lyric on that. It's a great piece of music but it's a pity we didn't get a better lyric. I don't think it says very much. We tried a bit too hard. It just didn't come whereas the other one we wrote on the album, 'Cinema Show', we were much more pleased with. There we had a specific idea to aim for."

Mike: "It's always a bad sign when you struggle. I think 'Epping Forest' was a struggle and it suffered." Tony: " 'Selling England By The Pound' I must admit is probably a lesser album for all of us. I rather like 'Firth Of Fifth', 'More Fool Me' and 'Cinema Show' particularly, but the other tracks I liked have all paled slightly."

THE LAMB LIES DOWN ON BROADWAY

Mike: "We choose this track mainly because it's nice to mention 'The Lamb'. It's a very good track but there's a lot of other stuff in there."

Tony: "I listened to the album the other day and some tracks really stood out. I think it's an album a lot of people have a prejudice against because it's a double and it's a long concept thing, but I think it contains some of out best musical moments."

Phil: "I think we've always seen that album as an album of individual songs."

Mike: "I sometimes wish we'd called them individual songs."

Tony: "Every time we've isolated a song from the album it sounds very nice, like 'Carpet Crawler' and 'Counting Out Time'. I think each song can stand up, but everyone considers it as one. For me the main fault with the album is the story. It's too — it's just too remote. In some parts it worked great."

The "Lamb" was the last Gabriel/Genesis album and, during its recording, there was an obvious split in the band, Gabriel wanting out while the sessions were in progress. The group (the musicians) had been working very much on the music while Gabriel went away to work on the lyrics. And the music was, as usual, written independently of the story. Says Mike, "We juggled a bit. We were short musically in some sections and we were short lyrically. Rael (the central character in the story, a New York punk) came 'cause we felt it was getting so obscure and we needed a central character. He wasn't the beginning at all."

The music for the title track was written contemporaneously and the initial idea came from Tony. He says, "It started off with this idea of playing the piano, alternating my hands all the time which makes it sound as if you're playing twice as fast but in fact you're not."

LOS ENDOS

Phil's choice. He says: "It was the first time I thought Genesis played the type of music they'd never played before — American music vaguely in the mould of Weather Report. It stemmed from this rhythmic idea I had. We also worked in some reprises because it was the end of the album including the reprise of 'Squonk' at the end. It was the first time we hit on . . . I say jazz, but I think we were playing a different type of music on that track. It was still tight. It wasn't a blowing tune, but it was the first time we'd tried anything in that vein. To me, it was great to do that kind of thing with Genesis rather than playing it with Brand X."

Mike: "The three chords it's based around were part of a soft thing which didn't make the album. These two (he means Steve and Tony) wrote fast things in between which took us up to the reprise of 'Volcano' and then into 'Squonk'." Phil: "It's an incredibly effective stage number."

Mike: "I think compared to some albums, 'Trick Of The Tail' is very consistent. And because of its very high standard it's difficult picking out any one track."

Phil: "It's more milestones than favourites. Personally I prefer 'Gorilla' " (a track on the new album "Wind And Wuthering") "which is the same kind of thing, but 'Los Endos' was the first time we did it. I see it as out little excursion into the world of . . . I don't call it jazz-rock." The title was Phil's.

SQUONK

Mike's choice: "I've always had a soft spot for the very simple, very heavy. He (Phil) is a great Johm Bonham fan. It worked very well and it happened very easily. We didn't have to do much to it. Tony wrote the middle bit, the softer bit. We went into the rehearsal room and we just played it. We go in there with our little list. It just shows how the group helps me as a writer. I had the riff but I didn't really think much of it. I hadn't seen it how they had. I really didn't think it would come out like that. Everybody said, 'Let's try it.' And we did one run through and it had that sound it's got on the album straight away."

Phil: "There are usually those bits of songs or tunes which someone brings in and straight away everybody knows what should be done with it. And you sit down and you do it."

Mike also wrote the lyrics. "They're just about this little fantasy character." "Squonk" was also the first Genesis song Collins sang aggressively on; something which the group weren't convinced he'd be capable of doing. And thus secured him the gig as the singer with the band. Says Phil, " 'Squonk' should have been a better stage number. I don't think Bill really got behind it. Bill can't play like John Bonham, see, whereas I can. So it was always a little bit light on the bottom. This time with Chester it will be a much better stage number. He really gets behind it."

BLOOD ON THE ROOFTOPS

Hackett's choice, a song from "Wind And Wuthering" co-written by him and Collins. Says Steve, "It was a song with an introduction, if you like. Musically, Phil came up with the chorus."

Phil: "I had the chorus for ages, just the chorus and nothing else." Steve: "Tying the two together appeared like a complete botch. The lyrics probably glued it together, the idea of a central theme of all the levels of action happening on the TV. The number didn't work in the rehearsal room. It was one of those numbers which never work in the rehearsal room. You just have to accept it can work in the studio and just rehearse the parts in the rehearsal room.

"The lyrics were done as a love song, believe it or not. When I heard the other lyrics on the album there was a bit of a romantic twinge anyway so I decided to go right the other way and decided to make it as cynical as possible. There's also some political references too, which we normally stay away from."

ELEVENTH EARL OF MAR

Phil: "There's bits of it that actually we played and you listen to a groove and that is obviously the best way to do it so I suppose in that respect it's a group track."

Tony: "It has a group arrangement on bits that were written by me, and Steve and Mike wrote the lyrics. The synthesiser line reoccurs later on in the album. It's a thing that sounds really nice loud as well as soft. Plus the album title is conjured up very well by that line. It's quite an awkward track to open an album. It takes two or three listens before it gets through to you."

Steve: "One of the reasons we have so many different elements in one song, let alone an album, is that if the listener doesn't respond to one thing, he probably will to another thing. If you're going to lose them there, you'll catch them somewhere else."

Mike: "What you do is I sit down in the music room and you play it through two or three times and think what it can be about. And try and get an idea. I had this idea after reading this history book about a failed Scottish rising. I liked the idea of him — he was a bit gay, a bit camp and a bit well-dressed."

Steve: "There's another song in the middle of it as well which was intended to go somewhere completely different. It was a song by itself. I was working on the idea of wind, if you like. I had a title 'The House And Four Winds' which I wanted to do as a whole kind of thing and that's what remains of it."

ONE FOR THE VINE

Tony's choice. And his tune. "To me it's the best thing I've written, certainly instrumentally it's the most adventurous thing I've done. It's an idea I've wanted to do for a long time of using a lot of instumental ideas which flow one from the other without repeating themselves. I went through all these series of ideas which climaxed in this triumphant kind of march. And a lyric to carry that mood with it. The lyrical idea I got after I'd written all the melody. It tells the story of a guy who's been tricked by fate into being the god he didn't believe in the first half of the song. It can have a very wide application to anyone who finds themselves doing something they didn't believe in before."

The NME/Virgin Record Stores RocksOffer

THROUGHOUT December, the Rocksoffer lists will remain the same each week, to allow everyone to take full advantage of the offer before Christmas. The first group of 30 contains albums which we feel might make suitable presents (for a variety of reasons), while for the special Rocksoffer list, available to NME readers with the discount voucher in the bottom right-hand corner, we have put together some of the outstanding albums of 1976.

The authorised NME "Best of '76" will, of course, be with you in a matter of weeks . . .

We should point out that five albums on the top list are not yet available: A Day At The Races, Hotel California, Wings Over America, the new Genesis album and Linda Ronstadt's greatest hits; however there is a strong possibility that all will be in the shops before Christmas, and so they will be immediately available from Virgin Record Shops at the discount price.

70p Off

Top 30 NME New Releases

ABBA
Greatest Hits
Arrival
BEACH BOYS
20 Golden Greats
THE BEATLES
Magical Mystery Tour
GLEN CAMPBELL
20 Golden Greats
PETER COOK & DUDLEY MOORE
Derek & Clive Live
ROY DOTRICE
Watership Down (Narration Of)
DR. FEELGOOD
Stupidity

THE EAGLES
Greatest Hits
Hotel California
FLEETWOOD MAC
Fleetwood Mac
FOUR SEASONS
The Greatest Hits
PETER FRAMPTON
Frampton Comes Alive
GENESIS
New Album
GEORGE HARRISON
Thirty-three & ⅓
STEVE HILLAGE
L

ELTON JOHN
Blue Moves
LED ZEPPELIN
The Song Remains The Same
DEAN MARTIN
20 Original Hits
STEVE MILLER
Fly Like An Eagle
JONI MITCHELL
Hejira
MIKE OLDFIELD
Boxed
QUEEN
A Day At The Races

LINDA RONSTADT
Greatest Hits
ROD STEWART
A Night On The Town
TANGERINE DREAM
Stratsosfear
THE WHO
The Story Of . . .
NICOL WILLIAMSON
The Hobbit (Narration Of)
WINGS
Wings Over America
STEVIE WONDER
Songs In The Key Of Life

This week's Special RocksOffer, only available to NME readers.

NEIL ARDLEY
Kaleidoscope Of Rainbows
JOAN ARMATRADING
Joan Armatrading
DAVID BOWIE
Station To Station
JACKSON BROWNE
The Pretender
BURNING SPEAR
Man In The Hills

J.J.CALE
Troubadour
GUY CLARK
Old Number One
BOB DYLAN
Desire
FLAMIN' GROOVIES
Shake Some Action
GENESIS
A Trick Of The Tail

EMMYLOU HARRIS
Elite Hotel
KURSAAL FLYERS
The Golden Mile
NILS LOFGREN
Cry Tough
BOB MARLEY
Rastaman Vibration
KATE AND ANNA McGARRIGLE
Kate And Anna McGarrigle

GRAHAM PARKER
Heat Treatment
RACING CARS
Uptown Saturday Night
BOB SEGER
Live Bullet
STEELEYE SPAN
Rocket Cottage
THIN LIZZY
Jailbreak

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Manchester:9,Lever St. Newcastle:10&12,High Friars,Eldon Sq.
Glasgow:308-11,Argyle St. Hull:5&6,Mill St.,Prospect Centre.
Birmingham:74,Bull St. Bradford:37,Arndale Mall,Kirkgate.
Coventry:11,City Arcade.Edinburgh:18a,Frederick St.
Southampton:16,Bargate St. Swansea:34,Union St.
Brighton:126,North St. Bristol:2a,The Haymarket.

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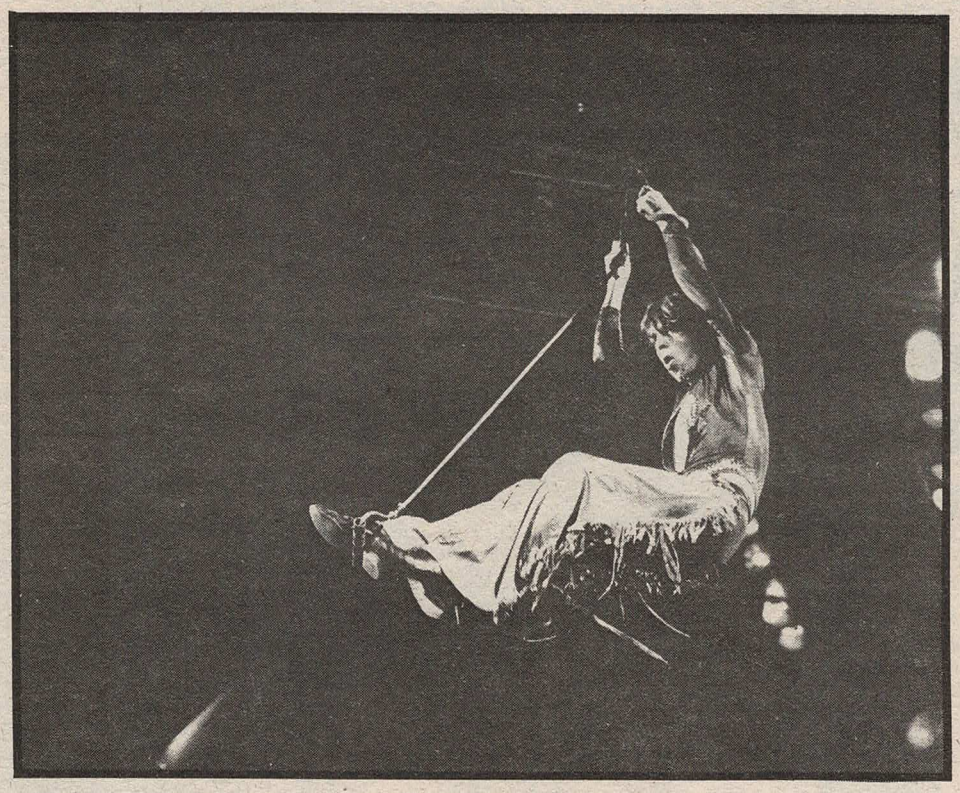
Virgin NME RocksOffer

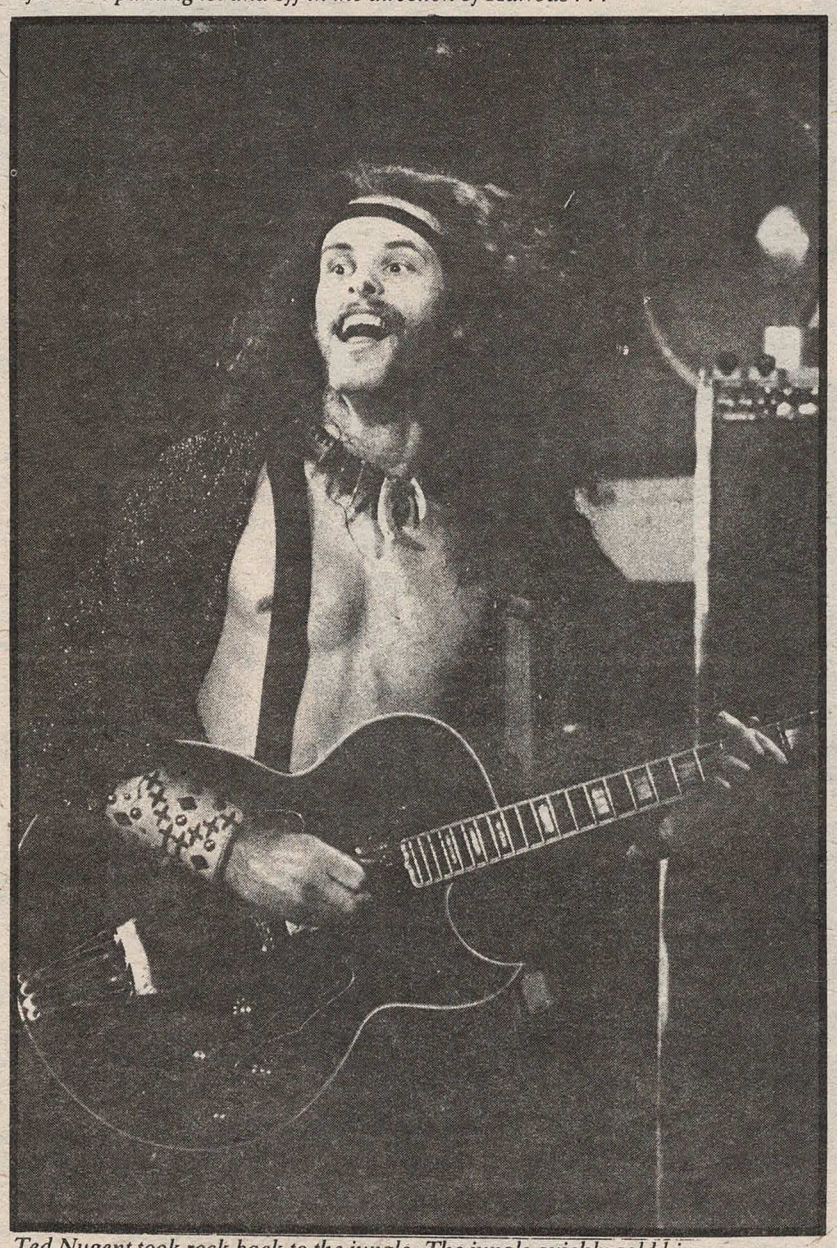
GREAT STEPS FOR MANKIND 76

A.K.A. THRILLS' GREATEST HITS



Michael Phillip Jagger, taking time off from ironing his money, firmly led rock'n'roll away from the parking lot and off in the direction of Harrods . . .

. . . Johnny Rotten firmly led it back again.



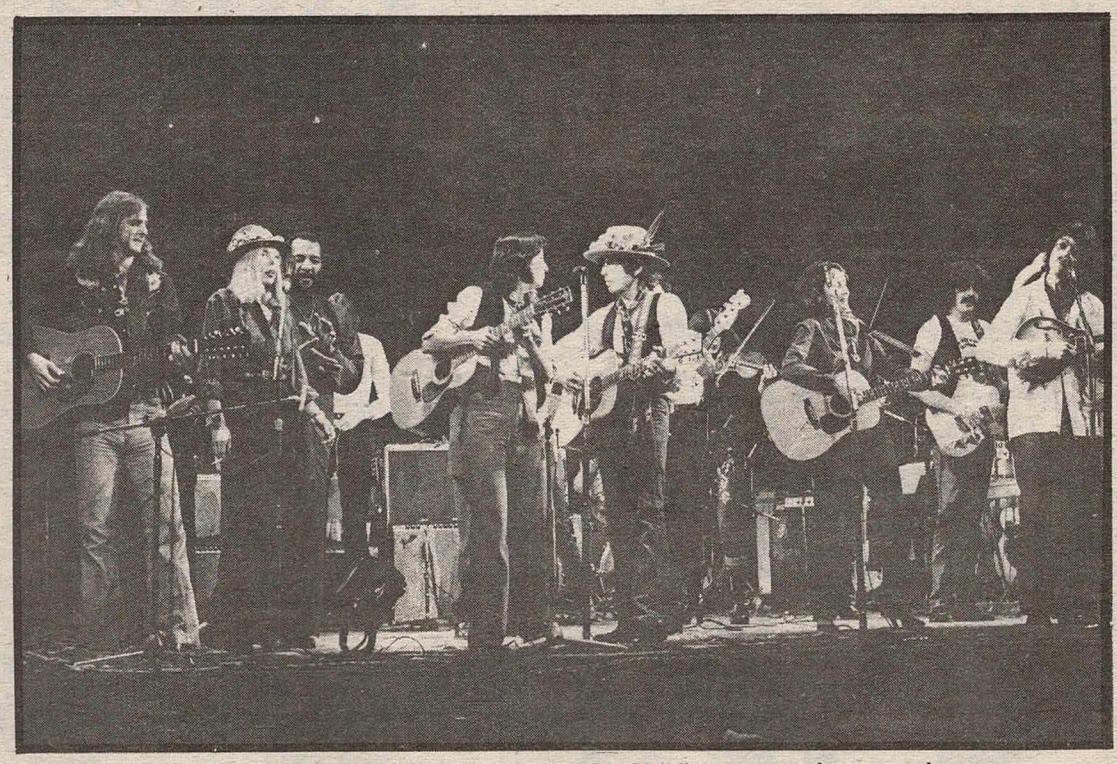
Ted Nugent took rock back to the jungle. The jungle quickly sold him Epic Records.

Pan's People became a thing of the past . . .

Bryan Ferry almost managed the same trick, but recovered in the nick of time.

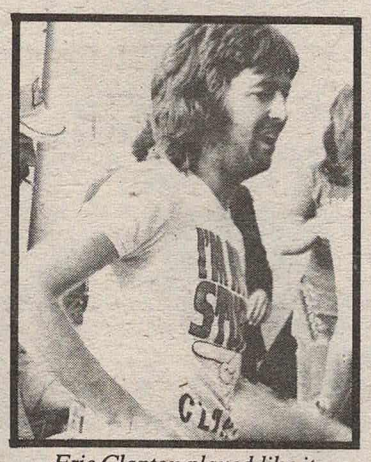
Paul Kossoff (sadly) didn't.

David Bowie makes a triumphal entry into London. Sadly Ubermensch was uberlooked.



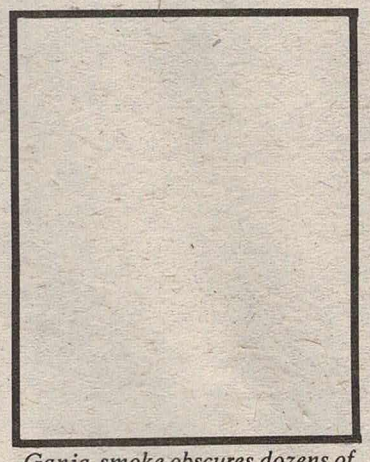
Eccentric millionaire beatnik Bob Dylan proves that the old folks can act as bizarre as the youngsters.

Howling Wolf passed away.

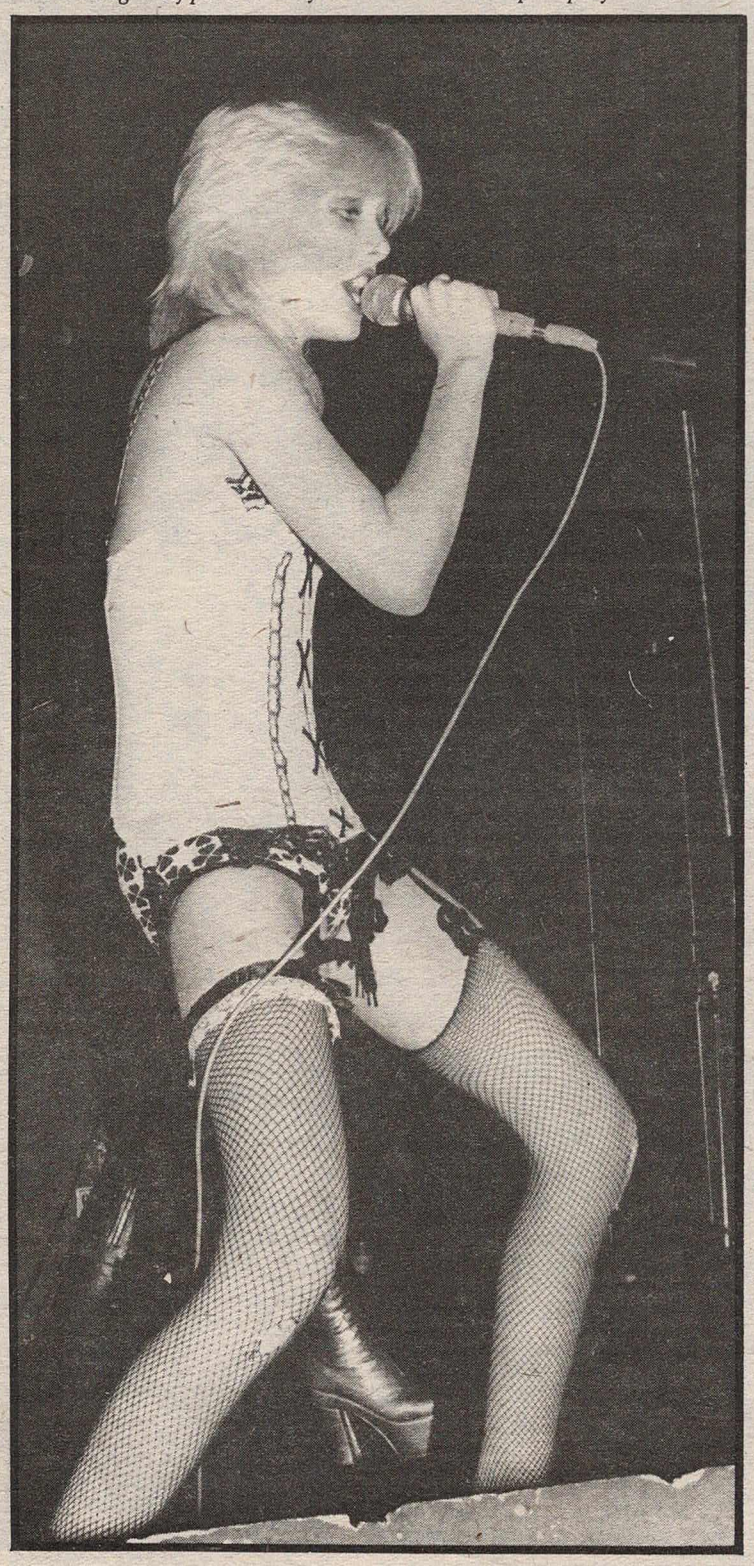


Eric Clapton played like it.

Handsome Dick Manitoba and the Dictators bring graceless brutality back to rock.

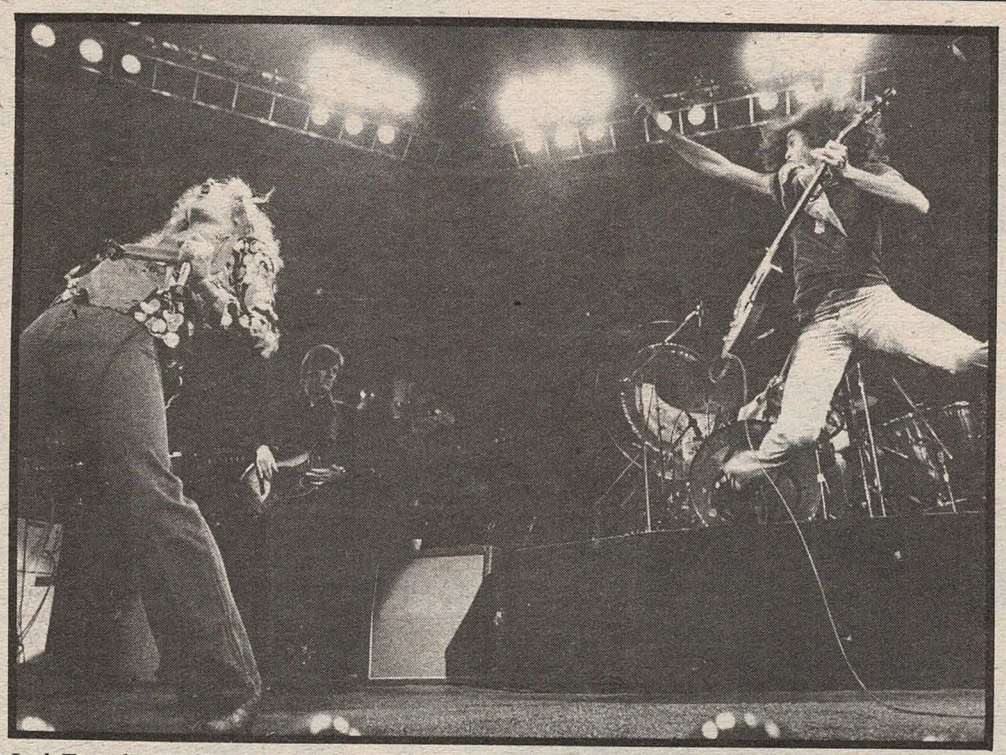


Ganja smoke obscures dozens of reggae album sleeves.

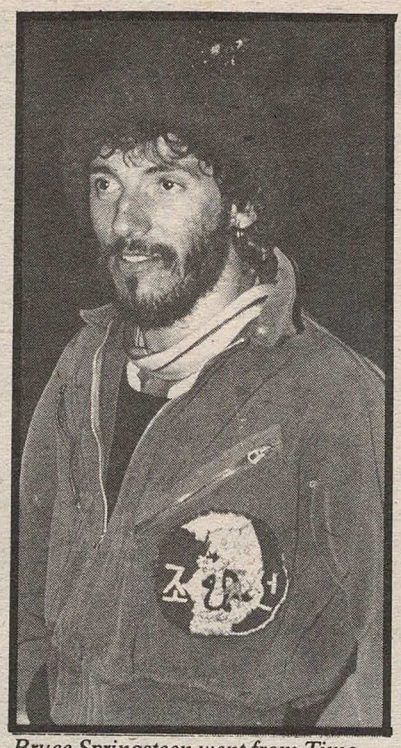


The Runaways bring jailbait across to the other side of the footlights.

Doctor Feelgood get up there with Max Bygraves, Bert Weedon and Peter Frampton. Rockers everywhere find their faith and sanity restored.



Led Zeppelin produced the world's biggest home movie.

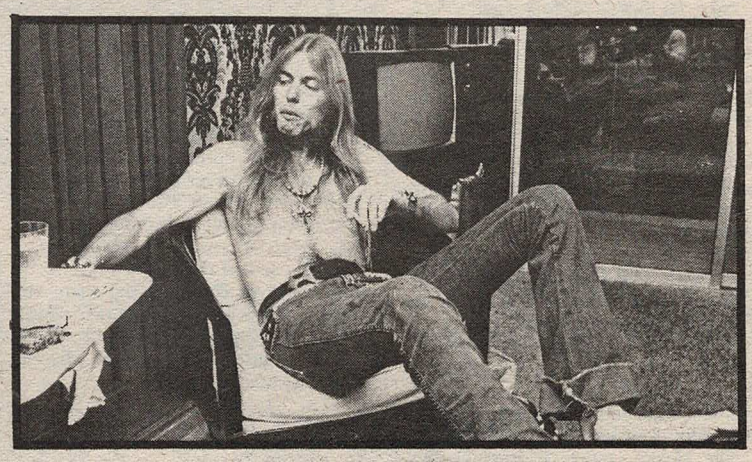


Bruce Springsteen went from Time magazine to litigation.

Patti Smith went from promise to dementia.

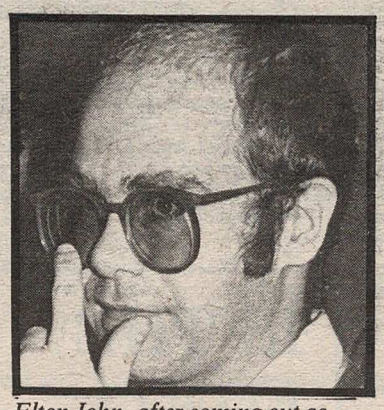
Giant gorillas replaced sharks as Hollywood's fave beastie.

And Queen, my dears, were exactly what you might expect.



Gregg Allman's pointing finger helped send chum and gopher Scooter Herring up the river for 70 years and proved, beyond doubt, that finks ain't what they used to be.

There was Kiss . . . yeah, well . . .



Elton John, after coming out as bi-sexual, falls into the impossible delusion that Watford can win the cup.

Elvis goes on getting bigger and bigger.

Gregg's chum, Jimmy Carter was elected President of the USA.

ONLY--NOW WHAT? WHERE DO I GO? WHAT DOES A GUY DO TO MAKE A BUCK AN' SURVIVE...
...IN A WORLD WHERE HE DOESN'T BELONG?
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Howard the Duck wasn't.

There was also Metchilde, Iggy Stooge's number one in Europe.

*Peter Frampton confirms that he really is a pretty face (Who said **just?**).*

John Lennon wasn't elected President either, but, at least, they let him stay in the country.

It's a long haul back to that dark dark cavern, man

*Remember those fabulous sixties (part 109): **SCOTT WALKER** waxes drear and mysterious.*

LET ME TAKE you back to 1966. A classic year for beat groups, right? And the biggest beat group single of the year, chart statistics-wise, was "The Sun Ain't Gonna Shine Anymore" by the Walker Brothers.

Now let me take you back to 1965. "Satisfaction" was *the* single of the year, right? And the record that knocked it off the top spot was "Make It Easy On Yourself" by — you guessed — the Walker Brothers.

For a year, they was big, big, big as the Stones and Beatles almost. In fact, they were possibly the closest the '60s came to a Bay City Roller equivalent; genuine hysteria-generating sex symbols with a 99½% female audience who doted on those huge eyes and delicate hands, pretty faces and skinny bodies . . .

Now let me take you back to '66 again, and draw your attention to the Brothers' second album, "Portrait" — their biggest LP hit — and in particular to its sleevenote by then *NME* scribe Keith Altham:

"Scott — who lives too hard because it is the only way he knows how. The Existentialist who knows what it means and reads Jean Paul Sartre . . ."

Ulp!! D'you reckon it's Woody or Eric that's The Existentialist Of The Group in the BCRs? And . . . *do they know what it means?*

But there's more. Scott, Altham goes on, was "The loner who haunts the late night London scenes and immerses his mind in the unfathomable depths of modern jazz . . ."

The sleeve, sadly, transcends the record. But the following year Scott knocked the trio on the head, called himself Engel, and set about justifying Altham's grandiloquence.

He discovered Jacques Brel, and the effect was devastating.

Nobody, not even Bob Dylan or Jim Morrison or Lou Reed, nobody in pop music has ever made more nihilistic, grandiose, debauched, schizophrenic, souls-in-torment, night-riding, heart-rending music than "My Death", "Amsterdam", "Jackie", "Next", "Mathilde" . . . and his own, Brel-influenced tales of paranoia and loneliness: "The Plague", "Two Weeks Since You've Gone", "Always Coming Back To You" . . .

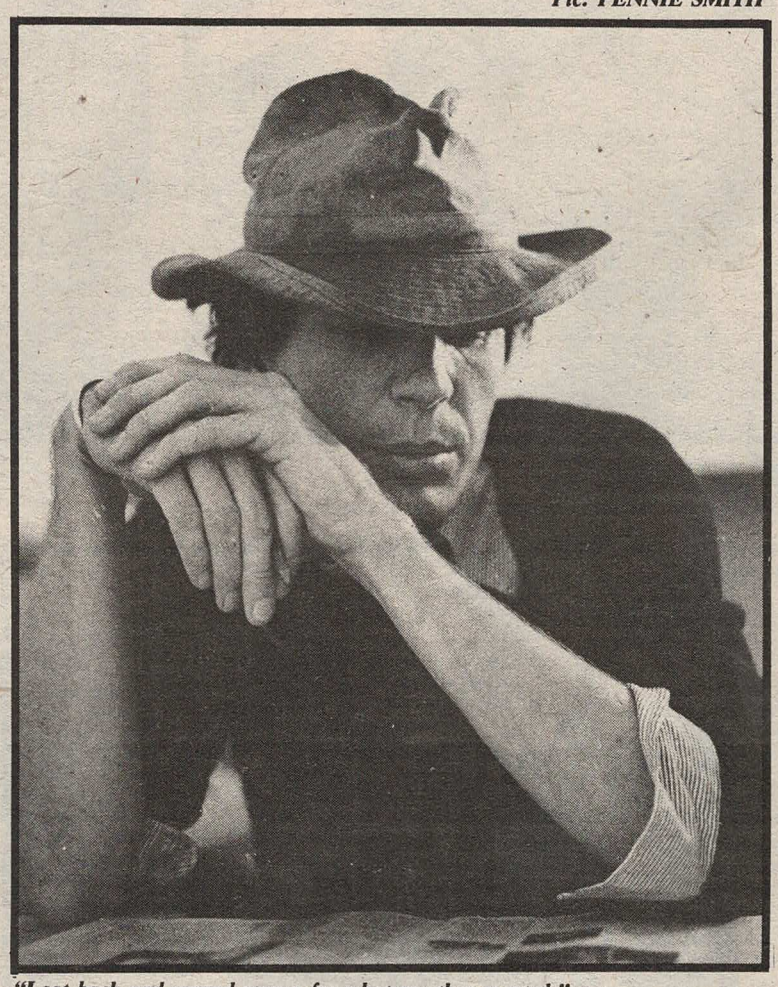
Then, in 1969, even as the rock world began to catch up with his low-life preoccupations, Engel put out "Scott 4", his only all-originals set, which witnessed the flowering of his own songwriting into a new breadth, treating matters as diverse as birth and death, communist repression and mysticism, as well as vestiges of soul-flashing despondency.

His next album, "Till The Band Comes In", was 75% originals, an ambitious, more focussed suite of songs zoomed in on individual losers, but then . . . nothing.

Cabaret garbage. Scott Sings Movie Themes, Scott Sings Songs From His TV Show, Scott Sings Pathetic Cowboy Songs, Scott Sings Boring Classics . . . a stream of soulless records which didn't improve when he moved from Philips to CBS.

A deathly sneer greeted last year's news of a Walker Brothers reunion, but, even though subsequent product has been a complete bland-out, I recently seized the opportunity to try and discover just why the man who made some of the world's most powerful records should have subsided into feeble bleats: why the lion has become a lamb.

Pic: PENNIE SMITH



"I sat back and copped money for whatever they wanted."

SCOTT WALKER actually talks like he sings. That deep, cool, languid voice is completely unmistakeable . . . and here it is captured on my puny cassette machine. I'm almost disappointed that the mechanism didn't rebel when confronted with such sonic deity.

Once upon a time this tape would have been worth a few quid . . .

Confronted with my 'accusations', via an old *Let It Rock* magazine feature, Scott skips through the dismal tale:

"As far as all the records go that I put out in that period (1967-69), based around original material, 'Scott 4' was the real heavy fire. But I was really trying to do something different then.

"Those first three solo albums sold very well, they were very big albums" (nos. 3, 1, 3 on the charts respectively . . . while "4" didn't chart at all). "When I made the fourth album I was living abroad, and . . ."

The telephone rings in the small GTO Records office where Scott and I are talking. He grabs both internal and external receivers off the desk, barks into them simultaneously and slams them down.

"Y'see, you gotta figure the state of mind I was in, in a foreign country, in total isolation," he continues. "And a friend brought over some reviews . . . and seeing things like 'For Scott Walker freaks only, *and even heavy for them . . .*' "

He apologises for his paranoia, pleading he's a different man now. In fits and starts and never completed sentences, he tells me how he came back to London with a miss record on his hands. The record company, Philips, pressured him to mix cornball schlock with his originals — " 'You can sing this nice Jim Webb song,' or whatever the fuck it was.

"And then I wrote 'Till The Band Comes In', which I wrote in two weeks, because I was trying to somehow bridge the gap . . . I was trying to find out what the hell it was they wanted me to do . . . which was dumb of me."

I tell him it's a pretty good record, though I'm embarrassed at his lack of will-power.

"It wasn't what I could do. It was written in two weeks and it sounds it to me. I should have kept pursuing what I was pursuing . . .

"So they mixed it with a lot of other garbage and put it out and of course it didn't sell."

Sadly, instead of turning back towards his fine, passionate days, Scott just allowed himself to be manipulated towards schmaltz.

"At that time I had a new manager, and he told me to get a big pad . . . So I had this pad, and suddenly I had all the records I wanted to buy . . . and suddenly I became just very complacent.

"And I thought 'If they don't want me to write anything . . . fuck it.' So I just sat back and copped money for whatever they wanted me to do. If they wanted me to do movie themes, man, I would pick the best movie themes that I thought were possible and I would do them . . . Sinatra type stuff . . . I'll imitate anybody. It was down to that, whatever needed to be done."

I thought that the move to CBS might make a change, I comment.

"It got worse, believe it or not. But they paid me more money for being a schmuck," he laughs, referring to an insult I'd thrown his way in the *Let It Rock* piece.

Then along came John Maus again . . . and they decided to re-form the Brothers with Gary Leeds. John, says Scott, has only just cleared up a booze problem which has bugged their first year back together ("Honestly, man, it'd make a great tragedy, the Walker Brothers Story . . . it beats *Hamlet*") while Gary for the benefit of all those who peer at the new "Lines" album and wonder why he doesn't have a credit, has *never* played on their records. But, it seems, it wouldn't be the Walker Brothers without him. The bread is split three ways.

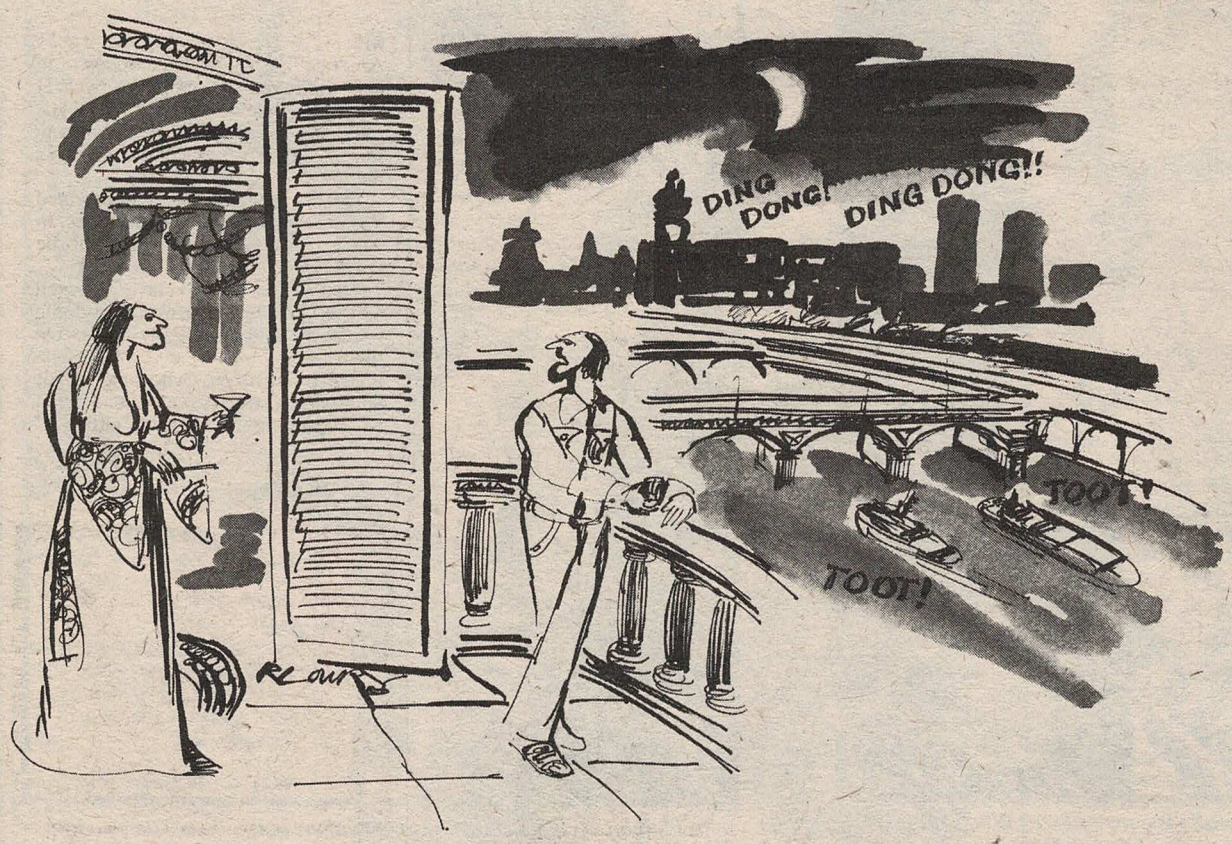
"So now I've signed with a company . . .I came here with the group . . . where a guy behind a desk is saying to me: 'When am I going to get a solo album?' Now somebody *wants* me to do a solo album of original material . . . and I'm really struggling hard to complete it.

"It's a long haul back, man, to that dark and dark and dark . . . it really is. Because it's . . . it's a real dark cavern."

I very much doubt whether he'll get there, but if Scott Walker *can* haul his ass back to that "dark cavern" we may yet hear the cackle of black laughter and the roar of the maelstrom again. But don't bet on it; Just grab "Scott", "Scott 2", "Scott 3" and "Scott 4" from your local deletion emporium.

□ PHIL McNEILL

LOWRY



"Now we've got 1976 to be nostalgic about."

IS THE FONZ REALLY GOING OUT WITH HER?

I WAS BRUSHING my hair in the washroom of Arthur's when I hoid da news — The Fonz is going steady. I grabbed the nerd who laid the word on me by the scruff of his red windcheater; the type Jimmy wore in "Rebel", y'know?

"Heeeeeeey," I snarled. "Da Fonz never went steady in his *life* mouth — he changes his dames more often than he changes his luminous green socks. . ."

I washed the nerd down the can, brushed ma jet black Elvis locks, tore myself from the mirror and went into the soda fountain to check out the latest on The Fonz. Freddy, the jerk behind the counter, took my order of a choc malt sundae with a Double-Flip Strawberry Ripple Coffee Flavoured Rainbow Gloriama Grated Nut Sundae (and, heeey, joik, add just a, like, soupcon of vanilla ice cream, okay?), and asked some of the goils what was happening to my buddy Fonzie. It seemed like only yesterday when we formed the Ohio Jets street gang together . . .

Well, let me tell *you,* Joe, the mental state of the broads in the fountain was *pathetic.* Seems it was all true — the Fonz has found the Disney goil of his greasy dreams — some classy dame with the handle of Stacey Weitzman. And she calls the Fonz by his real name — Henry! And the Fonz lets her! He don't even alter the features of her pretty face when the calls him *Henry!*

"He has more integrity and honesty than any other man I've ever known," Stacey told some big shot newspaper called *Bill-Broad* or *National Enquirer* or sump'n. Honest? The Fonz? He wuz da guy who showed me how to kick da duke box *just right* so I got ma quarter *and* Eddie singing "Summertime Blues".

"Everything is so right about him!" the goil said. "He's brilliant, he's creative, he's interesting — and he's extremely handsome!"

Well, hey, lady, The Fonz never has any trouble in *dat* department. No danger of going blind with *dat* boy. And it seems like Fonzie feels the same way for this classy broad. Some nerd said he saw them having *dinner* together. Was a time when The Fonz would have been happy wid a treble decked Acne-burger and coke down at Arthur's . . .

"You could tell just by looking at them how ecstatically happy they were with each other," the nerd said, and I made it to the can just in time to make wid the technicolor yawn over ma new blue suede shoes.

I left the nerds and the bawling goils (Jeeeess wot a site) in the fountain and made it back to the street. It had been a bad day — Dad won't let me use the car coz I didn't work late, Mary Lou Funicello gave me back ma ring in front of all the guys, all I got is one dollar twenty in ma new Levi's and now I hoid that Da Fonz has gone and found himself a permanent broad . . .

Some days you feel like you were born to lose.

□ DEAN ANGEL

God O, Rock'n' Roll 2: Jeremy Spencer planning come-back

JEREMY SPENCER walked out on Fleetwood Mac many years back to join the religious sect The Children Of God. Now it looks as though rock'n'roll has won Jeremy back from God because the word is that down in the deep south (Sutton, Surrey) he's getting together a band called Ghosts and working on an, uh, concept album.

The theme of the album is boy meets girl, girl turns boy onto drugs, boy dies, boy returns as ghost to spread evil around the globe.

The album will be called "When You're Dead", and although neither Spencer nor Ghosts yet have a recording contract, they are on the lookout. The band itself is still in the formative stages, the only other permanent member apart from Spencer himself being co-lead guitarist Dave Bundy.

Spencer has now cut all ties with The Children Of God and is trying to make contact with the legendary and elusive Peter Green. Whether Spencer wants Green for the band is unknown, but when Ghosts are fully staffed he intends to return to Cornwall to rehearse in preparation for his comeback in the world of rock'n'roll. . .

□ JIM HATLEY

"Hey knock it off you guys."

The graceful sweep of the beautiful Victorian arches — with all their 24 hour technicolour dream memories — is accentuated by the almost complete absence of punters.

NOW YOU KNOW HOW MANY PEOPLE IT TAKES NOT TO FILL THE ALEXANDRA PALACE

Introducing The Beatles Convention that never was . . .

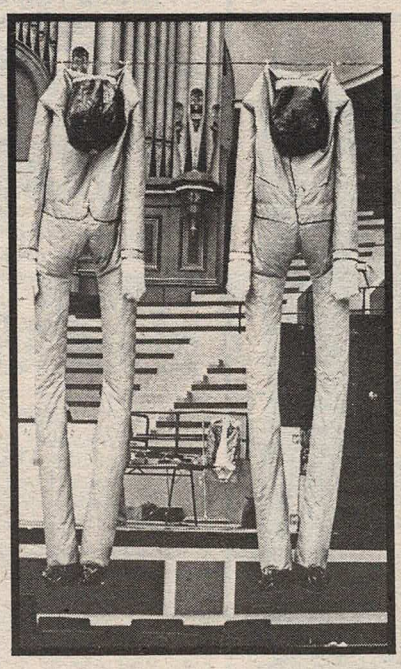
OVER THE STAGE four giant models of The Beatles hang, deflated, by their plastic necks. They are sadly symbolic of "Europe's First Christmas Beatles Convention".

Held at the barn-like Alexandra Palace in North London on December 18 and 19, the convention was probably the most embarrassing fiasco ever linked with the name Beatles.

Twenty-three-year-old organiser Dave Chisnell, head of Dick Whamm Enterprises and Secretary of Britain's Beatles' Appreciation Society, seemed a very pleasant, honest, untogether young man.

Financed for this operation by his dad, he candidly admitted he'd made several boobs. Naively responsible for what he thought was to be "the best Beatle convention", Chisnell failed to obtain the originally hoped-for hotel conference room for the gig, rejected The Roundhouse as too small, opted for the most inaccessible venue in town and booked it for the last shopping weekend before Christmas. *Get back, JoJo!*

Disappointed, Chisnell estimated the number of ticket holders present over the Saturday at 1,500. On Sunday afternoon I saw about 100 people, and by Sunday evening the doors had been thrown open free of admission to any comers.



Two deflated Moptops

Looking pathetically lost in the vast floor space, just over a dozen dealers flogged their wares to listless takers. Brand new t-shirts, badges and posters sold pitifully, as did overpriced Beatles' import LPs and the terribly poor quality selection of bootlegs. Completely irrelevant street junk such as chokers did little better.

A record dealer from Paris lamented the worst sales he'd seen in three Beatles conventions. He'll have been lucky to have covered his stall rental costs of £12 a table per day.

The only original items of ephemera in sight were a few '60s pop mags and a handful of genuine 1964 Beatles guitar brooches selling for a pound.

Besides the bootlegs, dealers were selling gold Beatle records — £15 for singles, £35 for LPs — and uncredited photographers' rough prints stamped "not for reproduction". All of which are, as Chalkie Davies put it, "totally illegal, unethical and nasty". Chisnell conceded that "we asked them all what they were selling and warned them if they were selling bootlegs and anyone came it was their lookout".

Inside a cheesey mock-up of The Cavern, several poor paintings of Stu Sutcliffe's were propped against the wall. Allan Williams busily autographed paperback copies of his book *The Man Who Gave the Beatles Away*, but the 2,500 extras optimistically stacked in the office where he was kipping down in a sleeping bag didn't look like being required.

Derek Taylor begged off appearing, and Gerry and the Pacemakers failed to show Sunday night, leaving Farons Flamingos to play for two grisly hours. A pirated copy of *Magical Mystery Tour* was shown without permission, along with some *Star Trek* out-takes.

At Saturday night's auction £70 was raised for charity. The highest bid was £22 for an autographed copy of Lennon's *In His Own Write*. Items with high reserve bids — such as £250 for a suit of George Harrison's — didn't go, since no one there had anything like that kind of bread.

On Sunday night Allan Williams irritated the pants off the 300 or so people present when he acknowledged that he did have the legendary "Hamburg Tapes" with him but wouldn't play them because "I'm not going to spoil a million dollar deal".

According to Williams, the tapes will be released as a double LP in America ("because nobody in England's got any money") by WH Records (whoever they might be). His plans include a book to accompany the LP and a retail price of around £12 for the package.

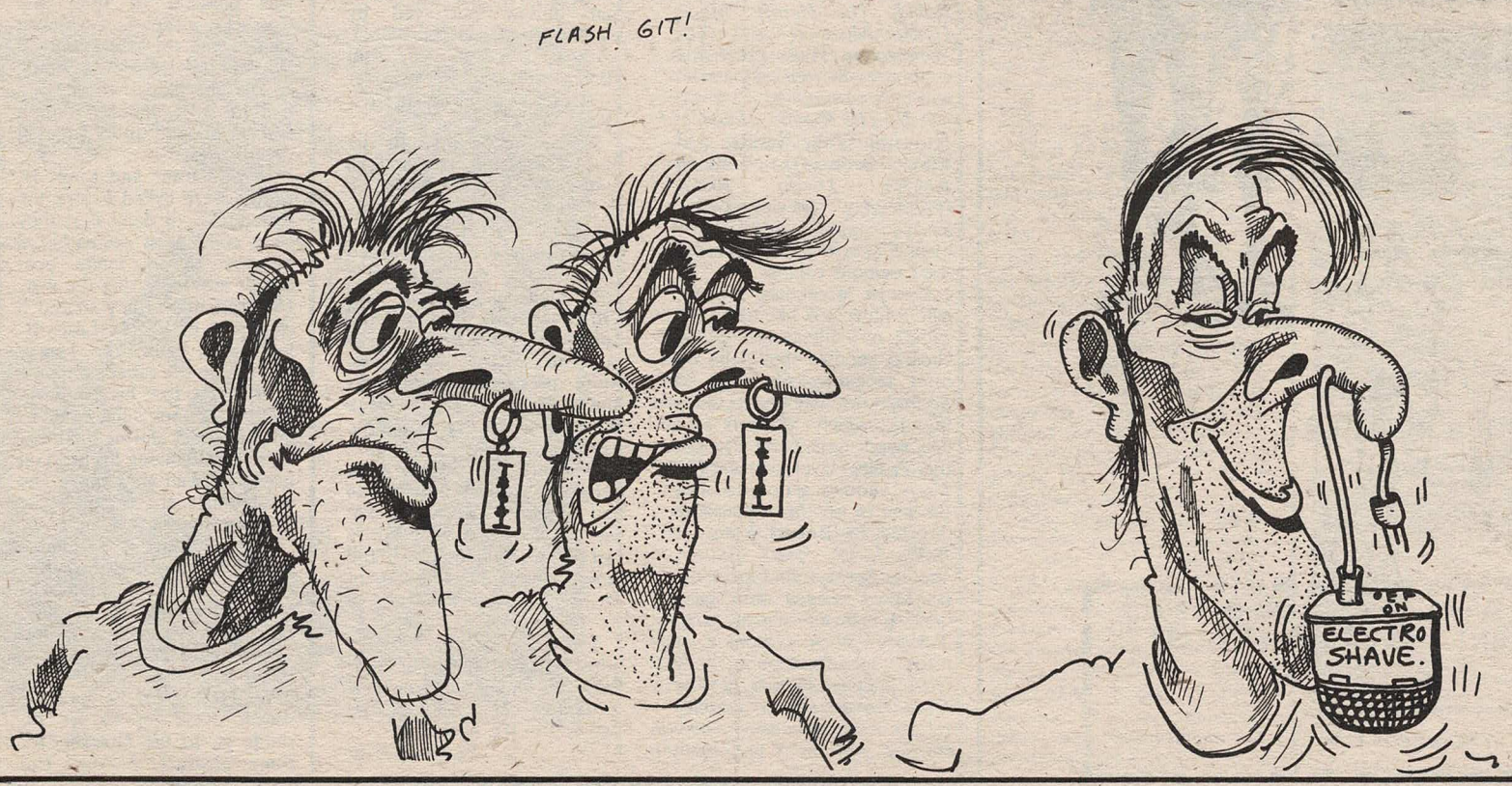
Angry listeners questioned Williams' rights to so use the tapes, to which he responded with "I'll be laughing all the way to the bank."

That's something Dave Chisnell and his dad certainly won't be doing — the hire of Ally Pally alone cost them something like £1300. One imagines that those who paid £2 for admission of £3.50 for a wekend ticket to this ride aren't laughing either.

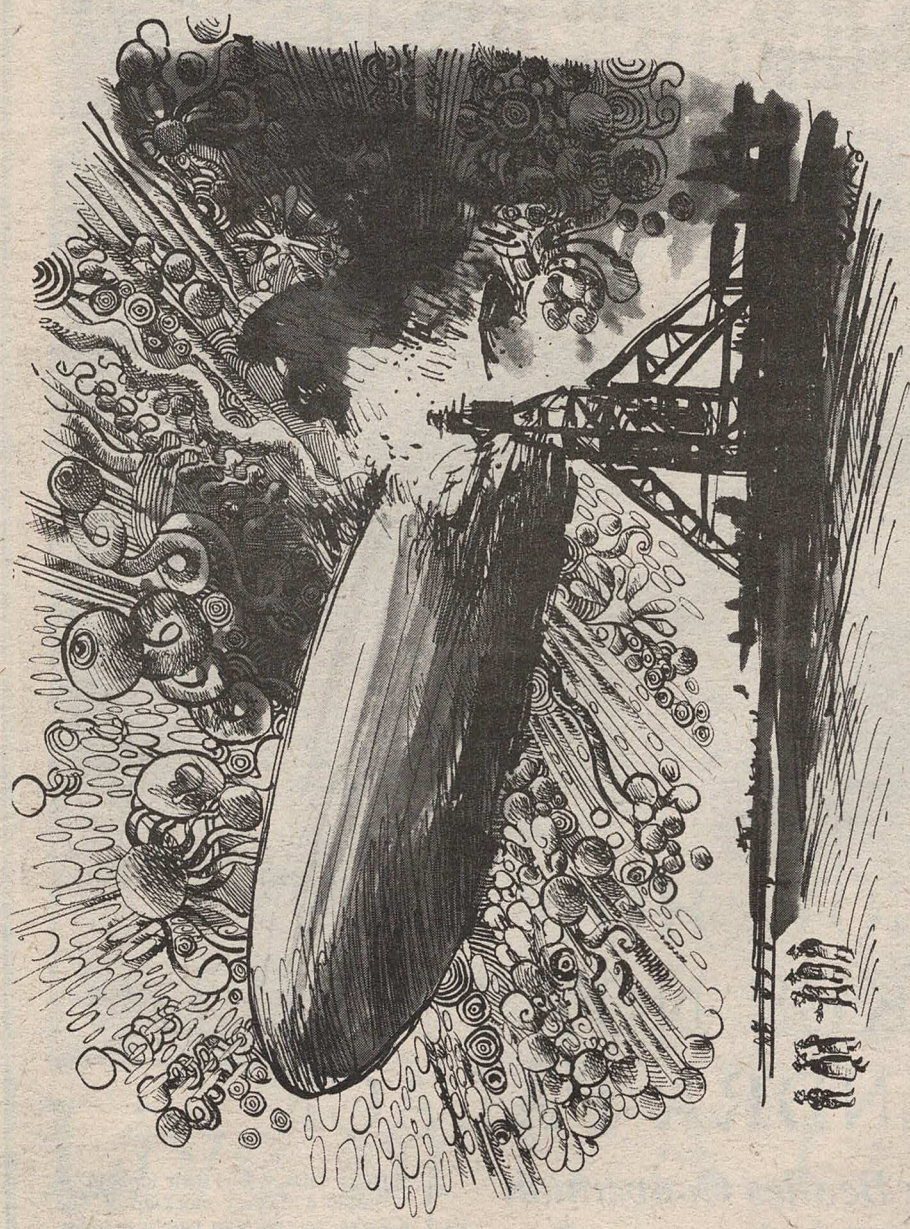
□ ANGIE ERRIGO

"Not going back there again."

BENYON



LOWRY



"We have reason to believe that you were attempting to smuggle psychedelics into the United States on board the Hindenburg."

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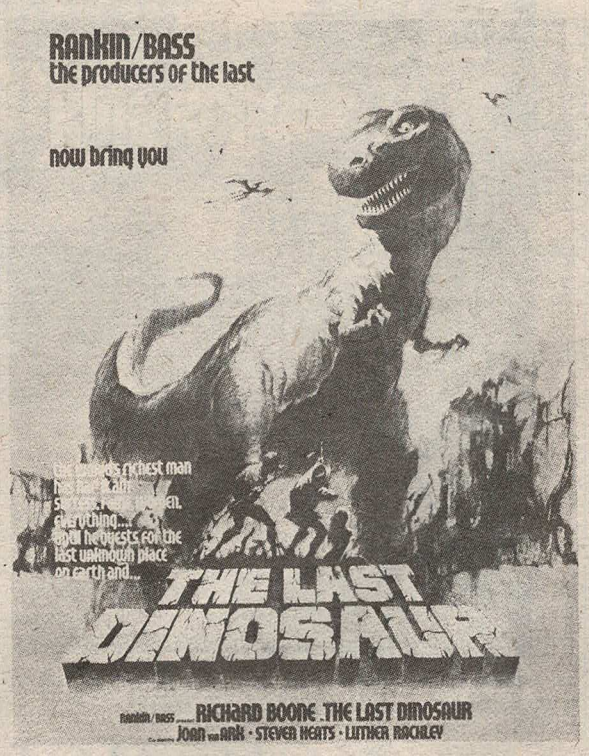
FILMS FOR '77


RANKIN/BASS
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THE LAST DINOSAUR
RICHARD BOONE · THE LAST DINOSAUR
JOAN ... ANN · STEVEN KEATS · LUTHER RACKLEY

SCREEN DREEM

WHILE ALL other film hacks are busily pumping out their pick of the films for 1976 (as if anyone really cared) **Screen Dreem** offers a unique service to its readers by previewing the films of 1977.

Let's begin this screen sourbet with war films which in '77 will be fronted by two, totally contrasting battle biggies. One is a grossout in the style of *The Longest Day* called *A Bridge Too Far,* a multi-million dollar epic featuring, among others, **D. Bogarde, J. Caan, M. Caine, S. Connery, E. Gould, G. Hackman, L. Olivier, R. Redford** who will win the War yet again in true Hollywood style. The dark side of the coin will be *Apocalypse Now,* a $17 million realistic Vietman war drama, directed by Godfather **F. F. Coppola** with our **Marlon** as Colonel Kurtz, head of a "lost unit" whose motto is the film's title. A must.

From war to gore. If you wriggled at *Squirm,* licked your lips over *Survive* and drooled over *Texas Chain Saw* the news is good. Many more gore pics are on their way with titles like *Tender Flesh, Deep Red, Rabid, The Horrific Movie House Massacre* and *The Wormeaters.* Those preferring a more satanic vein of material will be well supplied via *Exorcist II: The Heretic, House of Exorcism* **(Telly Savalas** and **Elke Sommer), Kenneth Anger's** *Lucifer Rising* (predictably previewed on Easter Sunday) and maybe even *Omen II* if they can get their demons rolling.

By all accounts, though, action films look like being the trend of the year. Many cheapo goodies should be on offer including *Gone In 60 Seconds,* a movie on car stealing in which 93 cars get destroyed (count them). On the A-film level there's *The Deep,* another actioneer from the pen of old *Jaws* **Benchley** directed by **Robert Yates** of *Bullitt* fame; *Roller Coaster,* another Sensurround spectacular about a guy who goes berserk in an amusement park; *Twilight's Last Gleaming,* a nuclear missile paranoia story from **Robert Aldrich** of *The Dirty Dozen* and a January release, *Two Minute Warning* starring your hero and mine **Charlton Heston** in a pic about a sniper in a football stadium.

For rock fans the news is good and bad. On the good side there's *Car Wash,* hep spade comedy with funky soundtrack and maybe *Pipe Dreams,* **Gladys Knight's** screen debut. Unfortunately we are also going to have to contend with *A Star Is Born,* the elephantine **Streisand / Kristofferson** pancake, *All This And World War II,* the leaden **Lou Reizner** scam, and *New York, New York,* a musical of the Big Band era from **Martin Scorcese** of *Taxi Driver* which frontlines **Robert de Niro** (natch) and **Liza Minelli** and is guaranteed to blow the dust off **Woody Herman** and the likes. A new fashion. That's all we need.

Historic figures which will be given the '77 treatment are *Valentino* (via **Ken Russell** and Russian prancer **Nureyev),** *Muhammud Ali* (The Greatest starring as himself), **Woody Guthrie** (impersonated by **David Carradine** in *Bound For Glory), Caligula* **(Gore Vidal** penned, *Penthouse* financed sex epic), innumerable films on **Howard Hughes** ('77 will be his biggest year so far) and **Dan Morgan** (little known Australian outlaw portrayed by **Dennis Hopper** in *Mad Dog).* Not to mention **Wild Bill Hickock** who gets worked over by **Charles Bronson** in *The White Buffalo.*

Science fiction wise the file looks a little thin. *Demon Seed* featuring **Julie Christie** falling in love with a computer looks set, *Embryo,* **Rock Hudson** no-no may surface, *Grizzly* second rate monster pic certain and only high spot comes next Christmas with the release of **Spielberg's** *Close Encounters of A Third Kind.* Laughwise we're promised *Jabberwocky* and *Silver Streak* **(Gene Wilder/Richard Pryor)** and the new James Bond.

Deviants can squeal with delight to **Andy Warhol's** *Bad* and hopefully *Fear and Loathing In Las Vegas* while fairies can dance round the ring to full length animation features of *Watership Down* and *Lord of the Rings.*

Trend of the year will be gorilla movies, star of the year **Sylvester Stallone** in *Rocky.* It looks like being a lot of fun. See you in the back row.

Forrest Lawns

IN AMONG THE general gee-whiz for all things Fifties — chevvies with the mandarin molar fenders, the Saul Steinberg tail fins, James Dean, Big El, M.M., Levi turnups, bostons — a curlicue or two of America's graffiti got overlooked.

Maybe they're hard to sell. Maybe they're a little heavy for nostalgia. They were written in blood.

In 1947, President Truman launched his loyalty programme. This consisted of screening every federal employee for fascist or communist sympathies. It proved a catchy idea, and soon spread to other fields of employment. Mass sackings and the blacklist became as American as Mom's girdle.

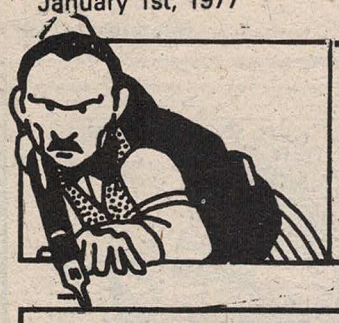
Not just a fun person, the President had his reasons. He'd overspent on his foreign defence programme, and to justify that, he needed to exaggerate the foreign threat, scare the electorate with evidence of communist infiltration. By 1949, the witch-hunt switched into top gear: Russia exploded her A-bomb; Mao took over in China. Cold War paranoia threw up a new breed of ferret hero which reached its rodential peak in the jowly and opportunistic person of the Senator from Winsconsin, Joseph McCarthy.

Many Americans had a socialist past. The Thirties had seen an upsurge of commitment in response to the Spanish Civil War, and the following decade had — officially — supported Russia as an ally against Nazi Germany. And, right back at the start, Boston Tea Party and Massacre, America had been constituted along radical lines, the world's first ideological nation. Now abruptly, all this was to be outlawed to serve the needs of Iron Mountain . . .

Hollywood was an early victim. In 1947, Congressman J. Parnell Thomas heading the House Un-American Activities Committee, swung the Kleig light full on the nurturer of the nation's notions, and hollered COMMIES! Hollywood's reaction was vigorous. No need for the cockerel to cry thrice, for the moguls rushed into secret conclave in the Waldorf-Astoria, to emerge with a new American Legion oath for their studios. Mayer, Goldwyn, Cohn, most of the moguls were foreign, Russian or Polish Jews, with an indwelling fear of the pogrom. At least here in the New World, as Lillian Hellman says in her biography, *Scoundrel Time,* it was possible to offer the Cossacks a bowl of chicken soup. And the Cossacks in Washington were now riding so fast and hard that the soup had to have double strength and be handed up by running millionaires."

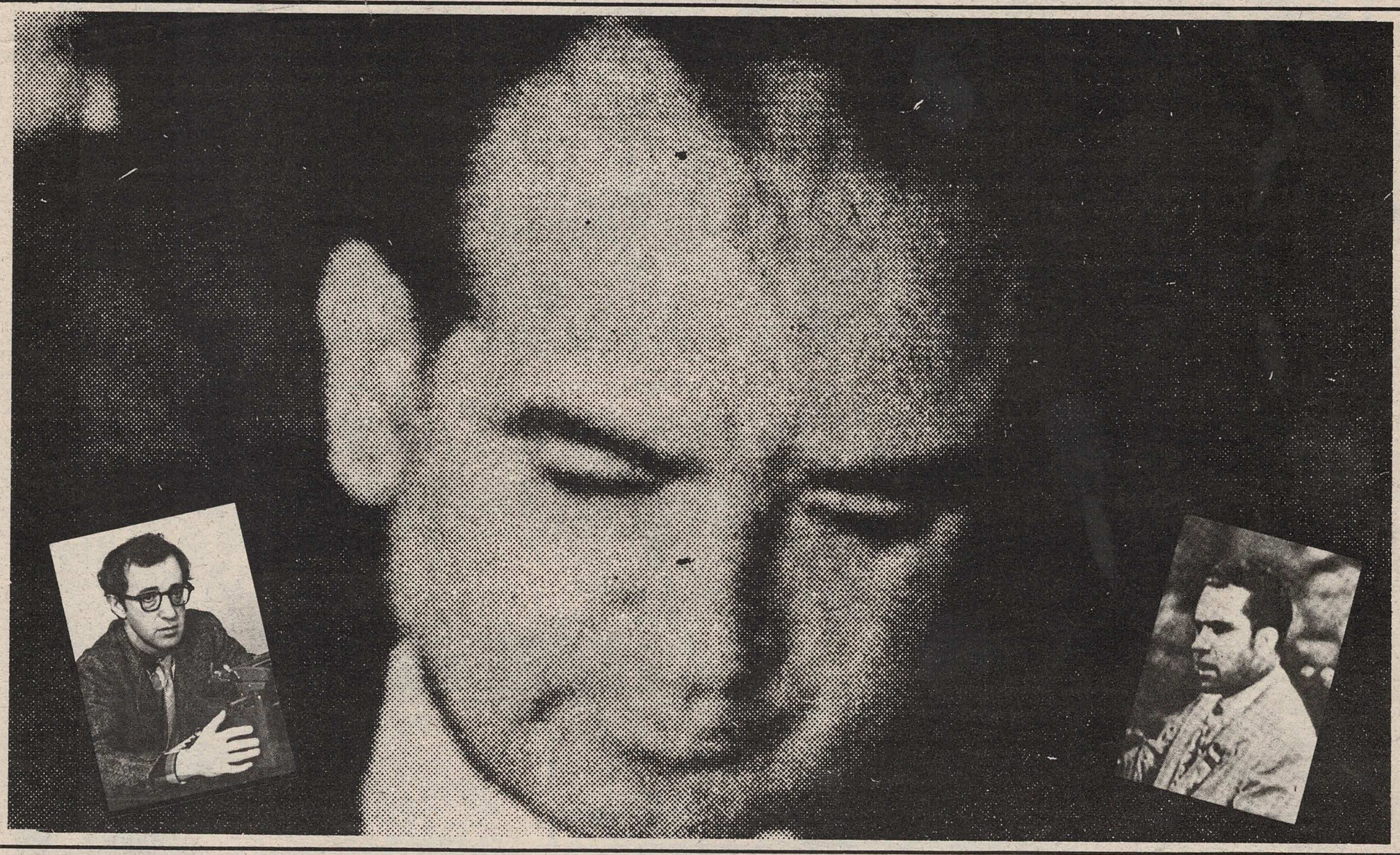
Jack Warner and Louis B. Mayer were called before the Committee to deny that they were communist sympathisers because they'd made pro-Soviet movies during the war. Unsurprisingly, they scored a clean bill of health: Louis B. knelt daily before the American flag in his office, weeping with love for his country: another famous nabob died of a heart attack during the hearings while banging his head on his office wall shouting, "The communists are coming! The communists are coming!"

Harry Cohn of Columbia started well and ended weakly. Refusing to sack a communist scriptwriter, he offered a fairy in exchange, hot from the lot. Cohn's guiding principle was talent and money, the first to make the second, and he wasn't overeager to see his stable go to the knackers for some abstract dust-up. But



SIDESWIPE

THE McCARTHY ERA



Senator Joseph McCarthy goes after the Godless commies. Insets: (left) Woody Allen in "The Front", (right) Senator Richard Nixon who also found fame on the anti-red bandwagon.

Lipsmackin' Redbaitin' Witch-huntin'

BRIAN CASE points out that the fifties weren't all happy days

when the pressure increased, he bent — and offered up the richest soup of the day. Columbia housed the most radical talent in Hollywood.

J. Parnell Thomas failed to expose any communistic films, but indicted ten 'unfriendly witnesses', The Hollywood Ten. Under the First and Fifth Amendments, this group of writers, directors and producers refused to divulge their political affiliations. They were sacked, blacklisted and sent to jail. Hollywood fell over itself to kiss an ass, seeing in the example of The Ten an incentive to compete for the coveted Stoolie of the Year Award.

IN THE MAIN, actors were right-wing, writers left. John Wayne, Clark Gable and Gary Cooper headed the thespian division of the ferrets with The Motion Picture Alliance for the Preservation of American Ideals. Coop went further than Yup and Nope for the Committee: "I have heard tossed around such statements as 'Don't you think the Constitution of the United States is about 150 years out of date?' . . . which statements I think are very un-American."

Big John made 'Big Jim McLean', impersonating the new-style craggy lawman from the House Un-American Activities Committee, tracking down new-style desperado librarians. Humphrey Bogart, who went to Washington to protest, later went in the tank. Not until 1951 did the acting profession get itself a stand-up leading man. Larry Parks, the screen Jolson, admitted membership of the communist party between 1941-45: "I wish I did not have the choice of going to jail for contempt or crawling through the mud as an informer. I don't think this is American justice." It was. His career was destroyed.

Many of the best writers in the Biz lost their jobs. There were so many ways of being guilty, new ones daily. Attendance at a wartime Paul Robeson concert to raise funds for the refugees from Stalingrad meant the sack. Failure to finger friends, name names, take the Fifth Amendment meant the sack. Pre-war support for Russia — 'premature anti-fascism' — new name, same sack.

Screenwriter Ring Lardner Jr. didn't get another screen credit until 1965 for *'The Cincinnati Kid'* and then *'MASH'* which saved the fortunes of the studio that had fired him. Dashiell Hammett — *'The Maltese Falcon'*, *'The Thin Man'*, creator of the proto-type private eye, Sam Spade — was jailed in 1951, a sick old man, for witholding names. Waldo Salt was blacklisted — *'Midnight Cowboy'*; Dalton Trumbo — *'Lonely Are The Brave'*; Abraham Polonsky — *'Tell Them Willie Boy Was Here'*.

Lester Cole, one of the original Ten, later met J. Parnell Thomas in jail where the latter was serving a stretch for that All-American Activity, fraud. J. Parnell was a trustee in the chicken yard. "Still handling the chicken shit, I see," said Cole.

Lillian Hellman — *'The Children's Hour'*, *'The Little Foxes'* — was the first one to refuse to rat, and not seek refuge in the Fifth Amendment. A stubborn Southerner, she announced to the Committee: "I cannot and will not cut my conscience to fit this year's fashions." And got away with it. In *Scoundrel Time* she portrays herself as a naive, a girl brought up to believe in her rights who "did not even consider the fierce, sweeping, violent nonsense-tragedies that break out in America from time to time."

The experience put iron in her soul. She saw her friends desert the ship, the intellectuals and utopians of her generation fail to utter a word of protest. She watched the rise of Richard Nixon, McCarthy's hatchetman at the Alger Hiss trial: "Nixon already felt deep contempt for public intelligence. And he was right." Right enough in his estimate to pull the biggest confidence trick since silicone was invented. "I had no right to think that American intellectuals were people who would fight for anything if doing so would injure them."

Hollywood's failure was America's failure. By the time the Army v McCarthy hearings got under way in 1954, the new fad was fading. "We were not shocked at the damage McCarthy had done, or the ruin he brought on many people. Nor had we been surprised or angered by Cohn and Schine playing with the law as if it were a batch of fudge they enjoyed after the pleasure of their nightly pillow fight. We were bored with them. That and nothing more."

THE NEW Woody Allen film, *The Front*, opens with an early Fifties collage of Ike, the Di Maggio-Marilyn wedding, fall-out shelters, the execution of the Rosenbergs, while on the soundtrack, Sinatra sings "Young At Heart".

Naturally shy of putting its shit-eating past on the screen, Hollywood has finally overcome its girlishness. The director Martin Ritt, screenwriter Walter Bernstein and many of the actors were blacklisted, and now, twenty-five years later, acceptable, cleared, they've had a crack at the Graffiti That Got Away: The blacklist itself.

Blacklisted writers could function anonymously. When pseudonyms were blown, they could release their scripts through a frontman. Woody Allen, dumb bunny counter-jerk, political neutral, agrees to pose as the author of his friend's scripts. Woody's philosophy: "Take care of Number One". He takes 10%. Pretty soon, he's the front for three writers, lauded everywhere for the breadth and scope of his bag. It's an American 'Dead Souls' situation with Woody as Chichikov.

Praise goes to his head. He visits a bookshop — "uh, I'll take two Hemingways and a Faulkner." He starts to return scripts as inferior: "I want it more like Eugene O'Neill."

"More laffs?"

"Exactly."

What saves him is love. He falls for a politically committed girl, buddies with Zero Mostel, a blacklisted actor. When Zero kills himself in despair — the freeze was tougher on actors, natch — Woody takes the political plunge. Hauled before the Committee, he finally sees what the whole cruel charade is about.

"You had no idea your schoolfriend was a communist?"

He was twelve."

Woody gives them the finger — "Fuck you all" — and sweeps off to the slammer with his head high.

It's a film you want to like. Maybe it's unfair to put it down for not tackling the nature of American dissent, the essential morality and undeniable rightness of the Left: Woody, like Bogart before him in the wartime Hollywood movies, commits for emotions, not an idea. *The Front* is at its strongest in evoking that atmosphere of fear where friends look through you and your living recedes until you're working less often than Santa. A Babel Time of confession, honour, friendship, trust, dreams spewing out until all that's left is the bile-burp of self-contempt.

Could it happen here? Betcha ass. "A theme is always necessary, a plain, simple unadorned theme to confuse the ignorant." Like immigration, scroungers, unions, patriotism and that knockabout duo, Law & Order. The ferret themes.

TH' LONE GROOVER + LOS YUKOS

(OR TH' KING'S NEW FABRICS.)

BREAKDOWN OF TH' BAND

NAME/LEERING LUKE LUNGROT. INSTRUMENT/ VOCALS AND BROKEN BOTTLES. GUITAR. BIGGEST INFLUENCE /GLUE.

NAME/HEIDI YADOO INSTUMENT/ GUITAR. PERVERSIONS/ SUCKIN' ON PET HATES/LIFE IN GENERAL.

NAME/ACE TEDFORD. INSTRUMENT/ DRUMS. FAVOURITE FOOD/EAR LOBES. HOBBY / COUGHING.

NAME/ BUBONIC BLADE. INSTRUMENT/ SCALPEL. AMBITION/ TO HAVE BRAIN PIERCED—

PUNKS! GASPO! IT'S EASY T'GET CHEAPO LAUGHS OUTTA PUNKOS— HOPE I DON'T GET DRAGGED INTO TH' INEVITABLE!!

UH MAESTRO! HAVE Y'SEEN WHOSE ON TH' BILL BEFORE YA?

NOPE.

LOS YUKOS!

PUNKOS?

SI, PUNKOS.

ERK ALORS BOLT TH' DOOR!

NO NEED T'GO THROUGH YOR ACT NOW-CRETS

CRASH!

CRASH!

PACK Y'BAGS WANKOLE YA WONT BE NEEDED.

PACK M'BAGS? LISTEN KIDS I PRACTISE MORE IN A WEEK THAN Y'VE HAD TOTAL STAGE EXPERIENCE—

'EY! WE'VE BEEN T'GEVVER SIX DAYS -OVVERWISE WE WOULDN'T A GOT A RECORDIN' CONTRACT!

RESPECTABLE!!

BUT WE AINT GONNA BE FLABBY STARS LIKE Y' RESPECTABLE BUMS!!

LISTEN DONGULE I HAD A JAVENESE FISH-HOOK THROUGH M'FORESKIN WHILE Y'WERE STILL IN TH' SECOND YEAR AT PUBLIC SCHOOL.

PICKO!

S'FUNNY! WIV A BEAK LIKE YORS I FOUGHT Y'D BE KOSHER.....

FLICKO!

HOW'D 'E FIND OUT 'BOUT PUBLIC SCHOOL.

'ERE LUNGROT! I FINK I'VE MADE A JOKE....

HAY! DAT'S YOR FIRST EVER!!!

IMAGE CONSCIOUS GONZOS!

GRRR

WE CANT AFFORD IMAGES, BERK! WE'RE ON V'DOLE-I MEAN T'AINT EASY Y'FICK GRUNDY BAH!!! F******

LISTEN EL SENILE! YOR ANTAGONISM T'THESE FRESH KIDS JUST SHOWS WHAT A TIRED OL' TURDO Y'ARE..... I'M 'ERE COS THIS IS WHERE ITS HAPPENIN'— ENERGY MAN!!!!!

SIGH!... FAT MOUTH FREDDIE...

JOKES 'BOUT TH' DOLE 'RE CHEAPO...LOOK WHAT UNEMPLOYMENT THREW UP IN TH' 30'S GERMANY.

OK FAT MOUTH! Y'RE HERE COS Y'RE SCARED DUNGLESS 'BOUT MISSIN' OUT ON SOMETHIN'—Y'AINT BEEN EIGHTEEN FER NEARLY TWENTY YEARS!!!!! .....WHATS UP??

..CLINGIN' ON T'YOR RUSTIN' TEENS ???—THAT AUDIENCE IS 208 GENUINE MUTANTS AN' 808 POSEURS AN' YEASTVITE JOURNALISTS!!! DON'T TELL ME LOS YUKOS 'RE THEIR FIGURE HEADS!!!

F'GET 'IM FREDDIE—BY TH' TIME WIV FINISHED WIV D'AUDIENCE 'E WON'T BE ABLE T'DO NUFFINK WIV 'EM.

DECADENCE, HITLER, VIOLENCE, WHERES THAT BANDWAGON.??

ITS AT MOMENTS LIKE THIS THAT I WISH OUR PUBLICITY DIDN'T SAY WE REJECT DRUGS

'E AINT SUPPOSED T' FROW UP TIL TH' SECOND NUMBER!

SQUEEL!

GLOOP!

ME! ME! BE SICK ON ME!

DISGUSTING! UGH! REVOLTING! THIS IS GONNA MAKE A GREAT ARTICLE! —SOME BREAD AT LAST!

LUNGROT! LUNGROT! LUNGROT! LUNGROT!

BANGO

? ? ?

THEY SEEM T'BE FINISHED!

I DUNNO, I'D GIVE 'EM AT LEASTO 2 OR 3 MONTHS—OR 3 WEEKS WITH A GRUNDY INTERVIEW.

THEY REALLY ARE EXCESSO QUIET, MAESTRO.....

PURE ANTICIPATION— PRONTO!

? ? ? ! !

LUNGROT WAS RIGHT MAESTRO! YOU'LL NEVER GET THIS LOT GOING ..... THEY'RE ALL DEAD!

SI! ONLY MUCHO DESTRUCTION COMES FROM LIVIN' UP T'YOR OWN PUBLICITY

ANYWAY IT SAVES 'EM TH' DILEMA OF BEIN' THIRTY....

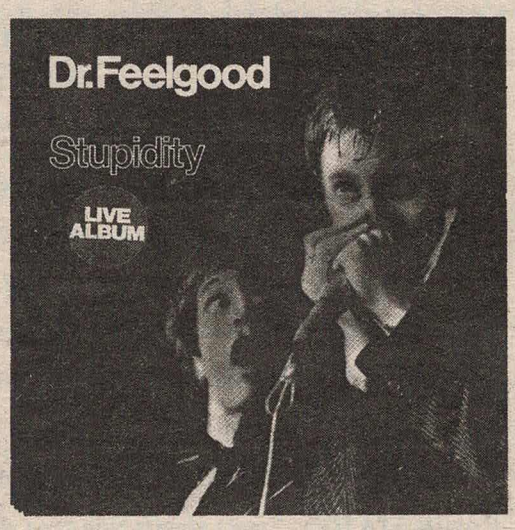
ROCKPILE '76

1976: NME WRITERS OFFER SOME DESULTORY, SUBJECTIVE VERDICTS

1. BOB DYLAN: Desire (CBS)

ALBUMS OF THE YEAR

2. DAVID BOWIE: Station To Station (RCA)



3. DR. FEELGOOD: Stupidity (United Artists)

Charles Shaar Murray

YEAH, WELL . . . it was a long time coming, wasn't it?

This year it seemed like the '70s finally got started.

The Existing Musical Situation (hereafter referred to as the EMS) — which principally consisted of ageing heavy-metallists, wimp-rockers gone MOR and buckets upon buckets of disco hogslop — came under a twin-pronged attack from power bases as disparate as Trenchtown and the 100 Club; twin armies of heroically stoned Rastas and ragged young schmurdoes on flame with rock and roll and cheap sulphate.

Both reggae and p**k rock were music forms created for a community in answer to a specific need that couldn't be met from outside.

It's no point sneering at **The Pistols** because they don't play as good as **The Who; if The Who** were still able to speak to the community that listens to **Johnny R.**, then **The Pistols** wouldn't have been necessary in the first place.

As is, there are now a large number of new young bands and even if they don't make it right away then at least there's a new rock generation with the balls to get up and play instead of just sitting around . . . yeah, I'm talkin' 'bout *you!* Shit goddam, get off your ass and jam!

Great gigs: **Bob Marley** and **Thin Lizzy** at Hammersmith, **Patti Smith** at the Roundhouse, **Michael Chapman** at Dingwalls, **Pistols** at the Screen, **Feelgoods** at the Hope and Anchor benefit, **The Who** at Charlton.

Best albums that didn't make it onto the main list: **Michael Chapman's** "Savage Amusement," **Albert King's** "Truckload Of Lovin' ", **Man's** "Welsh Connection", **Alex Harvey's** "SAHB Stories," **National Lampoon's** "Goodbye Pop," **Max Romeo's** "War In A Babylon," **Laura Nyro's** "Smile", **Big Youth's** "Hit The Road Jack", **Third World's** "Third World" and **Ian Hunter's** "All American Alien Boy."

Most disappointing album of the year: **Patti Smith's** "Radio Ethiopia."

Still'n'all . . . one hell of a good year that seemed to lay down some very heavy-duty foundations to be built on in '77 and '78. Looks like this mo-fo's getting moving at last.

Forward and upward, please.

Tony Stewart

WAS IT the year when the old guard of ageing Rock Superstars had their butts kicked out and credibility questioned?

There they were, tinkling their crystal goblets with the fashionable figures of the establishment, strutting into Britain and across the front page of the national dailies, and generally behaving like a troupe of spoilt, patronising, rich brats.

Enough! cried the kids, inevitably disassociating themselves from the satin 'n' silk ostentation of their former idols.

A climate of hostility and frustration resulted, nurturing the Punks. And **The Pistols'** two minute teleoutrage instantly placed them as leaders of the revolution, making **The Stones'** erstwhile anti-establishment poses look harmlessly insincere in comparison.

Were the elders of rock to be rejected in favour of a new era?

Maybe that's next year's thing, because those artists who'd apparently taken out a second mortgage on their souls and diluted their music into MOR, or were just considered too old to cut it, actually came up with good rock music.

The Who at Charlton was one of the best concerts of the year; no, they didn't need wheelchairs.

Paul McCartney triumphed with **Wings** at Wembley; and **Rod Stewart,** who'd exchanged that old raincoat for blazer and boater, formed his excellent band, which was an unquestionable success on their British debut at Manchester.

And my Golden Comeback Of The Year award goes to **Eric Burdon,** who managed to shake off the lawyers long enough to perform the absolute live highlight of '76 at the Roundhouse in June.

He hadn't lost his spirit and showed that musical age can't be judged in years, but in mentality.

Similarly the reformed **Streetwalkers,** led by **Chapman, Whitney** and **Tench** gave me yet another rush of unadulterated rock 'n' roll excitement up at Chalk Farm.

Of course there's the Bummers Trophy; an award to be jointly received by **Deep Purple** and **Cockney Rebel** (for their Wembley gigs) and the **Average White Band** who were appalling at the Hammersmith Odeon.

The charts were, and still basically are, painful listening and a frightening horror story of inept pop.

Where was rock's salvation? asked observers. Would the Greatest Shits, Golden Groans and Forty Farts compilations bought in their awful thousands by the undiscerning prevent the musically credible from realising their commercial aspirations?

Away from this lucrative cut-glass crap, there were people actually making good music.

For three months I sweated at dozens of Rock 'n' Roll gigs, hearing great bands like **Crazy Cavan 'N' The Rythm Rockers, Remember This** and the **Flying Saucers.**

Dick and The Firemen and **Hinkley's Heroes** showed (now and then) that good music could still be created spontaniously, without compromising to the big money machinery of the record companies.

Then there were the new bands: **Graham Parker & The Rumour** with the magnificent "Howlin' Wind" album (placed third in my Top Ten behind **Bowie** and **Dylan**); **Cado Belle,** an excellent stage act and recording band; **Racing Cars** with their debut set, "Downtown Tonight"; **City Boy**; **Tiger** and finally **Bandit,** who showed the proverbial potential.

Rock jaded? Shafted, even?

No. Crawl into the right college, club or occasional concert hall and you'd find it breathing fire through the PA which'll take them another 90 years to pay for.

Even the Matchstick Kid model **Twiggy** made a surprisingly good

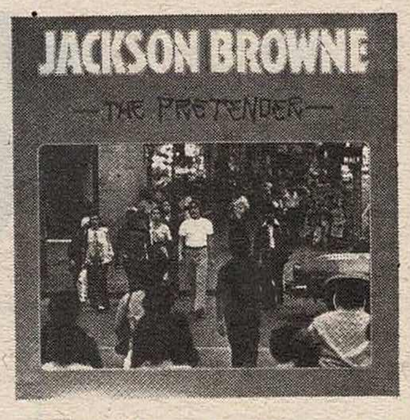
■ *Continues over*

4. GRAHAM PARKER: Heat Treatment (Vertigo)

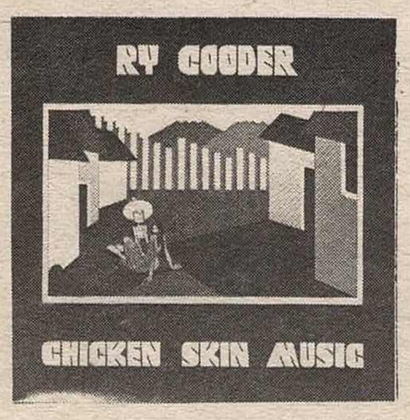
5. THE RAMONES: The Ramones (Sire)

6. BLUE OYSTER CULT: Agents Of Fortune (CBS)

7. KATE & ANNA McGARRIGLE: Kate & Anna McGarrigle (Warner Bros)



8. JACKSON BROWNE: The Pretender (Asylum)

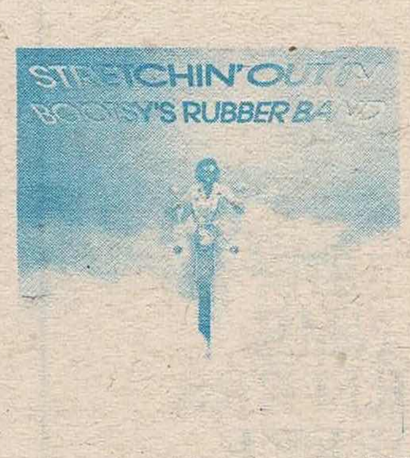


15. RY COODER: Chicken Skin Music (Reprise)

16. BOB MARLEY: Rastaman Vibration (Island)

17. JONI MITCHELL: Hejira (Asylum)

18. BURNING SPEAR: Man In The Hills (Island)



19. BOOTSY'S RUBBER BAND: Stretchin' Out (Warner Bros)

■ *From over page*

country album, and escaped being bated on *the Muppet Show* as their previous guests had been.

But the girl-who-made-me-want-to-do-it-to-her-most award goes unashamedly to Heart's **Ann Wilson;** a raunchy performer, exuding an excess of sensuality. And Ann, my telephone number is . . .

What d'ya mean I've run out of space?

Tony Parsons

1976 WAS the year when rock and roll turned Rotten.

It was the year of the Roundhouse rise and Hammersmith fall of **Patti Smith.** The Indian summer of fever-pitch apathy, when a girl lost an eye and new-wave rock gained credibility and a place in the singles chart.

When indifference became a hand-grenade, the rebels wore Swastikas, and peace signs were an invitation to a kick in the teeth.

Half-a-year of the motions of life etched on vinyl were followed by the most explosive confrontations since the Cuban missile crisis, when middle aged lushes were put firmly in their places by psychotic kids of the high-rise catastrophes, and middle aged hippie liberals were shocked out of their 1967 time-warp by reminders that this is the Summer of Anarchy in the U.K. '77.

The so-called Counter Culture showed itself up for just as much of a wimp as the Establishment it professed to despise.

From hopelessness came hope; to create you must first destroy.

Sure, the **Sex Pistols** were singing; *"I'm a lazy sod/All I need is a lot of speed/I'm a lazy sod"*, but the way they got city elders and people's parents on the run was anything but idle.

The Hot Rods avoid politics, but incite their audience to get up and dance, which is revolution of a kind after years of polite applause and sincere platitudes on the part of performers. **Clash** wear Red Guard arm-bands and encourage whitekids to start a riot of their own instead of turning on the niggers who actually have the guts to stand up for their rights.

There's been more going down — and shaking up — in the past three months than in the last decade.

The two catchwords of the new movement are Anarchy and Apathy.

With Anarchy, this is our chance to put rock and roll back in the boulevards.

But if you want Apathy, well, '77 is just gonna be '67 with a nose-job.

Roy Carr

1976 WILL go down as the year during which a whole new generation of young kids discovered rock 'n' roll as the most immediate form of communication.

But with few exceptions, they weren't quite sure how to handle the savage beast. I'm positive that when they first got the itch, neither **Elvis,** the **Fabs, Jagger** or **Hendrix** really knew where they themselves were coming from. Half the fun is in finding out.

The fact that rock is almost 25-years-old, makes it that much harder for each new generation to come up with a new approach.

Fleet Street doesn't help. As many new bands ran around in a blind fury, the mass media discovered the selling power of a new four-letter word; they then primed the word p*nk for maximum overkill.

They observed the new phenomenon in the same way as they had once approached skiffle, Beatlemania, flower power and glitter chic.

Anything that looked curious, could hold a guitar, operate a safety pin and was prepared to number **Jagger** or **Townshend** as "old farts" was regarded as good copy.

The music? They hadn't bothered with music in the past, so there was no need to start now.

Unfortunately, some of the new wave bands played into the hands of the establishment. Slagging off one's opposite number never got anybody anywhere.

The only way in which any new order is going to be established is on a stage. Deeds not words. Don't say it, go out and prove it. Put up or shut up.

Personally, I found it all amusing, and thankfully it didn't divert one's attention away from a lot of good music produced over the last 12 months, even if most of it was imported from abroad.

Stateside **Joe Walsh, Jonathan Richman, Blue Oyster Cult, J. Geils, Television, Boz Scaggs, Southside Johnny, Nils Lofgren, Little Feat** and **Tom Petty** (a young kid I came across just a couple of days ago) spoke well of the future.

Meanwhile, in the Caribbean, **Bunny Wailer, Burning Spear, Max Romeo, Marley** and **Scratch** continued to prove Trenchtown Rock to be infinitely more acceptable than Disco which has all but emasculated American Black Music.

Back in Britain, **Graham Parker, Thin Lizzy, Moon** and **Mick Green** proved that, though still slightly bruised, not all British rock is tax exiled; it's still alive if somewhat limping.

Gig of the year?

A tough one. The night **The Stones** played Earls Court, **The Who** at Charlton, any one of three **Feelgoods** shows!

For me, the clincher was **Bob Marley** and **The Wailers** at the Odeon, Hammersmith. Gigs don't come any better than that.

SINGLES OF THE YEAR

1. **THIN LIZZY: The Boys Are Back In Town (Vertigo)**
2. **EDDIE & THE HOT RODS: Live At The Marquee (EP) (Island)**
3. **SEX PISTOLS: Anarchy In The U.K. (EMI)**
4. **BLUE OYSTER CULT: Don't Fear The Reaper (CBS)**
5. **NICK LOWE: So It Goes (Stiff)**
6. **JUNIOR MURVIN: Police And Thieves (Island)**
7. **CANDI STATON: Young Hearts Run Free (Warner Bros)**
8. **JOAN ARMATRADING: Love And Affection (A&M)**
9. **BROTHERS JOHNSON: I'll Be Good To You (A&M)**
10. **CLIMAX BLUES BAND: Couldn't Get It Right (BTM)**
11. **MAX ROMEO: War In A Babylon (Island)**
12. **STEVE MILLER: Take The Money And Run (Mercury)**
13. **BOB DYLAN: Hurricane (CBS)**
14. **BOZ SCAGGS: Lowdown (CBS)**
15. **BRYAN FERRY: Let's Stick Together (Island)**
16. **TELEVISION: Little Johnny Jewel (Ork, Import)**
17. **CAN: I Want More (Virgin)**
18. **FLAMIN' GROOVIES: Shake Some Action (Sire)**
19. **LEE PERRY: Roast Fish And Corn Bread (Island)**
20. **LEW LEWIS: Boogie On The Street (Stiff)**

Mick Farren

WHEN I first saw 1976, I was not impressed.

The bulk of the music was the same old super hacks warming over the same ten-year-old riffs that they mainly inherited from South Side niggers another ten years before that.

As if that wasn't bad enough, the depression was in full swing and I'd fallen down the stairs and smashed my face.

It looked like a good year to become a Trappist monk or a drug addict.

I will, however, freely admit that I was wrong.

No sooner had the first crocus poked its head from the Hyde Park dirt, than the whole country started to cook.

Do I need to repeat it all?

Bob Marley stood on the stage of Hammersmith Odeon and gave out with sentiments I hadn't heard since I was a callous hippie.

It was like we'd almost forgotten that the herb made you see the system more clear.

On other fronts, the **Feelgoods** metamorphosed from good to magnificent. **Graham Parker** came from out of nowhere. Mick Green emerged from the mists of time and showed every guitar king in the land the door.

And then there were the punks.

You can say what you like, but, at least here were kids prepared to do more than sit zombie tranced at the feet of jaded superstars.

They exhibited drive, raunch and energy. They had their needle right in the jugular of their own generation, and that's what rock and roll is, after all, about.

Maybe I'll hang around for '77 after all.

Neil Spencer

SEVENTY SIX? I'll try and leave the seismographic freakout, bizarre weather conditions, political upheavals, economic turmoils and suchlike out of it.

As if that's possible; one of the great strengths of rock is its effortless capacity for instant *zeitgeist.*

I'll also leave out the lists — of albums, artists, concerts.

After all, music fans had another bumper year; good, enjoyable, creative music continued to pour out the music biz/industry same as it has for years.

This year we had the bonus of action, challenge, youth, *style* — the crucial factor that's been missing also for years.

See, it was earthquakes and upheaval in rock too.

Punks? Let 'em get on with it. It's a free country, innit? Or should be.

Sure, overall the music's pretty grim at present, and there's *some* ugly or plain ignorant attitudes around in the movement, but it's early days.

It might look like a weed but at least something is growing in Babylon's wasteland of council estates and non schools. These are the roots that clutch.

The punks at least have honesty, whereas, with a handful of exceptions like **Lennon, Marley** and **Townshend,** the rock stars who preached Peace, Love and personal and social liberation simply haven't lived it.

Who needs another Hollywood Babylon of booze-soaked stars, only this time rock instead of movie stars? Won't get fooled again.

Better still, after years of being alternately ignored, snubbed and downright abused, the single at last began to be respected again.

I don't know whether it was the new age of austerity or the fact that the album charts have degenerated into such a rancid mire of greatest hits and MOR bland-outs, but suddenly, like a fragment of a memory inexplicably rematerialised, we were ankle deep in EPs, picture sleeves, small labels, one-offs, imports, cult raves, and all the joyous paraphernalia of living, breathing, hot rock 'n' roll.

Nor was the music represented by the singles movement confined to one genre: Punk, R & B, heavy rock, intelligent rock, pop, revivals and re-issues were all represented.

In fact the great thing about the 'New Wave' in general is its diversity — it has to include **Springsteen** and

9. JOAN ARMATRADING: Joan Armatrading (A&M)

10. NILS LOFGREN: Cry Tough (A&M)

11. EMMYLOU HARRIS: Elite Hotel (Reprise)

12. THIN LIZZY: Jailbreak (Vertigo)

13. STEELY DAN: The Royal Scam (ABC)

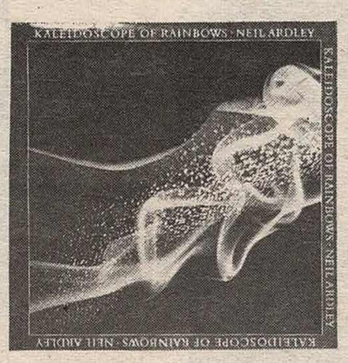
14. STEVE MILLER: Fly Like An Eagle (Mercury)

20. BOB DYLAN: Hard Rain (CBS)

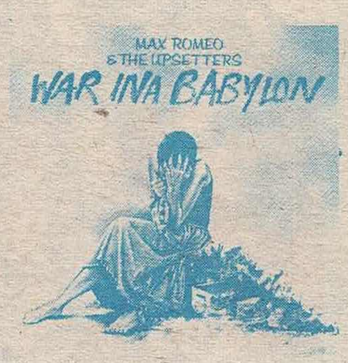
ALSO RECOMMENDED:

STEVIE WONDER: *Songs In The Key Of Life (Tamla Motown)*
THE MODERN LOVERS: *Home Of The Hits (Beserkeley)*
THIN LIZZY: *Johnny The Fox (Vertigo)*
JOE WALSH: *You Can't Argue With A Sick Mind (ABC)*
E.L.O.: *A New World Record (United Artists)*
KINGFISH: *Kingfish (Round Records)*
WARREN ZEVON: *Warren Zevon (Asylum)*
ANDY PRATT: *Resolution (Nemperor)*
GRAHAM PARKER: *Howlin' Wind (Vertigo)*
THE CRUSADERS: *Those Southern Knights (ABC)*

21. TODD RUNDGREN: Faithful (Bearsville)



22. NEIL ARDLEY: Kaleidoscope Of Rainbows (Gull)



23. MAX ROMEO: War In A Babylon (Island)

24. GUY CLARK: Old No. 1 (RCA)

Bob Woffinden

MY ALBUM of the year — no question — was **Kate And Anna McGarrigle's.**

An album of warmth that was both enchanting and moving, it beautifully communicated the personalities of the sisters. Their stage show was also an event to recall with fondness; the gentle artlessness of the girls must have captured even the hardest hearts. They will be returning ere long, and will after all be recording a second album with Joe Boyd; both of which are keenly anticipated events, at least as far as this writer is concerned.

During a year when I heard much that was disappointing, there were nevertheless several outstanding albums. "Desire", "Station To Station" and "Joan Armatrading", of course, but also the debut album from **Southside Johnny and the Asbury Jukes** — which, like the McGarrigles', maintains an apparent lack of professionalism that is wholly endearing, and not really that easy to achieve; you realise that they have to be very good to make it seem that easy.

And, in any case, you have to be *that* good to obtain the services of both **Ronnie Spector** and **Lee Dorsey** — mention of whom reminds me that Polydor's reissue of the latter's "Yes We Can" was very timely, since it had become a much-plundered album; better let the world know that Lee did it first, and Lee still does it best . . .

Ry Cooder's "Chicken Skin Music" was thoroughly irresistible, while it was also heartening to see **Joe Cocker** **Parker** as well as **Rotten** and **Verlaine.**

And, of course, reggae: *Some folks don't understand it. That's why they don't demand it?*

Personally, one of the greatest things about '76 was visiting Jamaica, and its prolific, exhilarating music scene, an experience that I couldn't describe in ten thousand words so I won't try now.

JA musicians aren't afraid to talk about love, peace and brotherhood *as well* as getting rid of The System. These too, are the roots that clutch . . . *children get your culture, hey punk you just a bwoy as I would say . . .*

The worst thing about the trip to Jamaica — where I expected to feel hyper paranoid and didn't — was coming back to good old non-violent England and reading about the Notting Hill Police Riot (which is what it was). *Police and thieves in the street, oh yeah . . .*

We're now nearer 1980 than 1970. This was the year rock finally left the sixties behind.

Julie Burchill

1976 WAS the year the rock world was confronted by the *reality* of rock 'n' roll — and they couldn't take it.

After years of everybody waiting for a return to the roots, man, and young kids picking up guitars because they wanted to rock, to be stars, because their bedroom mirror didn't make it anymore, because they were BORED, it finally happened.

And the kids were the antithesis of Peace, Love, Woodstock, dandruff and half-hour solos. Their Old Masters were people who never made it, like **the New York Dolls, Stooges, MC5** or else who got tame and too big and fat, like **The Who** and **Lou Reed.**

So you went to the gigs down the 100, Nashville or Marquee before the banning started, and it was like being on the terraces, except this was rock music, not football, and if you were a pubescent skinhead on too many pills in the Summer Of Love you probably felt exactly the same way.

Sure there was violence, but no more and no worse than what you'd grown up with every Saturday night, and when you saw **The Pistols** getting in a fight it just reminded you of jumping in to help a mate when he was getting stomped on, so you knew alive and well and working to good purpose in Jamaica; "Stingray" was excellent, and could presage a return to business for him.

Since I was engaged for so much of the year on work for the *Illustrated Book Of Rock,* I had to forego the opportunities of seeing **Gladys Knight, David Bowie, Bonnie Raitt, Janis Ian** and many others; but when I did manage to skip writing about rock for the real thing, I particularly enjoyed, apart from the McGarrigles, **Jackson Browne, Bob Marley, Dr. Feelgood, Marvin Gaye, Linda Ronstadt** and **Steeleye Span.**

The latter's sell-out tour, however, only deepened the mystery why their "Rocket Cottage" album was received with less than universal attention, since that album was the highwater mark of their stage III, as surely as "Please To See The King" and "Parcel Of Rogues" had been the high points of the first two phases of their existence.

1977? Well, let's hope that **Aretha** finally takes a Concorde direct to the Albert Hall (there were rumours about November or December dates, but all came to nought), that **Dusty Springfield** recovers her nerve, dredges up some resolution and launches herself back into the land of the living, and that Steeleye finally make it in the U.S. No band deserves it more.

My TV programme of the year was *The Glittering Prizes,* but that's a whole different story . . .

that the rumours of set-ups and contrived situations were more than likely started by the element of the rock world who sat stoned in crowded fields mouthing platitudes and planning to change the world.

But now there was real movement, rock really seemed to be doing something again, and those who said it was nothing new were missing the point — if a kid was still sucking at the breast when the Stones were playing the scene, then it was new to him.

It grew as the year went on, the bands playing wherever they weren't banned, and you met and got to know the members and they just seemed like everybody you ever knew, working class kids with the guts to say NO to being office, factory and dole fodder.

Then they got recording contracts and instead of changing and getting tamed, they went on just like before, total commitment, no compromise, and whether they stay where they are or sink back into obscurity is something only 1977 can answer.

But it was the kick up the butt rock needed, and, like **The Dolls** sung, at least it's moving.

Phil McNeill

SEVENTY-SIX. Rolls off the the tongue like fifty-five, sixty-three and sixty-seven, doesn't it?

Betcha it will in the years to come, anyway. But before it's embalmed as A Turning Point In History, let's salute it while it still breathes....

For lives, my love to **Aerosmith, Russ Ballard, Bay City Rollers, Bearded Lady, Bebop Deluxe, Burlesque, Clash, Climax, Larry Coryell, Doctors Of Madness, Dr Feelgood, Eddie & The Hot Rods, Roberta Flack, G-Band, Steve Gibbons, Giggles, Gary Glitter, Hall & Oates, Steve Hillage, Billy Joel, KC & The Sunshine Band, Freddie King, Kursaal Flyers, Lynyrd Skynrd, Nazareth, New York Dolls, Ted Nugent, Pirates, Queen, Jess Roden, Roogalator, Todd Rundgren, SAHB, Sailor, Sex Pistols, Shanghai, Patti Smith, Status Quo, Stranglers, Supercharge, T. Rex, Thin Lizzy, Troggs, Tyla Gang, Muddy Waters, Wharf Rats** and **The Who.**

For special singles: **Golden Earring** ("Sleep Walkin' "), **Lizzy** and **Jean Plum** ("Look At The Boy").

For next year: **Lewis Furey.**

Max Bell

THE BEST music of the year was American, as usual.

There were notable live performances here from **Little Feat, The Crusaders, Flamin' Groovies** and **Patti Smith** first time round.

While I was in America **Blue Oyster Cult, Spirit** and **Boz Scaggs** all turned on the kind of live magic missing from our outfits.

Still, rather than turn this into a piece of self-indulgent listing littered with the occasional platitude, I'll dwell on a few groups whose names don't appear on the top album league.

Kingfish are without doubt the most interesting of the **Grateful Dead** offshoots.

Playing sometimes without **Bob Weir** they produced a classic opening album bringing the neglected talents of **Matthew Kelly, Bobby Hoddinot** and **Dave Torbert** into the same illustrious light as Weir himself.

It has a beautifully complete quality apparent in all the singing and playing, immaculately structured material and cleverly alternating light and dark moods.

Atmospheric rock'n'roll for intellectual cowboys.

In a more ballsy vein the **J. Geils Band** "Blow Your Face Out" seems to me to be a perfect documentary of those baaad boys from Boston on the boards. The college of musical knowledge has broadened immeasurably since their "Full House" platter in '72.

At that time everbody went apeshit over J. Geils, but by a tedious method of critically sophisticated introspection have tended to dispatch Wolf and the boys from whence they came.

Actually **J. Geils** make **The Stones** sound like paraplegics.

Besides anyone who can handle **Faye Dunaway** must have something going for them, and on this evidence they are still the hardest working, tightest band in the land.

Shelter Records have two bright young things on the books in **Dwight Twilley** and **Tom Petty,** mean guitarists with pretty faces and a penchant for short, FM-orientated songs which you can sing along to.

Pop in the same way that **Todd Rundgren** is, but less upfront esoteric. You could do worse than invest in their debut albums. Might even impress your friends.

It's a pity that United Artists didn't see fit to give **Mike Wilhelm** (formerly of **The Charlatans**) general release for his solo record; no wonder some people stay cult figures.

■ *Continues over*

Brian Case

A GOOD year for jazz, thanks largely to the efforts of the Jazz Centre Society, those tireless toilers in the Hollywood & Vineyard.

British jazz seems to have come as a revelation to visiting Americans — Konitz's expression as the great Irish guitarist Louis Stewart launched a series of staggering wig-bubbles, Anthony Braxton's humility on the podium with Evan Parker and Derek Bailey, Johnny Griffin's checkmate trying to crack an audience that Stan Tracey's Octet had already cracked — and left for dead — at the Bracknell Festival.

High times run together in the memory — jumping nights at Peanuts digging Mike Osborne, at 100 Club copping an incredible trio of Keith Tippett, Harry Miller and Louis Moholo, sweaty nights at the Bulls Head clocking Dick Morrissey and Terry Smith.

After their break-up both John Stevens and Trevor Watts are leading fine bands — Away, a much improved unit with an excellent album, "Somewhere In Between" — Amalgam, a swinger that can part a punter from his wig. Elton Dean's Ninesense boasting a line-up Granz couldn't better.

Ronnie Scott's has kept the flag flying with Cedar Walton's very tight professional outfit gaining universal respect, Bill Evans' bassist, Eddie Gomez, smokin' just about everybody, Louis Hayes demonstrating the on-going validity of Hard Bop drumming, Rahsaan Roland Kirk showing more guts 'n grit than you'll find outside a Samuel Smiles homily.

Berets off to A & M's Horizon label, to Milestone, Atlantic, Verve and Pablo, and Arista. Berets firmly on for CBS and Blue Note: c'mon fellas, lance that ugly swelling in ya wallets. Big Spitty kiss to all the independents, Steam, Incus, Ogun, Wave, Cadillac.

Smartass one-liner of the year come from Lee Konitz.

I was politely applauding a duff singer, one hand holding a beer, the other clapping my chest. Lee said, "She's so bad you have to start your heart manually?"

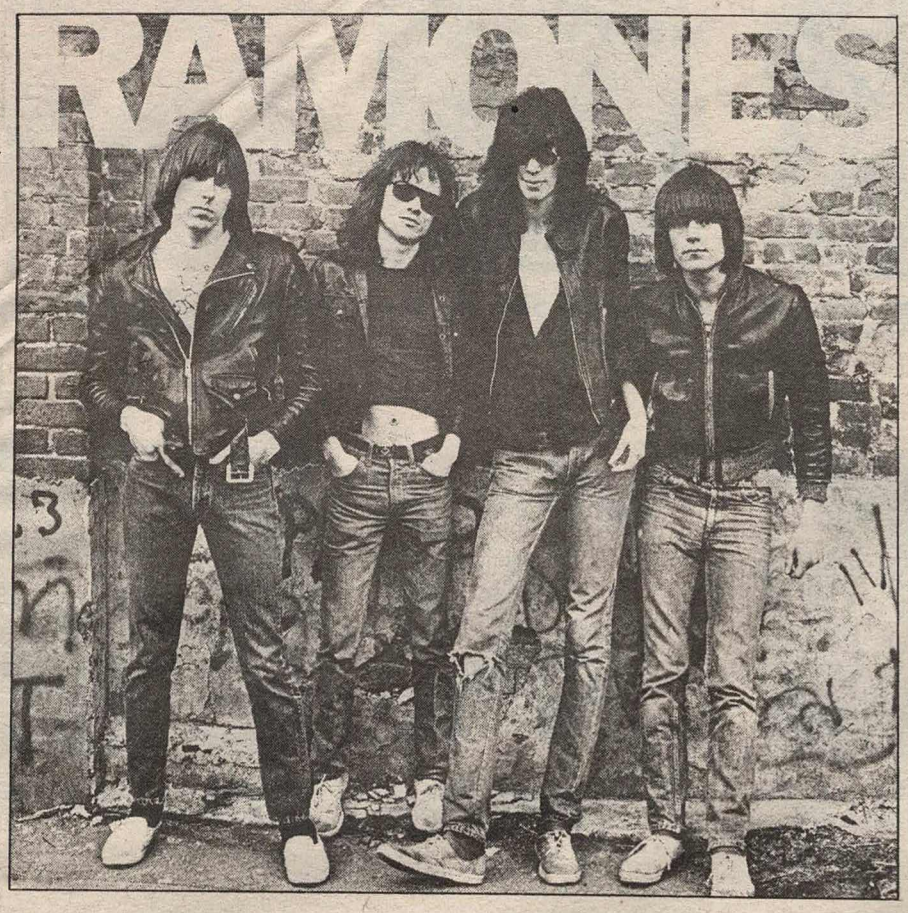
JAZZ ALBUMS OF THE YEAR

1. **EVAN PARKER: Saxophone Solos (Incus)**
2. **ALBERT AYLER: Prophecy (ESP)**
3. **ART PEPPER: Living Legend (Contemporary)**
4. **FRANK LOWE: The Flam (Black Saint)**
5. **NEIL ARDLEY: Kaleidoscope Of Rainbows (Gull)**
6. **ZOOT SIMS: Motoring Along (Sonet)**
7. **CHARLIE HADEN: Closeness (A&M)**
8. **STAN TRACEY: Captain Adventure (Steam)**
9. **McCOY TYNER: Trident (Milestone)**
10. **COUNT BASIE & ZOOT SIMS: Basie & Zoot (Pablo)**

REISSUES

1. **ART TATUM: The Tatum Group Masterpieces (Pablo)**
2. **CLIFFORD BROWN: The Complete Paris Collection (Vogue Pye)**
3. **JOHN COLTRANE: Giant Steps (Atlantic)**
4. **CHARLIE MINGUS: Mingus Mingus Mingus Mingus (Impulse)**
5. **ELMO HOPE: The All-Star Sessions (Milestone)**
6. **J. R. MONTEROSE: Straight Ahead (Xanadu)**
7. **STAN GETZ: Sweet Rain (Verve)**
8. **ART PEPPER: Early Art (Blue Note)**
9. **WARDELL GRAY: Central Avenue (Prestige)**
10. **JOHNNY GRIFFIN-EDDIE LOCKJAW DAVIS: The Toughest Tenors (Milestone)**

BEST DEBUT ALBUMS



THE RAMONES: The Ramones (Sire)

KATE & ANNA McGARRIGLE: Kate & Anna McGarrigle: (Warner Bros)

■ *From over page*

If it was properly promoted enough copies might be sold to prevent it becoming a collectors item and Wilhelm from lying in shameful obscurity.

Have that as a New Year's resolution U.A., and make an old man very happy (Wilhelm, not me).

Steve Clarke

NO-ONE COULD say 1976 was uneventful.

Wilson threw in the towel, **Jeremy** was given the elbow, **Mao** joined the great cultural revolution in the sky, and a lot of my friends got married.

More pertinently, the NME tottered dangerously on the edges of a collective nervous breakdown, newly esconced in this Appalling Tower *("I never knew death had undone so many"* — indeed), but pulled through Despite It All.

As an industry rock grew Even Bigger despite the recession (or was it because of it?) and while something called Dole-Queue Rock emerged at one end of the spectrum, punters by the thousand streamed into airhanger-type places to see all sorts of entertainment put on in the name of rock.

In '76 the rock audience became overtly diverse to the extent where no one with any brains could refer to the "rock audience" en masse.

There are now numerous rock audiences, ranging from teens to late thirties.

The rock establishment was knocked, albeit naively — Christ, **Townshend** wrote almost an entire album last year about the dilemma of over-25s playing rock 'n' roll.

Knock they might (and nothing's sacred), but **The Stones** still drag 'em in like lemmings at Earl's Court, where they put on a Great Rock Event, and at Knebworth where they played the best R & B I heard all year. Oh, what a night **Keef** had.

And as I write thousands are seeing **Rod** at Olympia — doubtless that's an Event more than anything else.

And I can dig it.

The Stones no longer make good albums, but they still come up with the odd good track. **Stewart** himself continues to make good if not brilliant records (but I wouldn't be surprised if there's something of a renaissance once he records with his new band).

And when **The Who** played football stadiums back in the early summer they created euphoria from their peerless sense of energy, untainted by anything remotely fascist.

"Won't Get Fooled Again" — looks as if a new generation already are, although the public is a long way from taking the punk rockers to their wallets.

Sure, the shit needed stirring and it's great to see a lot of under-20s playing rock music (the first time since the late '60s), but things should be kept in perspective.

And surely one of the finest things about rock (apart from the music) is its democratic nature. "Would you knock a man down because of the coat he wears." They did (and still do), but we mustn't.

Anyway there's been a plethora of good music, even if there wasn't one *bona fide* classic album released this year, he said without the benefit of hindsight.

All the following made great records — **Emmylou Harris, Joni, Ry Cooder, Lofgren** (who performed brilliantly in London somewhere back along there), **Bowie** (whose album has all the ambience of a quintessential '76 album), **Joe Walsh, Jackson Browne.**

And a lot of others.

Yes, that's right, as per usual for the mid-'70s the greatest music was American made, although bands like **Racing Cars** and **Cado Belle** promise good things, but shouldn't get overtaken by the Blandness Of It All.

And something good might come of all these punk bands. After all energy is important, but there's more to it than that.

Todd too is worth a special mention for his constructive use of psychedelia, **Genesis** too for their peerless prowess as a Fine Rock Band.

It's a drag **Dylan's** "Desire" ended up as our Number One album, because good as it is, it isn't that good.

Still, 1976 was a year when a few things got out of proportion, wasn't it?

BEST RE-ISSUE

NILS LOFGREN & GRIN: 1 + 1/Grin (CBS)

BEST COMPILATION

THE BEATLES: Rock'n'Roll Music (EMI)

Who's a sensitive little fellow, then?

AL STEWART is, of course. Plus he's also the British folk scene's most - successfully - imported - to - the - States little fellow. He tells BOB EDMANDS all about fine wines, Billboard bullets and early longings to be Keith Richard.

"ONLY TWO albums from the British folk scene have ever got into the American Top Thirty," says Al Stewart.

"Out of Steeleye Span, Incredible String Band, Pentangle, Fairport Convention, Roy Harper, Ralph McTell, John Martyn, Michael Chapman — you know the list — only two albums have ever made it. They're 'Modern Times' and 'The Year Of The Cat' — both by me."

This succinct summary of Al Stewart's success may sound a little arrogant, but he says it in a way that's very disarming, tucking his chin into his collar and laughing uproariously to himself.

"I don't know if I should make quotes like that," he says, still highly amused. "It's the sort of thing that really alienates me from the rest of the world, I'm sure."

Stewart is sitting in a French restaurant in the Golders Green area of London, reviewing his lot at the end of an expensive and splendid dinner.

Stewart thinks that a French restaurant is a civilised place to conduct an interview. He is clearly completely at home in such surroundings.

RCA press officer Robin Eggar leads his little party into the restaurant and tells the head waiter: "Table for four. Name of Eggar."

In response, the waiter says: "Good-a evening, Mister-a Stewart, how are-a you, sir?" Mister-a Stewart says he is very well, hands over his dainty leather gloves and voluminous sheepskin car coat, and is shown to his table.

Where many working-class rock millionaires affect an upper-class style, with Al Stewart it just comes naturally. The reason being that he is upper-class. Or upper-middle, at least.

Dapper, but not dandified, he walks and talks with fussy, nervous movements, and possesses a old-fashioned English courtesy and charm that must just *slay* the Americans.

When it comes to hors d'oeuvres, Stewart knows the difference between terrines and pates, but is too polite to explain to a member of the company who doesn't.

When it comes to French restaurants in general, Stewart is mainly there for the wine. He will tell you that wine is marvellous because it's a purely natural product; that one person in every hundred throughout the world is involved in its production; and that during the second world war tanks went out of their way to avoid vineyards.

The object of the evening's activities is to discover what a person like Al Stewart is doing among the machine-funk, heavy metal, and syrupy harmonies of the American charts.

Stewart says no-one at home noticed when "Modern Times" was big in America 18 months ago, and almost no-one has noticed now that "The Year Of The Cat" is equally successful.

"That's the difference between the States and Britain," he says. "In England, I don't get played *once*. They play what theoretically grabs people.

"If I had comparable airplay with that thing in Smokie, that thing about living next door that I hear on the radio here, I'd outsell Smokie three to one.

"A lot of people would disagree with that statement, but I've seen it happen in America."

So why is it Al Stewart who's cracked the States, and none of the folkies on that list he quotes so readily?

"It's work, it's work, it's work," he says with crusading fervour. "If I was a manager, I could make successes out of the people I mentioned, if they would do what I have done. But so many of them are so well known in Britain and make so much money, they're not prepared to do that.

"I know for a fact that Ralph (McTell) was invited to go to the States, and start playing for 50 dollars a night in clubs, and he was earning £1000 a night here. He just couldn't see it. I think he thought you could do it by records, but you can't.

Stewart, who is 31, has been in the biz for 10 years. "Bedsitter Images", his debut album in 1967, was the archetype of the thoughtful folk album bought by intense girls living in bedsits. His second album "Love Chronicles" established him as a cult figure on the college circuit.

By the time he decided to try for America five years ago, he says he was earning £500 a night. After five years on the road in America and two chart albums, he says he's "a hundred and fifty thousand down", but confidently expects that things won't stay that way too long.

"I was prepared to go at huge loss into the dross end in America, and support all sorts of unlikely people. You have to take all the shit for a start.

"For example, being third on the bill to Sha Na Na in Milwaukee, or supporting Queen in San Antonio, Texas. With the Queen audience, I just did what I did, and 10,000 people hated it, but 50 liked it and went out and bought the record. So I've got a foothold in San Antonio, Texas. They immediately invited us back at 10 times the fee.

"I once supported Hot Tuna, and the first three rows were totally out of their brains on quaaludes. They yelled 'boogie!' all the way through my entire set. Not only that, they were so smashed that when Hot Tuna came on, they yelled 'boogie!' at them as well. Once you've faced a few of those, you've learnt a lot.

"If you have a commitment to your music, something of your commitment will filter through even to a crowd like that, even if your songs don't. And you can turn their heads to the extent that they wonder what this guy's all about."

You have to acquire unnatural humility to break in America, then?

"Oh, yes. A lot of English bands go to the States and discover that everything they've achieved in Britain means nothing. Nobody's impressed in America. You've got a number one album, so what? Show us what you can do. I like that, because it's a challenge. But a lot of people with a hot album in Britain are not going to play to 50 people in a tiny club in North Dakota, when it's cost them £5,000 to get there and halfway through their set, everyone leaves and goes to the bar because they want to get a drink before the next band comes on."

"I am!" Pics: JOE STEVENS

So it's not just hard work that's needed?

"It's hard work coupled with a sense of direction. Provided you do what you believe in, and what you believe in is valid, you will gather an audience. Which is what we've found to be happening."

Even so, Al Stewart's music has little in common with anything else in the American charts. It makes no concessions to any passing fashions. Al writes gentle melodies subtle enough to take time to sink in, and his lyrics are liberally sprinkled with metaphors and similes and assorted other complexities. It sounds as if the music is written to fit the words, though Al says it actually happens the other way round.

You would never think that these delicate little songs would ever find their way onto American radio, let alone compete with brasher sounds. Al doesn't even have a freak voice that might generate initial curiosity. Instead, he sings in that self-effacing style beloved of English folkies — quiet, polite, sibilant, and nasal. Compared to the rest of the American charts, it's downright eccentric.

"Yes, it is eccentric," he says. "I think that is one of the great qualities of Britain to consistently produce eccentrics. You've only got to be out of the country for a little while, and when you come back, you see how eccentric people are here. It's fantastic. I mean, go into the Houses of Parliament. They're all crazy. Transpose them into any other country in the world, and they would look completely mad. And this is a microcosm of British life. If my album is an eccentricity in the American charts, which it is, then that is something to rejoice over, rather than to be worried about. I'm not worried at all, in fact."

But not only are Al's songs eccentric in an American context, they're impossible to take at their face value. "Flying Sorcery", a song apparently about planes and flying, is in fact a love song. And "Lord Grenville" which seems to be about an Elizabethan buccaneer is a metaphorical comment on the state of modern Britain. All very confusing.

" 'Lord Grenville' is about computer rule," says Al, "Callaghan is a prime exponent of computer politics. A country in the position of Britain has to look at how the rest of the world views a critical event in history, and then a week later, the government issues a statement that is midway between the opposing points of view. Economically, Britain has to find the middle ground. Take the Arab-Israeli war for example.

"America can still afford to be impulsive, but since Suez Britain hasn't been impulsive about anything."

Al says his own political stance is "really just liberal anarchy", and his natural instinct tells him to support the underdog. He feels that the individual is increasingly the underdog in modern society.

"I BELIEVE what Johnny Rotten says about anarchy. I agree with a lot of things he says, which may sound very strange. I felt exactly the same when I was at school."

Which school did you go to, Al?

"It was a public school, of course," he says, with some amusement. "Wycliffe College".

Oh yes, where's that, then?

"What do you mean, where's that? In Gloucestershire. We were in the top five schools for cricket for about 50 years running. I loved cricket, but I was only in the third eleven. I've been a Clive Lloyd fan for years."

Al says he was thrown out of school for not working hard enough, a curious thing to happen, considering his current work schedule. School drop-out or not, he retains an academic's interest in history, and researches the historical references in his songs with great care.

He also admits to great fondness for the works of Mervyn Peake, Kurt Vonnegut, and Solzhenitsyn. All very highbrow stuff for a chart contender.

"But I'm a rocker at heart," he says. "I can actually remember the serial numbers. I wrote out the London American catalogue through several thousand releases and learnt all the serial numbers. 'Some Kind Of Earthquake' by Duane Eddy was HOH 9007, for example. There's so much rock and roll in my background. I'm as much into 'Can't Explain' by the Who as 'Visions Of Johanna' by Bob Dylan."

But there's nothing at all like "Can't Explain" on your album, Al.

"That tends to be because I can't sing as well as Roger Daltrey," he says. "If I could play the guitar like Jimi Hendrix, or sing as well as Roger Daltrey, then I don't think I'd bother to make my songs as complicated as they are. But I need something to keep my head above water."

It's at this point that the interviewer inevitably does a double take. Is Al Stewart saying that he makes his songs complicated just to give him an edge? That it's got nothing to do with the intrinsic complexity of his muse?

"Everyone has something to keep their head above water," he says. "My particular rubber duck happens to be lyrical involvement."

Isn't this making an unnecessary admission?

"No. It isn't an admission. I could, in fact, point to all the people I know, and tell you why they do what they do and what their insecurities are. I pick the best guitar player I can — Tim Renwick — to give me an edge, too. There's no artist you can point to who isn't in the same position. The nature of creation is insecurity. Every artist wants to be someone else, and usually desperately."

Well, who does Al Stewart want to be?

"When I was 19 I would have given anything to be Bob Dylan. He was a total hero. When I was 17, I wanted to be Keith Richard. Now, I don't want to be anyone. I've got over that one.

"The only thing I'm doing that's original is to infuse my songs with elements of history and literature, which other people aren't doing to any great extent. I believe a lot of people out there are reading the same kinds of books as me, seeing the same kind of movies, getting the same kinds of vibes and buzzes. I think there are hordes of them."

It's unlikely, however, that there are hordes of people with Al Stewart's taste for good food and wine. He explains that most of the time on the road he eats cheeseburgers every night, and it's a real treat to eat out in lavish style. At the same time, to eat out grandly every night, he thinks, would be as bad as all those cheeseburgers.

With the entrees, Al has chosen a Chateau Leoville Lascases 1966. By some strange error, the wine waiter brings a Chateau Leoville Lascases 1956, the bottle thick with white dust.

Al promptly sends it back. "It's much more expensive, 1956," he says, "But I wanted the 1966. Wines can recall the years they were produced. 1966 brings back memories of the first concerts by the Pink Floyd, and Allen Ginsberg at the first freak-out in London. A nice year to remember."

The wine primers list Chateau Leoville Lascases as a Deuxieme Cru, or second growth, which means it's just one grade short of truly excellent, there being only four wines categorised as Premiers Crus. The wine primer does not speculate on whether the 1966 grape was affected by vibes from the Floyd and Allen Ginsberg.

The food dispensed with, the Stewart palate suggests Quinta Da Nova, which proves to be a healthy sized glass of port.

Al Stewart is at pains to deny that his music is "intellectual" He says his

☐*Continues over page*

SENSITIVE AL

☐ *From over page*

songs are "kindergarten rhymes compared to Mervyn Peake". His own reactions to music, films, and books are "physical, not intellectual." He got "the same buzz the first time from *Lord Of The Rings* that I did from "Bringing It All Back Home". In the seventies, I got the same buzz from "Court And Spark" and "Nashville" and *Ragtime* by E. L. Doctorow. It's a physical sensation. I don't consider myself an intellectual. People into the same things as me aren't intellectuals."

He thinks his music is accessible to anyone, but is totally opposed to the idea of *talking down to people*. There's plenty of evidence, he feels, that popular taste is underestimated.

"There's the fact that people choose not to give vast portions of the British public access to three-quarters of the movies, nine-tenths of the books, and 60 per cent of the records that could be available, on the grounds that they'd be too obscure.

"Those are exactly the grounds on which John Lennon's books weren't published in the States for four years. Every American record company and most of the British ones turned down "Tubular Bells", until one saw its worth. Those are the sorts of gross miscalculations that are made.

"On the other hand, other people see me, with great justification, as a low point of popular taste, but I think it is fatal, as well as demeaning in the extreme, to talk down to somebody. If anyone does talk down, the audience is really quick to spot it. Be it *Coronation Street* or Joni Mitchell, there has to be a recognisable involvement by the artist.

"Some of the things that are supposed to have had all the common denominators to appeal to unsophisticated people have failed miserably, because they've been total sell-outs and the public have seen it. I don't believe people are that stupid. I always try to talk level, never downwards."

The port drained, the bill is produced. It comes coyly in a small treasure chest, only with this treasure chest, you lose a fortune when you open the lid, instead of finding one.

OUT INTO the night, with fond farewells said to the attentive waiters. A ride in an ageing Triumph driven by Al's lady, and back to his mews house for more port.

Al acquired the house from his days as a ranking hero on the British college circuit. A sign outside warns: "This is a private mews". Inside, everything is '60s good taste. Teak panelling, pampas grass, scatter cushions, an antique settee, a print of a Punch cartoon, massive Tannoy speakers dispensing Joni Mitchell.

If there are mothballs about, they are well hidden, but the fact is that Al Stewart now spends most of his time in America. No matter how much at ease he may seem in London, this is no more than a 12-day promotion visit. Bigger fortunes are at stake across the Atlantic, and bigger houses than those in a London mews.

Business is Al's first concern in crossing the threshold. A call to America reveals that the single, the album's title track, is at 85 with a bullet in Cashbox, 98 in Billboard. The album is at 38 in Record World, 27 in Billboard. There's AM play in Houston, Texas. 35,000 albums have been sold in this week alone, taking "The Year Of The Cat" to 290,000 or thereabouts. Al is understandably exultant.

A copy of the *Toronto Star* lies on the floor of his sitting-room. A review on the front page says: "Stewart came on like a cross between Lou Reed and the Dave Clark Five with a delivery derived from Bob Dylan".

What would Al do with all the money that he's likely to make? "Getting rich is not the object of the exercise," he says. "I'm past the stage of wanting a flash car. I drive a Volkswagen. There's nothing I want that's mechanical or material. My first priority is to get out of debt, to just break even. The only conceivable thing I'd buy is a few crates of Mouton Rothschild."

The wine primer lists Mouton Rothschild as another Deuxieme Cru. If Al Stewart *really* wanted to be flash, he'd go for Chateau Lafite-Rothschild, which is number one among the four Premiers Crus, so perhaps we can believe his lack of material ambition.

Meanwhile, when he comes to imbibe the 1976 vintage in ten years time, it should help him recall those 290,000 albums with some clarity.

Mad Scientist leads bunch of obscure hippies to stardom

. . . or something like that, anyway. TOM SCHOLZ, leader of BOSTON, tells LESTER BANGS how he did it . . . sold such a ludicrous amount of copies of his first album, that is. Right?

I WILL *never* understand rock and roll musicians; they are continually over-reaching themselves in areas where there is no earthly reason why they should. Take this matter of "originality".

There is no reason in the world why any rock musician should ever have to file a claim for originality, since rock and roll is by definition a populist folk art that depends upon an oral tradition and group consciousness for its vitality.

I mean, were Elvis or the Beatles or Stones or Dylan *really* original? Of course not! Yet rock musicians are still acting like they have got to have something new to say or what they're saying isn't valid. To prove that they do, they all write an unending stream of "original" songs whether they have an aptitude for same or not, and no matter how many other people's "originals" these songs sound like. Furthermore, even when they've got a great thing going influence-wise, they'll fight to the death against copping to it.

Case in point is this group Boston, high in the US charts but probably unfamiliar to UK readers. If you have heard Boston, you know that they (or, more precisely, group leader Tom Scholz) have come up with one of the better debut albums of 1976 by simply amalgamating the styles of several rock forerunners. Of course, we could make a crucial distinction between derivation and synthesis in matters of this sort, and say that what distinguishes all the true greats of rock like the Stones is their ability to synthesize rather than merely combine steals, but where, then, would that leave David Bowie?

Like Bowie, like Elton John, Tom Scholz of Boston is a gifted style collector. In his first album, according to my computations, he has totted up and recycled the Byrds, Doobie Brothers, Grand Funk, James Gang, Todd Rundgren, Allman Brothers, Keith Emerson, Deep Purple, Steve Miller, English harmony vocals once removed a la Raspberries, maybe a little Gary Puckett and the Union Gap and a heavy dose of rock cliches like "All I want to do is to have my piece of mind." You will probably be able to add to that list; there are a lot of little flourishes on "Boston" that you can't quite put your finger on but you know you've heard before. What makes Boston extraordinary is that Scholz has done his borrowings so well that as of this writing the album, out little more than a month, is on the point of going US gold.

What's truly original, or at least unusual, about Scholz' approach is not the music itself but his background, how he got to the brink of fame. A graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology with a master's degree in Mechanical Engineering, Scholz worked in Conceptual Design at Polaroid, experience which he claims was beneficial for his career as a rock musician. Most unlikely of all, he 90% sold Epic Records on his band before he had a band at all, on the basis of a demo tape he had made in his basement studio with over-dubbing.

"I've been doing tapes for years and years," he admits, "and I didn't have a band when I did this one. I had to have the band put together because we had to put on a performance for Epic. They wanted to see five warm bodies holding guitars, so we did some rehearsing for that and because I wanted everybody to play on the album. We got together to play for Epic, but we didn't rehearse any more after we got the deal, and the recording was pretty much finished before we actually got it; I was doing it in my basement in my spare time.

"The group actually got together for real after the album was done, although everybody in the group played on some cuts on the album. The guys in the band are all old friends of mine who'd either played in bands before or known each other from way back. So it was pretty easy to put the thing together, once we had the signal from the record company."

All of this is so contrary to the usual process that one hardly knows where to begin. Rock is a public art, and it's generally assumed that a good rock band builds at least half its reputation on live performance, building and maintaining a special rapport with its audience; I would be very interested to see how Boston, whose leader was cloistered for so long and whose sidemen rehearsed so little, can carry off a live concert. I asked Scholz if he had had much experience in bar bands.

"Some. Not a great deal. Because when I was in school I just didn't have the time and when I was working it was equally difficult. I did play a lot of one-nighters in bands around town and I enjoyed it a lot, but I also realised that you would get nowhere doing it. And that's also the bottom of the barrel as far as enjoyable times for a musician; you don't get treated very well in bars or lounges."

It apparently doesn't seem at all remarkable to Scholz that he has enjoyed the success he has so far had in spite of the fact that *nobody ever* gets signed on the basis of one demo tape.

I asked Scholz about his influences, adding that this standard question seemed particularly applicable in his case. He laughed heartily. "All the '60s rock 'n' roll, especially the Yardbirds and Jeff Beck; I got really heavily into heavy metal back when everyone else did, when Led Zeppelin came out. I've been sort of isolated by myself for a while now, but I also got into Joe Walsh and the James Gang. I really liked the chord progressions and sounds of early English rock, and I especially liked the Boston Sound. I used to sit home in Toledo at night — I came out here to go to school — and listen to WZZ because they were the only station that was playing the Boston Sound. Ultimate Spinach I didn't know too much about, and the Remains were okay; I could take 'em or leave 'em. But I thought Orpheus and the Beacon Street Union were great. I saw the Beacon Street Union just before they split up, and I was really upset when they decided to do that."

If one could sense something a bit disingenuous in an answer like that, one might be right. Getting down to basics, I told Scholz that his album was the most baldfaced set of steals I had ever heard, and asked him if he had intended it that way. He laughed again. "No, actually . . . well, they're steals from a long time ago. I literally haven't heard an album since "The James Gang Rides Again." I listened to Fleetwood Mac's last album because everybody told me to get it."

I asked him whether he would agree, say, that Boston's "Long Time" sounded like Steve Miller. "No. I've heard a couple of Steve Miller things because Barry — the guitar player — is into him, but I never heard him do anything like that. Somebody told me that 'Foreplay' sounded like Yes, but it was written about eight or nine years ago. 'Long Time' was written before I'd heard Steve Miller."

I remarked that "Foreplay" with its Bach-ic organ work reminded me strongly of Emerson, Lake and Palmer, and he said, "Yeah, I like listening to Emerson, but again I never got into it. I don't have any of their albums, but I saw 'em on TV a couple of times and I heard enough of them to know that it sounds like something they would do. But again I wrote it a long time before I ever saw Emerson, he was in another group then . . . the Nice." He laughs. "A lot of people have told me that they like the album because it reminds them of this or that, and it's usually a band that I haven't listened to. A few people have caught the ones that I have — I think there's some licks in there that I should probably send a telegram to Joe Walsh thanking him for."

ASSUMING THAT Scholz is telling the truth, his record must be a miracle of parallel development with the rock of the past few years; assuming that he is not, it's really hard to see why admitting to influences a decade old should give you any more class than being upfront about having listened to Steve Miller and Southern boogie. Whatever the truth, Boston sounds so much like so many other very familiar people that there is a rumour going around that Scholz distributed a survey on campus concerning what it was about his songs that made them hits, and then used some computer mathematical formula to come up with songs that combined all these elements. "Which is flattering in a way, because I've always wanted to write a hit song, but I'm afraid I'm not that smart. I was out of school anyway by the time I wrote the songs, and besides, MIT would probably be a lousy place to do a questionaire like that," he laughs.

Scholz is not really attracted to the Mad Pop Scientist image anyhow. While he acknowledges that his experience at MIT and Polaroid helped him develop "analytical skills" and a knowledge of physics and electronics invaluable in manipulating electric music and repairing the instruments that play it, he stresses that "This science thing can get out of hand. Y'know, somebody at Epic in their advertising department decided that they were gonna use that in some sort of campaign, and it's an interesting sidelight but it *is* only a sidelight. In fact, my whole purpose for writing the music was an escape from all that.

"The advertising thing came out after the record had been out for a couple of weeks — 'Better Music Through Science', and I thought they should get sued by Dupont for 'Better Living Through Chemistry.' Now the ad doesn't say that anymore. They had that and "The World's First Bionic Rock Band' and things like that made it sound like it was a computer version of the Monkees or a bunch of scientists working down in the laboratory coming up with an album.

Maybe so, but in spite of the fact that there is real feeling and a genuine pop sensibility behind Scholz' manipulations of formulae, the fact that he *is* manipulating same tattles on his background; what's more, the very way he created his songs and this album is a parody of the mad doctor walled off in his lab, if not the academic in an ivory tower. And this very lack of contact with what is, for better or worse, called the "real world" may very well prove to be Scholz' undoing.

Rock isn't created in a vacuum where the researcher/artist digests and regurgitates other folks' riffs second-hand — it depends upon contact, the establishment of an intimacy not only with the audience but with peers and, often, mentors. Scholz has turned it into a solitary vice, which is a little like trying to write for the theatre on the basis of watching a lot of television.

At the risk of disparaging a very nice record, I would have to say that I suspect that it is going to be, if not the only Boston album, the only one that will come close to having any real importance. Insofar as it might represent a new approach to the creation of rock and roll, it's indicative of how depersonalized rock and roll, and indeed music in general, has today become.

JAZZ

JIM DVORAK may not have written The New World Symphony, but he was jumping in and out of fire hydrants in the Bronx about half a century later. Trumpeter Jim sounds like Pacino in *Dog Day Afternoon*, looks like a Glashan drawing, plays like a bitch.

"Drop me off here at Hornsey Bridge," sez Jim. "Lovers Leap. Two cliffs. No waiting."

Chris Francis wears rainbow scarves, paints a mean canvas, blows alto and, like Haydn, puts on his best threads to gig.

Keyboard cat Frank Roberts wears plimsolls, a floor length ex-Airforce greatcoat and looks a lot like Herbie Hancock only poorer. We argue all the time about electricity. Whenever Herbie's in town, Frank waits for the press to finish and then sneaks in and the conversation really begins.

Keith Bailey took over fuelling the Brotherhood Of Breath for a stretch when The Mighty Moholo was outa town, deceptive little cat, head into Eastern mysticism, drummer's reflexes courtesy of Lonsdale.

Bassist Ernest Mothle don't say much. I remember rapping with him once about Eddie Gomez's low action, both hands working together near the bridge, boy! some feat, huh?

"It's easier," said Ernest.

Together, they form the quintet Joy. Established in 1973, they won the Greater London Arts Association 'Young Jazz Musicians 1976' award, played Ronnie's and cut their first album together. I managed to catch three of the five together at Chris Francis' pad in Putney.

"We've hung together with no great urgency of trying to project ourselves before time," says Keith. "We've been cooking it together for a long time. If one keeps on at something for long enough, the music will mature — then, I think, the time is ready. As musicians, the public don't owe us a thing."

Chris looks up from sticking envelopes. The three are tucking publicity material into the mail, no con job, merely hipping people that Joy exists. "We like each other. We've enjoyed each others' company for five years now."

"At each others' throats for five years now," nods Jim, deadpan. His goatee waves up and down as he licks an envelope.

"A lotta American jazz musicians say British jazz musicians are supine about selling themselves, deserve to scuffle, want to suffer," I say, planting the banderillas.

"We think that and we're English," says Keith. "You've gotta earn it."

"That shit's all around us, man," says Chris. "That's why we're doing all this." A lotta musicians take this holier-than-thou attitude, like all they gotta do is sit there and let it come to them. They miss out on this basic concept: nobody's gonna come if they don't know you exist."

A pink plethora of tongues attacked the gummed triangles. Fingers folded the handbills. Joy exists.

"Hustle, but not lose contact with that inner concept, not bog down into business": *Pensees*, Bailey.

Jim brought it back to basics. "A co-operative effort on everybody's part. Now Chris has the phone. There's nothing we can do about that just now. OK, we've applied for the Arts Council competition, we've been fortunate enought to be successful. We plan to move with the impetus and make a record. We'll probably be our own hustlers. Just to grab hold of the reins, and for a group to keep it together that way — well, it's a monumental job. We've had to mature that way just as much as musically."

MOST OF THE best music is issued on musician-owned labels. Fact. Hazel Miller's Ogun, Mike Westbrook & John Jack's Cadillac, Gordon Beck's Jaguar, Trevor Watts & John Stevens' A Records, Bob Downes' Openian, Peter Ind's Wave, Stan & Jackie Tracey's Steam, Evan Parker's Incus. The big companies aren't interested; their big forte is deleting. Commercial disinterest erodes enthusiasm, wears the musician down.

"People are not given the choice of liking it or not liking it, because they're not exposed to it," said Keith. "It's unfair.

"They insult people's intelligence. They forget a person is a divine being and the intelligence is a divine aspect. It should be allowed to grow, instead of keeping them down there and barraging them with bullshit."

I brought Jim into it. "Maybe you'd get to eat if you switched to electric trumpet?"

"I can't get out of second gear."

We got onto audiences. Did they complete the circuit? Does the musician play to or play his audience? Does music have a function if no one is listening? Mystical or pragmatic, they were remarkably unanimous.

Jim: "I couldn't see an audience as a fish or anything like that, you know. There's a reciprocal activity going on."

Keith: "We try to appeal to every part of their being — heart, soul, their intelligence. I don't want to make out that we're trying to educate them."

Chris: "It doesn't matter where we play — our audience is each other."

BETWEEN THEM, they've played every type of music from kwela to salsa, faced every type of audience, thought about it. Graham Bond, Brian Auger, The Brotherhood, Gonzalez, Amazing Band, Jabula-Spear, Klaus Dolinger — from cheers & tobacco spits to the proverbial pin drop.

"From my rock scene days, I remember it was vitally important what was going on out there. This is a whole different approach. You are playing for all the powers that be, not trying to bend wills or force yourself upon them. If there is a harmonic rapport and a great love felt between the whole band, that in itself radiates.

"Graham Bond's thing was we tried to knock each other out. Knock me out, man! And take everybody else with us. It was definitely more calculated."

Jim had the last word. "It has to begin with the band first — that's where it emanates. When you have no audience at all, since it happens between the band, you're getting it that way. With an audience it magnifies itself. For every glimpse or click or nod or whatever gets Joy out there, is gonna be picked up in a sympathetic vibration.

"We played at the Black Horse for two years to an audience that often consisted of Frank's mother," — he raised a hand to check the indignant protests — "OK, just a handful. Sometimes we played our asses off really for nobody, for four walls — and we were burning! We can play for others, play for ourselves — it doesn't matter."

Most jazz musicians get tight together. These cats are tight. None of the hang loose coolth of '50' Hip. Faced with the massed press punditry and municipal promoters at Ronnie Scott's, Joy went into a backstage huddle like grid-iron football quarterbacks to generate a little positivity.

There's also a necessary tension between them, between drums and the rest, between the two horns. "I think it's necessary with any band that is LIVING," Jim explains. "Yeah, we kick each others' asses . . ."

KEITH IS studying orchestration, Jim teaches the others harmony. Joy is very much a co-operative.

"There's not one tune we've got where you can say — clunk — one person wrote it," says Chris. "There's one very simple head that we use, 'Skybird', that's now like a musical dustbin in the sense that we can put all sorts of tunes in the middle of it. The stuff comes into rehearsal and it gets changed. I wrote something a coupla weeks ago, and Keith and I threw it around, and a whole arrangement started coming out. One tune started as a ballad and ended up as a rhumba. If you change the rhythm around, different things happen."

Jim nodded. "We write tunes in such a way that the harmonic aspects may introduce one of more harmonic ideas, either modal or whole tone or within the structure of traditional chord progressions. 'Sanctuary' is a belltower, you know, like Jingle Bells. I can get off on it, I can dance on that. I don't care what's going on in back — I can hear the bell and dance at the same time."

Keith: "And the melody spans a couple of octaves anyway."

Jim: "Sure, there's a range there."

Keith: "And there's colour in there. We can try to capture this spectrum of patterns and sounds and colours coming out of the music, the spiralling effects."

Jim: "Meditate on the patterns. We're an improvising band. If we get too much writing in, it's gonna change the whole nature of our electricity."

"And playing free?" I ask.

Keith laughs: "We have special tunes reserved for that purpose. 'Skybird' implies by its title a general direction in which we take wings. Free things must have a purpose. There's nothing wrong with structured order. Like, you listen to any of Coltrane's things — they all have a definite form, a beginning, middle, end, and everybody is in tune with the direction in which the music is moving. They're all in key with WHY they're doing it.

"We're surrounded by chaos and we have to try and organise it. I might write something in free time in that I'm not going to play a rhythmic pulse, but there is going to be lots of rhythm and it's going to be ordered. And when you do a time tune, don't be afraid of it — don't make it sound like something else."

"That's where it's at," said Jim.

Chris came back in with four cups of coffee. When he plays alto, he looks like one of those cherubs that puff the wind across pirate maps. On the walls hang his canvases, second line of communication.

"I THINK my playing is less free than my painting. Painting gives me something music can't, but not the direct communication. Colour and sound — that's where the correlation occurs. I couldn't do the pure sound thing like Berio or Cage, whereas in painting I can see colour as its own language. Musically, I started as The Freakout Kid — now I need to formalise."

"It's by colour that I gauge how a tune should move," says Keith. "There are colours in the music that synchronise with the colours present in the various bodies."

"Eh?"

"Esoterically, we have subtle bodies as well as the physical one. Music has a definite effect on the organisation of vibrations of the colours of the astral body, and the patterns of the mental body."

I wrap the laughing gear around the coffee mug, and listen.

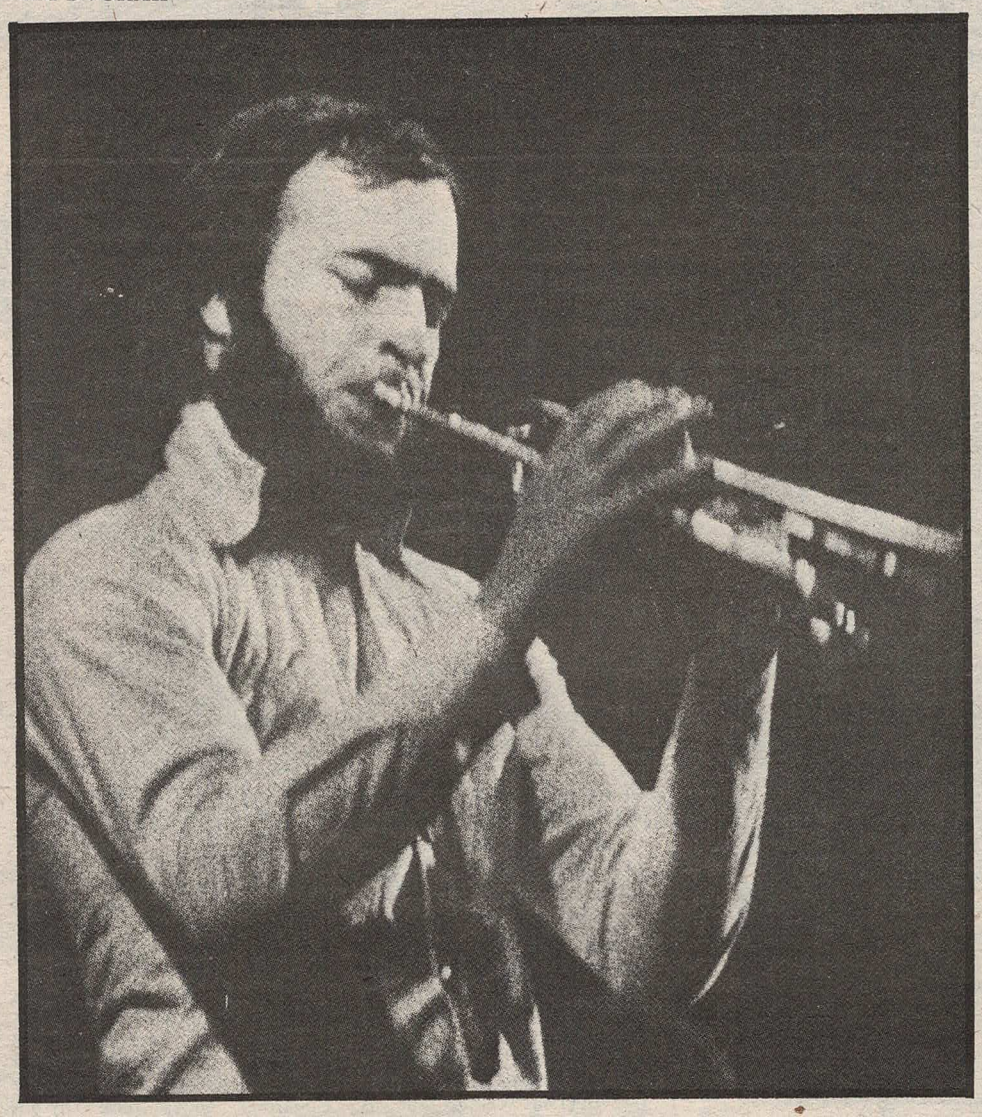
"Initially, jazz had an effect on the sex organs and on that particular part of the emotional body because of the cyclical and repetitive rhythms, and it was therefore an agent for darker forces. The white magic — the healing effect — is more rhythmically varied, and evolves to be built on. Music carries much further than the actual room you play in. It affects the neighbourhood within a three-mile radius with its vibrations."

"Look what it's done to Soho," says Jim, cracks us all up. "Can I add this? Before we got this band together, we met each other coming outa freer jazz scenes. Our art has evolved on this basis: we take things out, then bring it all back in and formalise, take that further out, bring it back in. In other words, a breathing thing."

Form and freedom, life's oil and vinegar. Joy's five-year progress is a cyclical thing, never completed, always moving, staging and re-staging the Flying Trapeze.

Discography:
Joy . . . Cadillac SGC 1006

JIM DVORAK

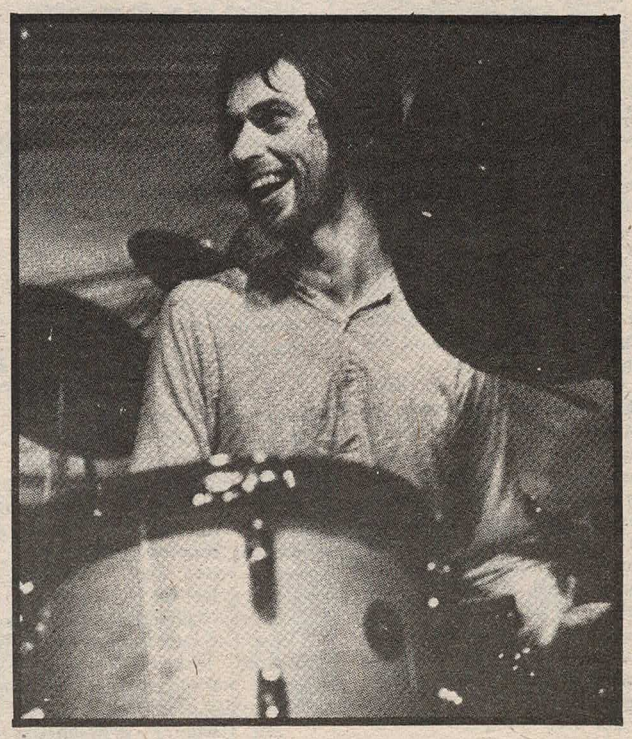


The award-winning quintet, JOY, deliver a barbershop harmony on envelopes —

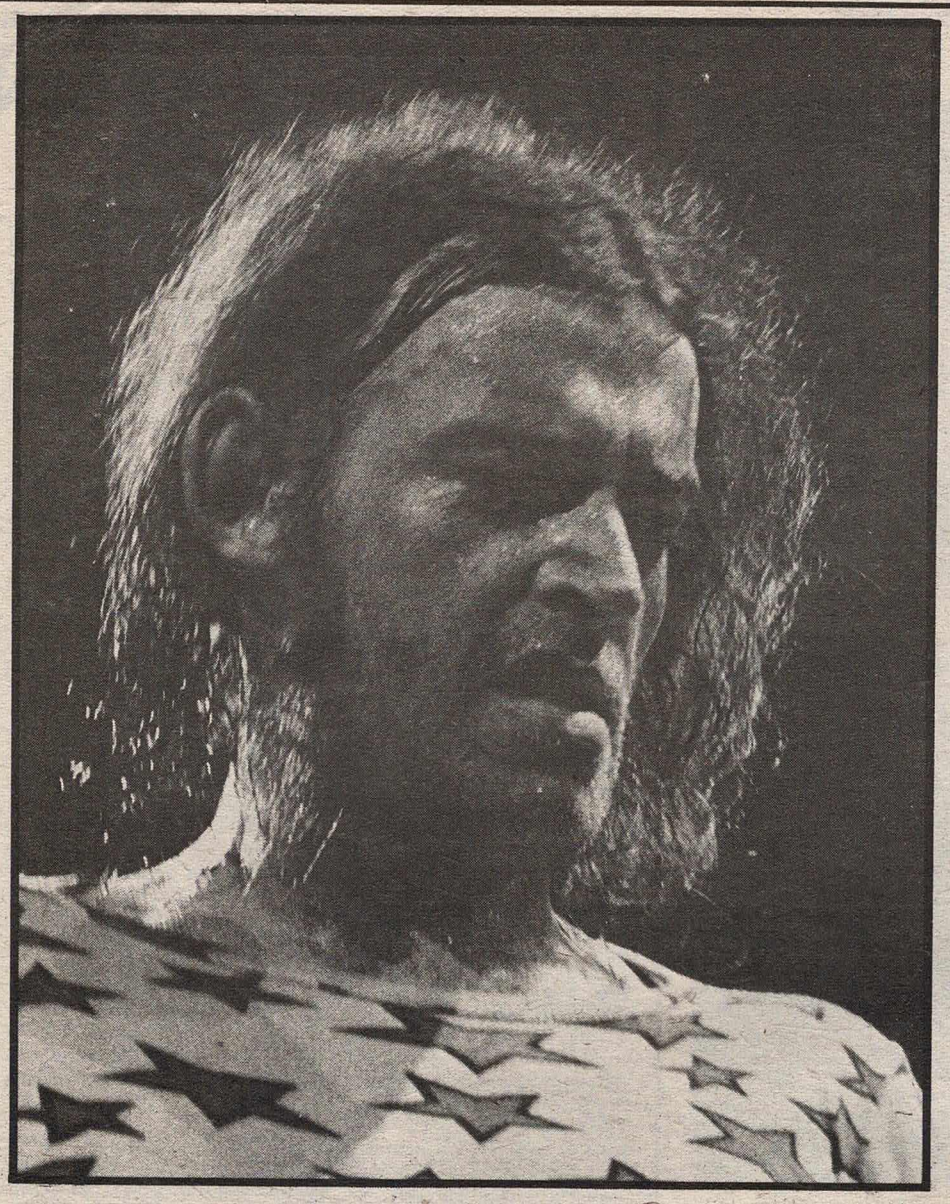
ASTRAL AND MANILLA

by BRIAN CASE

CHRIS FRANCIS



KEITH BAILEY



Live in L.A.? Or half-dead '72?

Cocker's traumatic days revisited

JOE COCKER
Live In L.A.(Cube)
FOUR, ALMOST five, years ago Cocker was enticed out of exile by his long standing friend and musical director Chris Stainton, to return to rock and front a band formed by the latter called The All Stars.

Their tour together was widely considered as one of their finest, and it's only now with "Live At L.A." that it's been documented on album.

This set is a selection of highlights from those concerts and the record company claim it's also the natural companion to his previous live album, "Mad Dogs And Englishmen" — the tour which was the cause of his voluntary retirement and almost his complete ruin; the rock 'n' roll casualty.

Of course there's no doubt "Live at L.A." is a companion, but not in the sense of quality (as the sleeve notes so obviously infer), because the strange irony is that whereas "Dogs" was his absolute best as a live performer and concludes that part of his career, this album (a little belatedly) begins the next stage, which eventually led onto the artistically successful line of LPs on Cube and more recently A & M.

But here is the record of an artist desperately trying to regain his confidence after a mental collapse and discovering that his abilities are no longer as great as his aspirations.

On cuts such as "Didn't You Know You'd Have To Cry Sometime," The Allman Brothers' "Midnight Rider" and "Love The One You're With," Cocker's pursuit of rediscovery is painful as the frustration he feels racks his vocals which desperately yo-yo up 'n' down the scale.

Similarly on Ray Charles' "What Kind Of Man Are You" he timidly allows the girl vocal trio of Viola Wills, Virginia Ayers and Beverly Gardner to handle most of the singing, only occasionally creating a rage of frustration to cut through.

In a strange way these qualities only add to the intensity of feeling on the tracks, and although he might be struggling desperately to regain his vocal glory in these instances, there are many occasions on the set when he fulfils his aspirations with a certain, albeit tortured, flair.

For example, he handles the outright stormers like "Dear Landlord," "Hitchcock Railway" and "High Time We Went" with unrefined, violent and spontaneous energy.

And probably the finest vocal he's ever recorded is on this album's version of the classic "St. James' Infirmary."

Of course, Cocker's self-exploration is possible because of the generally high quality of musicianship from the band which numbers among its members the Jim Horn, Bobby Keyes and Jim Price brass section, Stainton, Alan Spenner (bass), Neil Hubbard (guitar). Jim Karstein (drums) and Felix Falcon (percussion). On several cuts Jim Keltner or Conrad Isidore take over drums and Glenn Ross Campbell comes in on steel.

For those of you who're interested in this period of Cocker's so-called *comeback*, then "Live At L.A." is of indispensible value. In many ways it is a revelation.

Tony Stewart

TERJE RYPDAL
After The Rain (ECM)
TERJE RYPDAL is a Norwegian guitarist. This is his fifth album.

Rypdal's never made any attempt to soften the glacial intensity of his playing. Quite the opposite — he insists relentlessly on it, summoning up visions of sub-zero ice fields and landscapes locked in permanent snow frosts.

But he likes to experiment. In the past he's (successfully) set himself against orchestral backing, derived his own Arctic Circle version of McLaughlinesque jazzrock, as well as exploring more conventional jazz guitar frameworks.

"After The Rain" is different again. Rypdal plays everything himself. Ten slivers of crystalline clarity.

The general outlook is austere, sombre — although just possibly a fraction more autumnal than Rypdal's previous work.

Rypdal favours an anguished electric tone. He uses a lot of sustain and split phase echo, keeping mostly in the upper registers. His phrases swoop off the sound horizon, keen like some wounded sea bird until they scrawl into demented screaming.

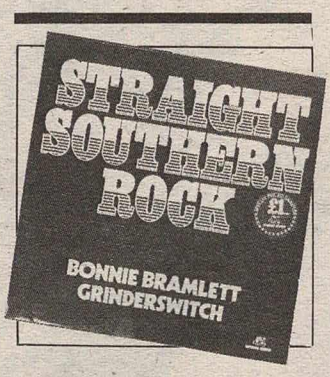
All this over sparse accoustic or pulsing electric pianos and floes of string synthesiser wash. He writes beautiful melodies too.

There're two pieces for acoustic guitar, both restrained, almost baroque sequences with (or so it seems) vital scales missing — very unsettling, and two for eerily flustered flute.

The title piece is perhaps the best. Rypdal hangs his chords like ice fingers in a subterranean cavern, rustles at a bell-tree and floats drifting soprano sax over a brittle, mournful melody.

Excuse all the (inadequately) descriptive gush, but Rypdal's one of the few players really able to bring off any extended image-casting. At least he's snapped smiling on the back cover.

Angus MacKinnon



VARIOUS ARTISTS:
Straight Southern Rock (Capricorn)
AND THE SOUTH keeps on risin', you can't keep them good old boys down.

Capricorn, who still have their paws on the majority of that regions finest, have released one of 1976's best and cheapest compilations.

One side is alloted to Marshall Tucker, the other split between the lesser talents of Bonnie Bramlett and Grinderswitch.

Ms. Bramlett (of Bonnie and Delaney, Leon Russell, various superstar sessions fame) is represented by three tracks from her "Lady's Choice" album.

Usually the kind of performer who is only as good as the supporting cast, Bramlett has some of the neatest here. The Muscle Shoals rhythm section plus Chuck Leavell and Brother Richard Betts inject some genuine rocking motion into Jimmy Reed's "Ain't That Lovin' You Baby".

Gregg Allman still plays fine organ on the obligatory James Brown "Think (About It)" while it would take a very insensitive interpretation to abuse Sam Cooke's "You Send Me" and she takes it straight and safe.

Grinderswitch lay out the new ethnic sound of the south in the same vein as Wet Willie and the vastly underrated Skynyrd.

You get "Pickin' The Blues", from the unavailable "Macon Tracks", and two tracks from "Pullin' Together" with a touch more swing and subtlety, mostly due to the arrival of Stephen Miller (from Elvin Bishop not the midnite toker) who wields them keyboards good as ever.

But the choicest numbers are all on side one where a selection from four of the five Tucker hotplates shows them off in a light which, for me, proves that though they're as big as the Allmans, at least since Duane died, they operate in another part of the park.

Southern rock all the same? Take a listen to this mister.

Ace card in the deck is obviously Toy Caldwell, a real virtuoso guitarist, great technique, oodles of taste and a prolifically consistent writer.

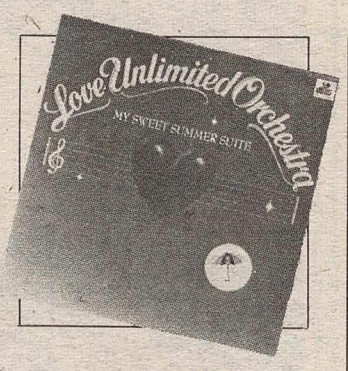
The band as a unit is so tight that eventually they come out the other side where it's fun, relaxed music — the empathy of a Little Feat when they're musicians having a ball, not just playing licks by rote.

Essentially Tucker are a live band and this record would be worth the pound price for the concert "Can't You See" — a long and justified work out with Caldwell and George McCorkel duelling stetsons most righteously. Apart from that, there's the single "You Say You Love Me", razor steel on "Fire On The Mountain" and more.

Good liner notes, lousy cover, lots of sneaker boogying rock and all for a quid. Go to it.

Max Bell

PLAT



LOVE UNLIMITED ORCHESTRA
My Sweet Summer Suite (20th Century)
IF ANYBODY tries to tell you that this is soul music then threaten them with the Trade Descriptions Act.

This souless muzak, produced, arranged, mixed and, all but one cut, written or co-written by Barry White, king of Heavy Breathing Telephone Disco Fodder, is so completely lacking in emotion, spirit, guts or excitement that to *listen* to it is to be subjected to an experience that is so limp, bland and uninspiring that it is downright offensive.

Really, there's no point in singling out individual tracks because all of them are pseudo *(verrrry pseudo)* soul, backed up by orchestras of gushing strings, mock funk rhythm sections and an illusion of night club swingers about as real as a Martini-type advert. . . and the people who get excited over *that* scene are the folk who are gonna get off on this slice of vinyl.

But it ain't me, babe, and I hope for your sake that it ain't you either.

Tony Parsons

MIROSLAV VITOUS
Majesty Music (Arista)
SOME YEARS back Czech virtuoso bassist Vitous was "asked to leave" Weather Report.

It seems he couldn't convince Joe Zawinul of his ability to hold down the excursions into their special brand of strato-funk the band were then embarking upon.

And if Vitous' last album, "Magical Shepherd", was anything to go by, then Zawinul probably made the right decision in requesting that Vitous quit.

Or maybe Vitous wanted to show his ex-playmates a thing or two about funk.

He assembled an all-star, heavy-duty, hip-cat cast including Herbie Hancock, Motown drummer James Gadson and percussionist Airto, grabbed himself and electric bass incorporating guitar and synthesiser units, rustled up some riffs, played them tight as clams and let them run — and run.

In short, Vitous blew it.

"Shepherd" was a heavy handed wipeout, with an unpleasant surfeit of massed moog blather and belch.

To add insult to injury the two female vocalists employed to chant above the riffs kept ranging way out of tune and so had to be phased into lisping sibilance.

However "Majesty Music" is something else again.

Vitous has switched back to upright, acoustic bass and actually got down to composing some melodies, something he does with considerable flair.

In fact his current writing's not far removed from that of Viennese Joe himself; it combines symphonic richness with what you might call tone poem impressionism.

The other musicians involved may not for the most part be name dudes, but they're sensitive and sympathetic — which helps. Yes, real melodies, of the order that Vitous wrote whilst with Weather Report and before. If you dug either "I Sing The Body Electric" or "Sweetnighter", then this will fit your bill.

Ten cuts then, with most of the best moments coming courtesy of Vitous, Jaroslav Jakubovic and David Earl Johnson.

The delegation of duties goes something like this — Vitous sets the pace on bass, Johnson strengthens the rhythms and everything holds steady for the textures.

Enter Vitous or Rimona Francis (who also scat sings here and there) on string ensemble — which in the right hands can sound as warm and real as the mellotron sounds cold and unreal — or pianos, with drums optional.

Whereupon Vitous overdubs bowed bass, either long, resonant notes or brisk, gibbering staccatos, and Jakubovic huffs honky tenor, pert alto or brusque baritone saxes.

Of the cuts in this vein "Best Friends" and "Mount-Shasta" are fast and frenzied, "Streams And Fields", "Folks" and "See You, November" soft, sly and serene.

Elsewhere "New Orleans" is the nearest "Majesty Music" gets to the funk zone, but is more melody than anything else.

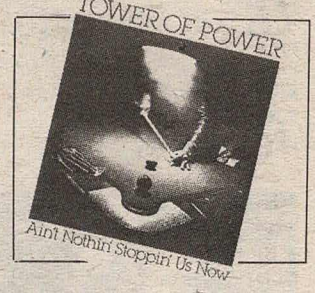
The title thing's a reflective tribute to Duke Ellington and "Requiem For My Mother" a sublime duet, with Vitous on piano and Jakubovic (who wrote the piece) on breezy, husky tenor.

But don't think "Majesty Music" is jazz athleticism.

It's not, just some pretty damn fine and unbaggable music. And anyway it's great to see that at long last somebody's had the good sense and guts to pull the plug out of the fusion music bubble bath.

So put Vitous up there alongside Weather Report, back where he belongs.

Angus MacKinnon



TOWER OF POWER
Ain't Nothin' Stoppin' Us Now (Columbia, Import)
THIS IS ESSENTIALLY transitional meat from Oakland, Soul City's finest.

For some reason that eludes me, "Live And In Living Color" got the Tower a critical thumbs down and the boot from Warner Bros. who, as far as England was concerned, weren't sure whether they'd released the record.

Despite the optimism in the title, Tower Of Power have chosen to get back to the disco with a different singer and a different drummer. There are several hints that Emillo Castillo and Steve Kupka have reached stalemate on these particular licks.

As usual playing, production

TERS

and artwork conception are super honed, the songs are another matter.

While the live album showcased their abilities to blow out on an opulent scale with elaborate solos and a heart-beat empathy towards material, this Columbia debut takes two steps back to "In The Slot" and short-take body jabs that aren't even healthy competition for George Benson.

New vocalist Edward McGee is too Al Green for the setting; he introduces a fragility that Rick Stevens or Lenny Williams would have despised.

But the main disappointment is Ron Beck's failure to knit into the rhythm section. He never attains the grasp on funk that David Garibaldi had sewn up with Francis Prestia, and the backbone limps and stutters and all but grinds to a halt.

On the plus side, Tower of Power still have the tightest horn section anywhere on the West Coast, although Lenny Pickett and Greg Adams fall foul of a tendency towards cliche.

The groove is effective on the title track, a policy statement close to "What Is Hip?" catchy low register chords from guitarist Bruce Conte and the eight ball straight in the pocket.

Most of the ballads are insipid. "By Your Side" alone emerges intact courtesy of Chester Thompson's keyboards and a tenor sax phrase from Lenny Pickett that is at a tangent to the album's overall insipid nature. Things come to a farcical head on "Make Someone Happy" which sounds like a Jackson Five outtake.

Trouble is no-one seems willing to offend the mood, Conte gets mixed to inaudible and the band opt for synthetic honking that allows McGee way too much prominence.

Traces of the Power remain in their archetypal social conscience number "Can't Stand To See The Slaughter" and Thompson's "Deal With It", but they still keep the mutes on.

Fact is that having blown their best for Warners, Tower Of Power are no longer out to bite the hand. "Live And In Living Color" probably did nothing on the sales sheet but it was a worthwhile album.

No doubt Columbia will love this when it's only representative of the group at their worst. Next disc around hold the nightclub, cut the disco and get down to some East Bay grease.

Long term fans can safely leave this in the import racks.

Max Bell

TOM PETTY AND THE HEARTBREAKERS
(Shelter, Import).

DON'T KNOW much about these guys except that they breeze out of Los Angeles, have a great image and play very good '70's rock'n'roll which is all their own.

They seem part of the American middle-class bag that encompasses a . . . full understanding of mid-sixties pop culture. Listened to a lot of trash T.V., decided to point their picking fingers somewhere left of *Who Put The Bomp.*

Shelter and Denny Cordell (who produces this) already have a similar but better band in Dwight Twilley.

Petty is into a slightly more self-conscious Raspberries and Big Star trip. It's the kind of record that inspires rock critic conflagration for six months and is all but lost to the rest of the world.

Pity, for a debut it has a lot of roots and style, a few very neat songs, a few that suck, but if you want to be hip this is 1977's first essential shrink-wrap.

Kicks off with "Rockin' Around (With You)" which must have Twilley on back-up vocals and nasal sneer to rescue what is otherwise a pretty lethargic exercise in trying to state the obvious. The main drawback with Petty's songs is that the form is usually vastly superior to the content.

Things get much better when Petty stops looking in the mirror. "Anything that's Rock'N'Roll" makes the rest of the side look dead. Petty and Dwight lock on to a lethal mean teen riff before hauling ass with the best verse on the disc.

"Some friends of mine and me stayed up all thru' the night/ Rockin' pretty steady 'till the sky went light/And I didn't go to bed, didn't go to work/I picked up the telephone told the boss he was a jerk."

Awwwlright! The flip backs up the impression of that potential heavyweight. Despite his tendency to sing like a strangulated Bowie at times, Petty is fronting a real proposition.

Full marks to whoever plays rhythm guitar on "Strangered In The Night" and "Fooled Again (I Don't Like It)", and the drum sound fits the Top 40 mood just dandy.

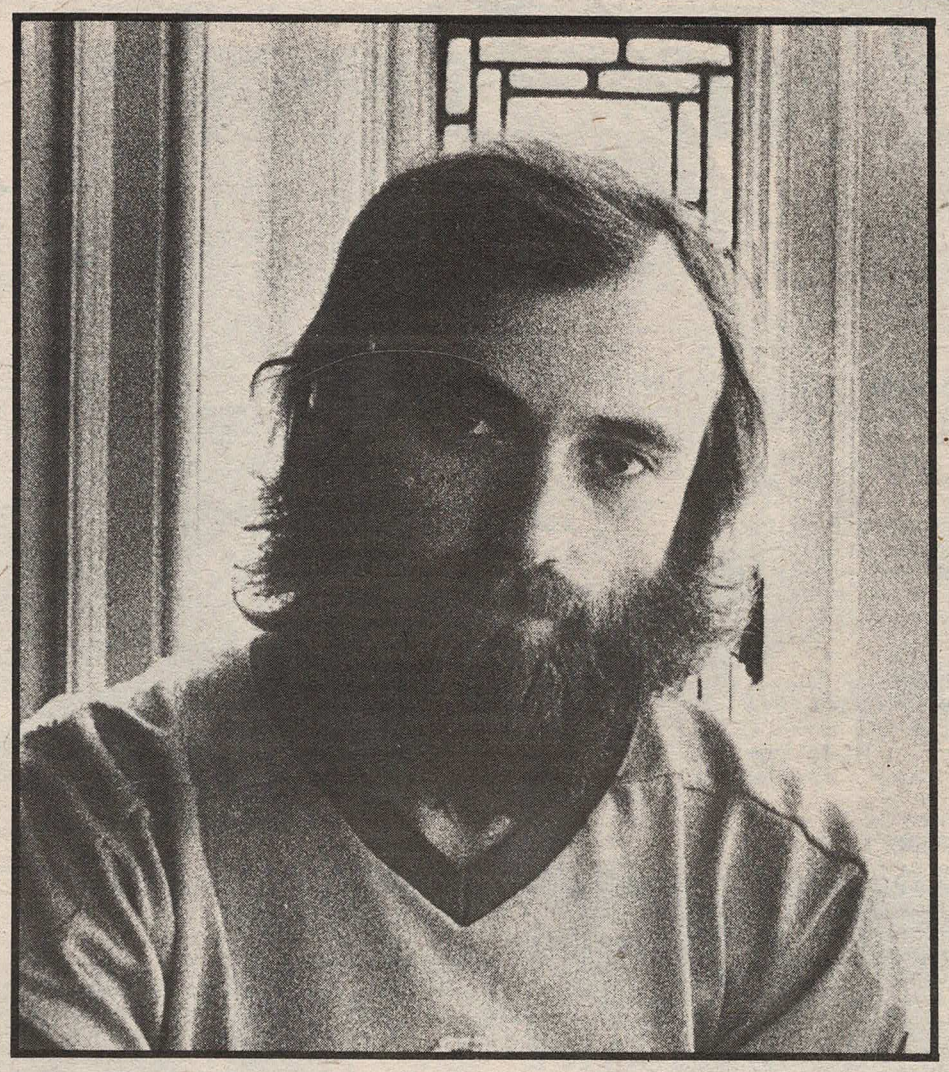
But the Heartbreakers' good times make the fillers appear extrememly limp. "Mystery Man" cops the pace from "Into The Mystic" and "Luna" could be a Neil Merryweather reject. Keyboards man Benmont Tench has fun with the moog, but they lose touch with what they're best at when they get over clever.

Mostly these boys are fine when they act aggrieved, it's then that Cordell is in tune with their strong point, loud, sex appeal rock in carefully prepared packages.

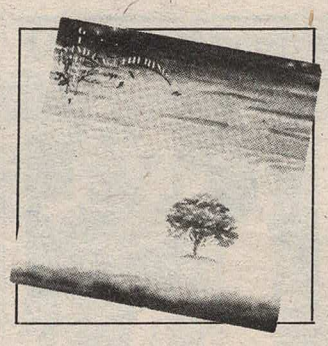
The last cut is the killer punch, "American Girl". Rolling drum thunder prefaces an army of Byrd-like guitars bursting into Petty's ace nova young American with balls vocal.

This is the Heartbreakers' one moment of true ecstatic power and should be put out as a single pronto.

Max Bell



Wuthering's heights remain unscaled



GENESIS
Wind And Wuthering (Charisma)

THIS GENESIS model is showing signs of obsolescence.

Not that it isn't attractive, but the year of the meandering synthesizer was several turnings back. "Wind And Wuthering" gets lost and confused in the kind of cosmic sci-fi fantasy rock that has never ever gone where it could have.

"One For The Vine," for example, is a sci-fi morality tale about a disillusioned follower who abandons the crusade he's on, vanishes into another dimension where he is hailed as a saviour himself, leads his own crusade and in the end loses a disillusioned follower who flees and vanishes into yet another dimension.

The vehicle for this yarn is a predominant, unadventurous organ passage which is merely pleasantly melodic while being far too repetitious.

"Eleventh Earl Of Mar" is musically fairly appealing, conjuring traces of Traffic and Procol Harum mixed with Yes.

But the lyrics are incomprehensible, occupied with shadowy references to Scottish wanderers and battles and punctuated with obscure Freudian reproaches of *"Daddy, oh Daddy you promised."*

The problem becomes most evident on "Your Own Special Way", portentiously delivered but lightweight in construction and bereft of originality. Unwittingly it holds the most candid comment on what's going on: *"Who's seen the wind not you or I / But when the ship moves she's passing by. / Between you and me I really don't think / She knows where she's going at all."*

I don't think they do either at this point.

Tony Banks's synthesizer showcase "Wot Gorilla?" (you might ask!) is kin to Wakeman's frolics, competently flashy but solidly uninteresting.

Side two is very much the same story, with an opulently performed fable about a mouse for openers.

Steve Hackett gets in some pretty acoustic guitar on "Blood On The Rooftop", the best written song and all the healthier for its nicely balanced, fairly understated arrangement.

Then, unfortunately, it's back to the self-indulgent, overflowing instrumentals.

There's nothing actually *bad* about "Wind And Wuthering". Genesis freaks will doubtless embrace it as high-falutin and beauteous.

But nobody could call it stimulating — derivative, undirected and fundamentally listless as it is.

Angie Errigo

IMPORTS

The ones that got away —the tally for '76

Fred Dellar

OKAY, so that's 1976 over and done with.

But before we lurch, replete with post-Hogmannay hangover, into Importland '77, I thought it might be a reasonable idea to check out some of the existing import "best buys" with just a few of the guys whose business it is to fill London's racks with these highly-expensive wares.

First to get the three degree was Dave Kuznets of HMV's first-floor rock-shop in Oxford Street.

Kuznets, who comes from L.A. and used to work at Rather Ripped, the bizarre bazaar that helps decorate the front of Greg Kihn's album, naturally enough rated four Beserkley items — **"The Modern Lovers", "Jonathan Richman And The Modern Lovers", "Greg Kihn"** and **Earthquake's** "8.5" — among his leading contenders, also adding **"The Beckies"** (Sire), **ELO's** "The Nights The Lights Went On In Long Beach" (Warner) and two Sony/CBS "Live In Japan" sets, one by **Beck, Bogart and Appice,** the other by **Weather Report.**

Cliff Gater, ex-guitarist with Hampshire band Gorilla and also with one-time Marquee gigsters Sin, is another Oxford Street bin-filler.

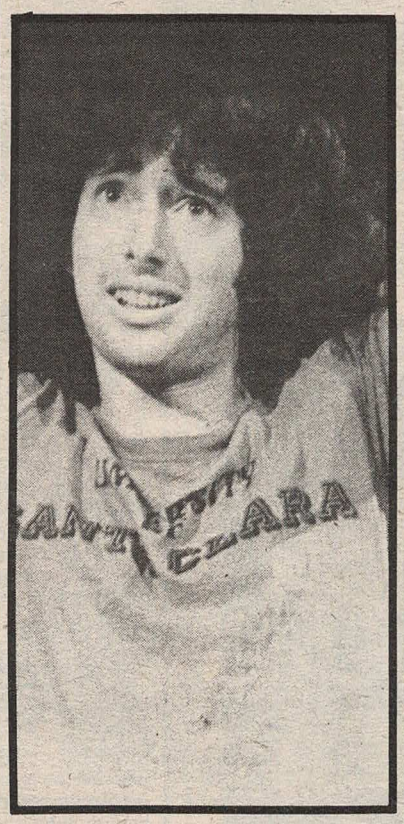
The MC5's "High Time" (Atlantic) and "Kick Out The Jams" (Elektra) lead his list of highly desirables, the others on this list being **The Who's** "Magic Bus"/"My Generation" double (MCA), **Beefheart's** "Safe As Milk" (Buddah), **Eric Burdon and War's** "Declares War" and "Black Man's Burden" (UA), **The Stooges'** first album and "Fun Shop" (Elektra), the "Nuggets" (once on Elektra but now out on Sire) compendium of psychedelia, and **The Mothers'** "Uncle Meat" (Warner).

At Harlequin's of Dean Street, Pete Flanagan kept things on a very personal choice and opted for mainly country-rock items, listing discs like **Steve Young's** "Renegade Picker" (RCA), **Steve Fromholz's** "A Rumor In My Own Time" (Capitol), **Charlie Daniels'** "High Lonesome" (Epic), **Milton Carroll's** "Blue Skies" (Lone Star), **Augie Meyers' Western Head Band's** "Live At The Long Neck" (West Texas), **Ray Wylie Hubbard And The Cowboy Twinkies** self-named elpee on Reprise, **Tom Jans'** "Darke Blonde" (Columbia) and **Talton, Stewart And Sandlin's** "Happy To Be Alive" (Capricorn).

Flanagan also included the **Greg Kihn** album and, interestingly, selected *two* elpees by singer-songwriter **Tom Pachero** initially — "But I thought that was overdoing things a bit, so I just chose Pachero's first album 'Swallowed Up In The Great American Heartland' because it's fractionally stronger than the more recent 'The Outsider' " — though both of these Shadow Morton-produced, RCA releases, are excellent.

"I drummed up a list that mixed the discs that I really like with those that sold most heavily," explained Tim Stratton-Clarke, manager of Virgin's Marble Arch Importorium, "but either way **"The Modern Lovers"** would have topped the bill."

Stratton-Clarke also stuck purely to '76 releases — "Though I cheated a bit with the Zappa" — following up the Richman poll-topper with **Barefoot Jerry's** "Groceries" (Monument), **Earthquake's** "8.5" (Beserkley), **Zappa-Beefheart's** "Bongo Fury" (Warner), **Freddie Hubbard's** "Windjammer" (CBS), **Mac Gayden's** "Hint Of The Seeker" (ABC), **Miles Davis'** "Pangaea" (Sony/CBS), **Ben Sidran's** "Free In America" (Arista), **Parliament's** "The Clones Of Dr. Funkenstein" (Casablanca) and United Artists' "Golden Summer" surfing compilation.



Jonathan Richman, one of 1976's hottest import properties

So it would seem that, at least import-wise, Beserkley ruled during '76, while country-rock grabbed a firmer toe-hold on the market.

Also obvious is the fact that, while British record companies continue to waste mountains of plastic on material that is unadulterated musical (or rather, unmusical) rubbish, they often pass up the opportunity to release albums that are potentially stronger, either aesthetically or from a sales point of view.

All of which leads me to a mini-contest I've dreamed up.

All I want to know is — which of the current crop of imports do *you* consider most worthy of release in this country? (either from a commercial or an aesthetic standpoint)?

Name your top five and send your findings to me on a card marked "NME Imports" — and I'll award a top import album to the three most interesting and perceptive listings I receive. We'll also print the table of choices in NME, so that British record companies will be able to see for themselves the popularity of items they neglect to release.

Meanwhile I'll just nod off to kip by counting albums that are never likely to be released here — **James Talley's** "Got No Bread", **Flo And Eddie's** "Immoral, Illegal And Fattening", **Tom Waits'** "Small Change", **"The Beau Brummels", "Dolenz, Jones, Boyce And Hart."**

The Best ON THE

JANUARY

January 3

BLAST FURNACE & THE HEATWAVES: Critic Rock — The New Direction? **Alex Harvey**

THE WHO: "Substitute" . . . its lyrics are as relevant today as they ever were . . . Easily last year's best display of rock'n'roll. **Steve Clarke**

SASSAFRAS & O: But will their moments of glory be but brief? Will they be playing support next week? Certainly that seems to be the case . . . **Tony Stewart**

QUEEN: Of course, if I walked around wearing the kind of stage clothes Queen wear . . . I'd be tense and nervous too. **Chris Salewicz**

January 24

RONNIE LANE sings the intro to "All Or Nothing". Mariott comes in . . . great to hear him singing that song . . . odds on for a Small Faces reunion of some description. **Steve Clarke**

ELKIE BROOKS: The ultimate comment lay in the title of the . . . last number, "Where Do We Go From Here?" You said it, sister. **Angie Errigo**

BLACK SABBATH: The bastards weren't loud enough! **Charles Shaar Murray**

GRAHAM PARKER is On The Way. **Chas de Whalley**

January 31

DR FEELGOOD: As for the records: maybe they should do them live. **Geoff Hill**

RON GEESIN: "Now, a piano solo . . ."

He waited. Since the piano refused to solo he sat down and played it himself. **Miles**

THIN LIZZY: Gonna break this year . . . **Julie Webb**

FEBRUARY

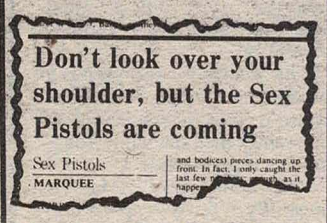
February 14

BOWIE: The role Bowie has chosen to play this time round is that of frontman to a hot rock and roll band. **Ben Edmonds**

February 21

EMMYLOU HARRIS: When music communicates this strongly, categories are meaningless. **Steve Clarke**

VANGELIS: The audience laughed in disbelief. **Miles**



NME 21/2/76 — Scoopsville, huh?

SEX PISTOLS: A chair arching gracefully through the air . . . to the obvious nonchalance of the bass, drums and guitar.

Well, I didn't think they sounded that bad on first earful — then I saw it was the singer who'd done the throwing.

He was stalking around the front rows . . . baring his teeth at the audience and stopping to chat to members of the band's retinue. He's called Johnny Rotten and the monicker fits.

. . . A quartet of spiky teenage misfits from the wrong end of various London roads, playing '60s styled white punk rock . . .

Punks? Springsteen Bruce and the rest of 'em would get shredded if they went up against these boys.

"Actually, we're not into music," one of the Pistols confided afterwards.

Wot then?

"We're into chaos." **Neil Spencer**

MARCH

March 6

STATUS QUO certainly achieve a basic, man-of-the-people straightforwardness, and idealise the virility and rebellion inherent in yer average guy. But they do it by using the shallow showbiz gimmicks that their creation, S. Quo, reviles. **Phil McNeill**

EDDIE & THE HOT RODS: potentially a classroom cult . . . something to identify with . . . make their more illustrious South Essex compatriots look a trifle old and slow. **Chas de Whalley**

March 20

STEVE GIBBONS is direct in a line from the aggressive gunfighter school of rock frontmen . . . the line that includes Elvis Presley, Gene Vincent and Jim Morrison. **Mick Farren**

THE WHO: If maturity means what was once an explosion of dazzling emotion becomes a formalised ceremony then I still hope I die before I get old. **Mick Farren**

BOBBY WOMACK: I can't quite put my finger on what went wrong, but . . . he blew it. **Cliff White**

DEEP PURPLE: A formula which becomes increasingly boring as the set continues. No, they're not finished. Not *quite*. **Tony Stewart**

GRAHAM PARKER & THE RUMOUR: The band is so damn good. Parker, however, wrote the material, and that's where he scores, making one wonder whether he might be best suited to a backroom role . . . allowing a better front man to deliver his goods.

On the other hand, who can tell — maybe he'll improve? **Tony Stewart**

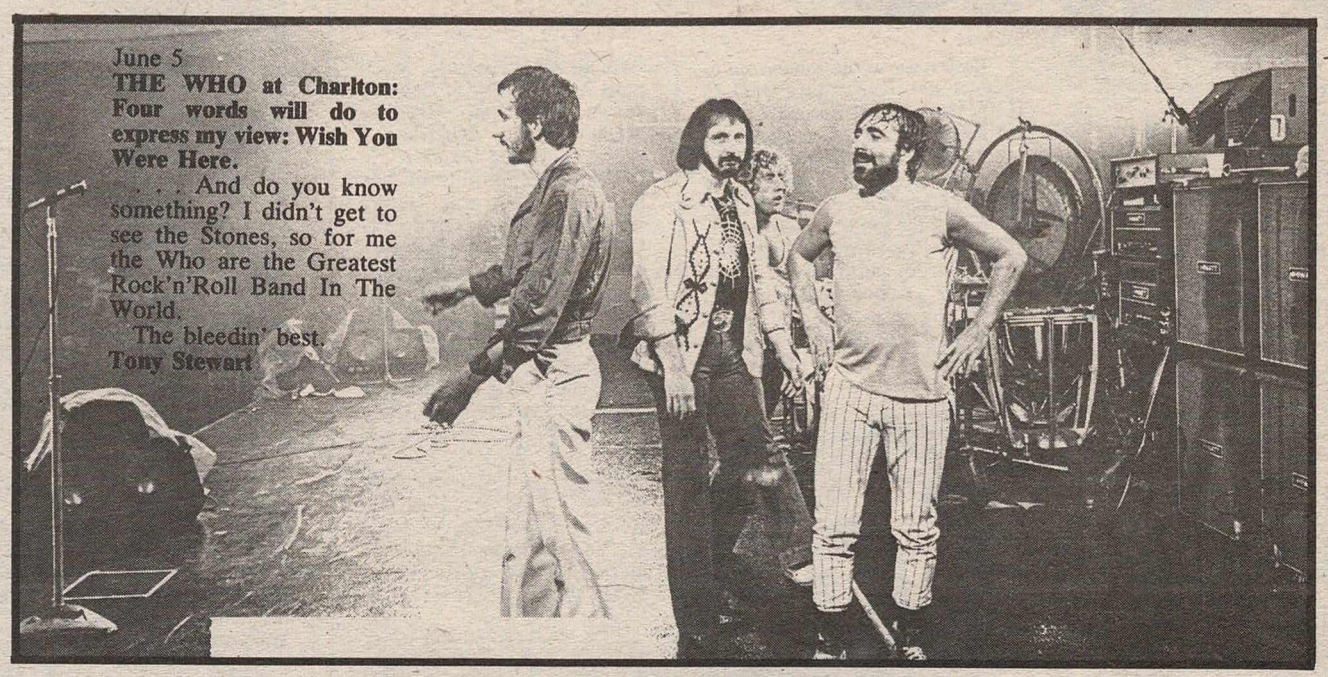
THE KINKS (Ray Davies pictured right): What's dismaying about "Schoolboys" is not just that the music is so obviously tacked on to the storyline, and is so eminently forgettable, but that the storyline itself is so trivial . . .

As the audience left after the encore they played Chuck Berry's "School Days" over the speakers. I couldn't but think that for all the humorous filming, theatre-in-rock artifice and earnest recitations about "Education" in Ray's latest grand opus, it didn't say as much in an hour as Chuck's song did in three minutes. **Neil Spencer**

GARY GLITTER: Gosh, I will miss Gary Glitter. Who else could be described as looking like a turkey in foil paper? Who else will take his driving test in a Rolls Royce? **Julie Webb**

March 27

DIANA ROSS (below): Then she tried to get everybody to hold their neighbours' hands. Now, you have to get people pretty high to do something as foolish as TOUCH people. **Angie Errigo**



June 5

THE WHO at Charlton: Four words will do to express my view: Wish You Were Here.

. . . And do you know something? I didn't get to see the Stones, so for me the Who are the Greatest Rock'n'Roll Band In The World.

The bleedin' best. **Tony Stewart**

APRIL

April 3

NEIL YOUNG: It's pretty much the Neil Young of your "After The Goldrush" days, the loner hurt in love, etc., etc. And one wonders just how much it is simply Young playing up to a large proportion of the audience's image of him . . . **Steve Clarke**

MAN: Having trashed his SG, Micky Jones spent most of the set playing a borrowed Gibson Melody Maker (which is a far better guitar than the name would suggest) . . .

. . . The whole orientation of the band has gone through a significant alteration . . . they got through four songs in the first 20 minutes. Just about any other Mancarnation I can think of would have had trouble getting through one guitar solo in 20 minutes.

Unless they do something dumb like breaking up again this particular bunch could well be . . . the best Man yet. **Charles Shaar Murray**

April 10

FATS DOMINO: There is some token piano pushing, but it doesn't go very far. Fats' legs are starting to look a little fragile these days. He walks quickly to where a minion is standing in the wings holding his mink coat. The only pity is that the show couldn't go on all night. **Mick Farren**

J. J. CALE: The least charismatic figure I've ever seen headline a major concert. **Steve Clarke**

April 17

JOHN DENVER: In the end . . . I start to detest his every onstage movement. This has stopped being a joke and is getting out of hand. I begin to pray that a Golden Eagle will swoop down and drag JD off to its eyrie where he will be pecked to death and fed to fledglings. **Chris Salewicz**

DOCTORS OF MADNESS: As the band's tour manager so succinctly put it, "This could be the start of something bad." **Julie Webb**

SEX PISTOLS: The half-hearted heckling seems to emanate mainly from their followers. Is this the first group to use "plants" in the audience? **Geoff Hutt**

April 24

STEVE HARLEY: There was no support band, although Smokie were scheduled to play . . . they had a row with the Rebel. And Harley announced he was going to play a two-hour set.

Before encores, the show was running 15 minutes longer than that. These seven dapper young men stretched out the set by crass indulgence . . . The audience were restless and bored. **Tony Stewart**

SUPERCHARGE: If you ever caught the Feelgoods in their pub days, you'll have marvelled at Wilko Johnson's ability to whizz about in his inimitable fashion. Multiply that by five and you've got Supercharge . . . **Phil McNeill**

MAY

May 1

WILLIE NELSON'S approach is so direct and uncomplicated that he can even pull off an ending that runs through "Amazing Grace" into "Let The Circle Be Unbroken" . . . as a straightforward act of downhome faith and joy.

If anyone can get this across to a Godless cynic and atheist then Willie Nelson must come close to a kind of homespun genius. **Mick Farren**

RICK WAKEMAN: They probably have a rider in their contract which specified that the English Rock Ensemble's dressing room must contain a communal bath into which the seven leap after the gig to hold farting contests deep into the night. **Chris Salewicz**

May 8

THE ROLLING STONES: You know the riffs:

There's the one that goes "When Keith Richard comes into a room rock and roll walks in the door," right, and the "Keith Richard, the world's most elegantly wasted human being," which comes equipped with hyperbolic virtuoso prose which attempts to outdo the last writer's description of how utterly, utterly out of it and cadaverous Mr Richard looked at the time, and the scholarly bit about Keith's pitiless open-tuned riffing and Newman Jones III and the four hundred and ninety-seven guitars: all of which boil down to a single one-liner terse enough to stick on a telegram and not be hurting when you get your phone bill, and that one goes "Keith Richard is rock and roll."

Yeah, well, rock and roll just fell on its ass.

. . . Next up they do "All Down The Line" off "Exile On Main Street", and halfway through someone wakes up behind the mixing desk and cuts in the afterburners on the guitars. It happens in midchord and suddenly a Keithchord comes scything out of the speakers and slices the top of my head off. I suddenly feel that my skull's just done bin metamorphosed into a two and a half minute softboiled egg and that some intensive bastard is about to dig in with a spoon and eat my brains up. **Charles Shaar Murray**

AC/DC: With a sense of what sells rather than what's cool, they could well clean up.

AC/DC, y'see, aren't just punks. They've got a gimmick.

One of them dresses like a schoolboy. **Phil McNeill**

GLADYS KNIGHT: For a change, I didn't fall asleep on the train home. **Cliff White**

May 15

ELTON JOHN: When he jumps on top of the piano, that suddenly seems what pianos were made for. **Bob Edmands**

NILS LOFGREN: A fantastic gig. **Chris Salewicz**

ALEX HARVEY: If Alex really wants to quit he could run against Bowie for Prime Minister — he's got the heavy industrial area votes sewn up. **Angie Errigo**

SHIRLEY BASSEY: She still piddles all over Freddie Mercury. **Tony Stewart**

May 22

KISS: Things are beginning to happen here. Simmons is now playing a two note bass solo and chewing on a blood capsule at the same time. What virtuosity.

. . . When the shit hits the fans Kiss have nothing except the clothes they stand up in and their volume controls.

. . . I went home and threw up. **Max Bell**

STRAPPS: Their position in the spotlight is an unenviable one . . . It can't be much fun trying so hard to be big and important. **Angie Errigo**

OZARK MOUNTAIN DAREDEVILS: The band didn't only look as if they'd just crawled out of bed, they sounded it. **Steve Clarke**

May 29

JEFF BECK/ALVIN LEE: Not Beck at his most inspired . . . but even when Beck's having a little below average night, he still cuts most other guitarists to shreds.

Go to any of the London rock pubs on a good night and you'll see players who make Alvin look silly . . . **Steve Clarke**

CHUCK BERRY: WOOOAAAOOOH! EEZ ONLY DOIN' 'IS DUCK-WALK! ACES!

"You know wot?" sez Tel. "I don't reckon ole Chuck's puttin' 'is back into this. Eez got browned off . . ."

STOP ARSIN' ABOUT! JOHNNY B. GOODE! GET ON WIV IT!

. . . when up comes this bleedin' great geezer wiv GBH on 'is sloppy joe.

"Sit down," he sez. "Jitterbugging's orf."

"Listen, Tosca," I sez, "I was at Suez." **Brian Case**

TYLA GANG: When Frankie Miller gets up to sing two well-rehearsed numbers . . . you get an idea of where R&B should have gone; no funk cliches, pedals and dual guitars . . . **Phil McNeill**

TOWN . . . Of 1976

JUNE

June 5

HALL & OATES: Several sheets of paper liberally sprinkled with such incisive criticism as "brilliant", "great", "reception lifts roof", "dynamically amazing", "audience gasps" . . . **Phil McNeill**

June 12

AVERAGE WHITE BAND: Should have been something of a splendid return to their home country, but it was just another gig on a Friday night in June.
Steve Clarke

DR HOOK: Far naughtier than Slade ever were, and had Wolverhampton pleasantly shocked and delighted . . .
Julie Webb

JANIS IAN: Like a religious experience, or a visit to an Art gallery . . . the audience must be willing to get down and get sensitive . . . **Phil McNeill**

TOM WAITS: There is heckling.
"Your opinions are like assholes, buddy," comes the voice from beneath the cap. "Everybody's got one."
Fred Dellar

FRANKIE MILLER: As good as rock and roll can ever be.
Angie Errigo

June 19

ERIC BURDON: Amazing: Eric reclaiming his title as the most aggressively expressive blooze-rock vocalist Britain has ever seen. **Tony Stewart**

GENESIS: There were many passages when I was bored.
The low point was "Robbery, Assault And Battery" . . . sub-children's hour stuff, yet it was received with the rapt attention of a five-year-old watching Captain Pugwash. **Miles**

ROCKY SHARPE & THE RAZORS: Oh well, they're gone now . . . for many of us (sob) Rock'n'Roll will never (sob) be the same again.
Neil Spencer

June 26

THE OUTLAWS: Live . . . have about as much stage presence as a stiff gerbil in a can of mushroom soup.
Max Bell

LITTLE FEAT: Even get rapport between slide and congas . . . a mother of a live act and an audience who understands them. **Max Bell**

BOB MARLEY (below): A judoka's mastery of stress and balance and pressure. Family Man Barrett's bass was a huge granite Odin humming in the bath . . .
Charles Shaar Murray

JULY

July 3

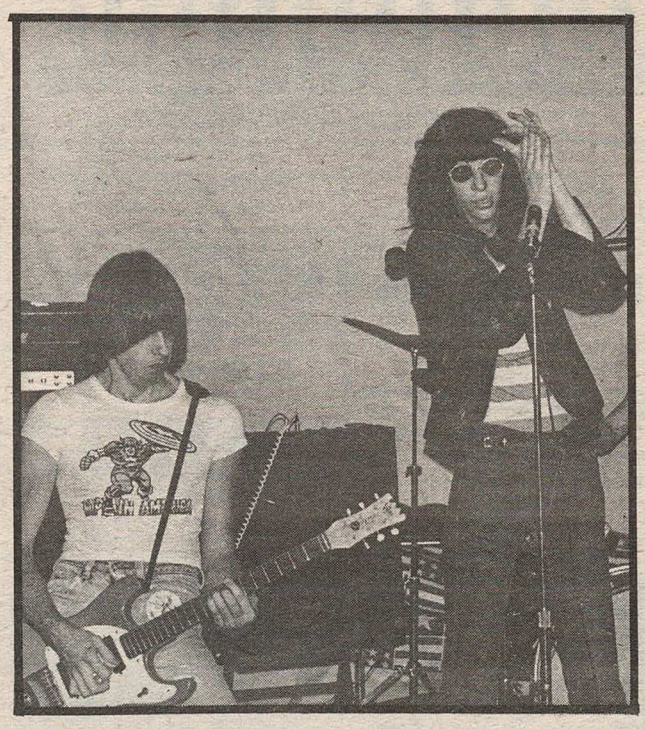
BING CROSBY: Anthropological . . .
Steve Clarke

G-BAND: A rare gift for intuitive pop . . . which the onslaught of Art threatens to destroy . . . **Phil McNeill**

July 10

STRANGLERS: Improved tremendously of late . . .
Max Bell

RAMONES (right): Closer to a comedy routine than a rock band . . .
. . . The guys on the mixer hated them and they hated the guys on the mixer back. I laughed solidly for half an hour . . .
"Dese tings shoulda been woiked out before," retorted Dee Dee petulantly . . .
. . . The appeal is purely negative, based on their not being able to play a shit or give a shit . . . imbecilic adolescent ditties . . . still oodles more exciting than the majority of bands . . . **Max Bell**



FLAMIN' GROOVIES: This was the first gig they'd played since '72 . . . Cyril Jordan remains unsurpassed . . .
Max Bell

SLIK: I'll swear his flies are undone . . . **Julie Webb**

HARLOT: Quite a novelty to hear new wave American dementoids hammering out obscure Heavy Metal Kids songs . . . **Phil McNeill**

NEW YORK DOLLS: Comparison by Manny Charlton of Nazareth when Aerosmith superstar Steve Tyler jammed with the Dolls on harp (he and Johannsen looking like Mick Jagger's two younger brothers): "It's like an American equivalent of the Rollers jamming with Mud!"
Phil McNeill

July 17

CRUSADERS: No one to touch them and they know it. **Max Bell**

HOT RODS: Have rejected rock as a polite spectator sport . . . **Roy Carr**

July 24

DOCTORS OF MADNESS: Kid Strange . . . like some flaring stick insect, towering over the rodent-like Urban Blitz . . .
. . . virtually incomprehensible cinema verite . . .
. . . For every one who laughs there's another who goes home singing.
Phil McNeill

AUTOMATIC MAN: You can almost see a drumroll originate in Shrieve's guts, come rippling down his arms and spread across the skins as he stares at it open-mouthed . . . **Miles**

July 31

CURVED AIR: On this particular occasion Sonja is wearing a see-through part-medieval part-space age superperson outfit, Swordswoman of the Black Galaxy or something of the sort. **Mick Farren**

HAWKWIND: World War I aviator goggles seem to be the order of the day.
Bob Calvert, however, must take the prize. In black leather jodhpurs, riding boots, head scarf and flying helmet, he comes on like a cross between Biggles and Lawrence of Arabia with definite S&M undertones. **Mick Farren**

STATUS QUO are pretty much the Charles Bronsons of British rock . . . **Mick Farren**

KATE & ANNA McGARRIGLE: A rare evening's entertainment . . .
Bob Woffinden

EDDIE FLOYD: Later, I practiced my swaygait down to the Blue Crescent cafe for a customary breakfast of blistered eggs on charred toast, washed down with bitter tea, half-a-dozen bombers and Tony Shevaton berating his "Foolish Doubts". Eden Kane skulked in a corner, forgotten, rejected and alone . . .
Imagine having to sing "Knock On Wood" for the rest of your life. **Penny Reel**

CIMARONS: I passed Tapper Zukie on my way out. "Wha' yah think, star?" I asked him.
"Ites, Jah Reel," he returned. "Scene."
Penny Reel

AUGUST

August 7

VAN DER GRAAF GENERATOR: appalling.
Tony Stewart

BRAND X: Still, I bet Peter Gabriel doesn't know the difference between 7/8 and 5/11. **Steve Clarke**

BARBARA DICKSON: Rather her than all those frail, reedy American women....
Phil McNeill

JESS RODEN: The highlight of the gig (Crystal Palace)....
Phil McNeill

THE CHIEFTAINS: Riddle adiddle ariddle adiddle ariddle adiddle ariddle adiddle....it's the Chieftains. **Phil McNeill**

FREDDIE KING: Surely the best Chicago blues seen around these parts for years.... **Phil McNeill**

ERIC CLAPTON: Coryell joins the band and beats Clapton at his own game....
. . . He should treat the audience with more respect.... **Steve Clarke**

August 14

BOZ SCAGGS: Some of the finest R&B guitar licks it's ever been my privilege to encounter. **Max Bell**

ISAAC HAYES/DIONNE WARWICK: Hell, I know what's wrong. Ike's just excited cos the next number's "Shaft".... **Chris Salewicz**

August 21

MOTORHEAD: The important thing about Motorhead is Lemmy's gunbelt....
Phil McNeill

EDGAR BROUGHTON: In 1999 there will still be small pockets of brain-damaged middle-aged folks who get together every once in a while to act out arcane rites. "Out, demons, out!" they'll chant.... **Phil McNeill**

AC/DC: Frankly, I couldn't believe he's really only 17 until he took his clothes off....
Angie Errigo

ROOGALATOR: The pleasure meter registers an almost alarming increase. **Mo Geller**

JOHNNIE RAY: The syncopated sobber is as nowhere as a Camberwell cul-de-sac these days. **Fred Dellar**

SEPTEMBER

September 11

U ROY: While a small section of the Lyceum audience was busy stealing everybody's money, the Revolutionaries stole the show. **Penny Reel**

MIGHTY DIAMONDS: Cacophony rapidly degenerates into something more like a National Front demo (at Reading)....
A fan who's spent all day minding his own business is hit in the face by a full quart can; his nose and mouth jet blood.... **Angus MacKinnon**

COLOSSEUM II: At the cosmic moment, a gaggle of geese....flew over the stage heading south. Nice, I wonder how they did that.... **Mo Geller**

801: Peak after peak....
Mo Geller

DR FEELGOOD: Nowadays the Feelgoods' show is geared towards working a large stage in a large hall and erupting right off the stage to fuse brain-cells all the way back in row ninety-four, so when all that manic energy and craziness gets pent up in a place like the Hope it's like Hiroshima in a pint-mug....
Charles Shaar Murray

SEX PISTOLS: You wanted Sex Pistols and now you've got 'em. Trouble is, they look like they aren't going to go away, so what are you going to do with them?
Alternatively — ha ha — what are they going to do with you?
In a way, it's a classic horror-movie situation....don't rub the lamp unless you can handle the genie....
....Someone has obviously read too many articles about the Andy Warhol/Velvet Underground Plastic Exploding Inevitable Show....this ain't rock and roll — this is interestocide....
The first thirty seconds of the Pistols' set blew out all the boring, amateurish artsy-fartsy mock-decadence that preceded it purely by virtue of its tautness, directness and utter realism. **Charles Shaar Murray**

ARTHUR BROWN: It was a rocking, dancing, hilariously funny and hugely entertaining set....Arthur Brown is still one of the most riveting front-men that British rock has ever spawned.
Charles Shaar Murray

THE CLASH: The kind of garage band who should be speedily returned to their garage, preferably with the motor running....
Charles Shaar Murray

THE ENID: Robert John Godfrey addresses the audience much as a Mod vicar might bless a few motorcycles up on the North Circular. The foreigners are puzzled. They expected the Marquee on a Friday night to have a fledgling R&B group like the Who.
Miles

QUEEN: Mercury....looking like a frog....
Masters of style, void of content. **Phil McNeill**

September 18

HOT TUNA: Total control of time and rhythm, of counterpoint and harmony, interaction bordering on the telepathic matched only by the Garcia/Weir/Lesh axis on a particularly good day....
Mo Geller

KEVIN AYERS: Very tight, in more ways than one....
....Rolls of thunder as Kevin cried for his momma — it was all very dramatic, just like Jim Morrison shouting at his dad....
....Alco-rock involving long melancholy silences in which Kevin and Zoot grinned stupidly at each other, waiting for something to happen....
Miles

September 25

KIKI DEE: Rumours that Elton John would show up led to screams of "Elton" when Kiki came back for an encore. In his absence she propped up a cardboard cut-out of him.... **Angie Errigo**

QUEEN: A highly dramatic precisely constructed performance. **Angie Errigo**

BAY CITY ROLLERS: Les stands at the back fumbling with a guitar....Trying to find the beat....His companions stomp into the riff with all the youthful high energy and sheer joyful raw power of an anaemic grasshopper in lead Hush Puppies....
Charles Shaar Murray

CROSBY & NASH: A little like watching a favourite old movie on TV. The movie, of course, was Woodstock....
Bob Edmands

DR FEELGOOD: Music to vibrate your whole being to.
Andy Gill

ELTON JOHN: Onstage....a £1,400 white carpet....a grandfather clock, an early French bronze statue of an archer, a Chinese porcelain cabinet, a Chinese chair of cherry wood engulfed in flowers and a pair of wolfhound statuettes.
Nothing too ostentatious, you understand.
And in the middle, one grand piano. Elton John goes solo tonight.
....the Star as Human.... the Good Guy on top for once....you should have been there.... **Ian Cranna**

October onwards: Page 32

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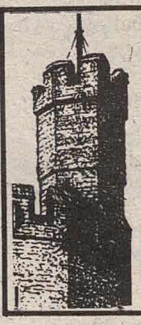

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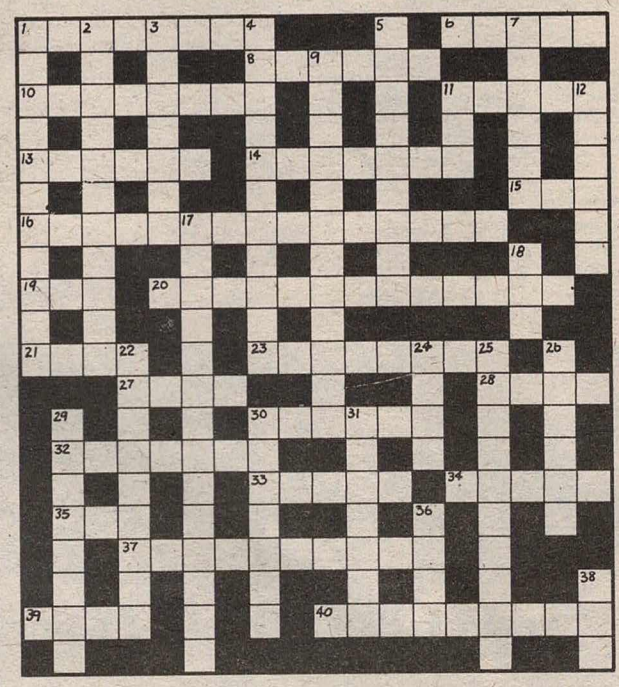

ACROSS

1 Phil Manzanera's old band, re-united for the album of the same name (5,3)
6 & 19 "Take Good Care Of My Baby" and "The Night Has A Thousand Eyes" were among his '60s hits
8 See 33
10 Deep Purple drummer, from their inception to demise in 1976 (3,5)
11 Jesse ..... Young
13 See 7
14 Nice he useta be!
15 & 38 U.S. soul star, quit music for religion in 1973
16 Mungo Jerry's hit (2,3,10)
19 See 6
20 One of the few American blues legends to make the charts, he got there in the mid-60s with "Dimples" (4,3,6)
21 See 34
23 Sue's perm (anag.)
27 Hit the UK Top 5 in '65 with "A Lovers' Concerto"
28 ".... Heart Mother"
30 See 26
32 Long before *Les Pistoles*, he was splitting his pants on TV and causing a 'national uproar' (1,1,5)
33 & 8 Like Dee Murray, he'd played with Spencer Davis before both joined the first Elton John Group
34 & 21 Ras Adonis (anag.5,4)
35 & 12 The carnivorous guitarist
37 An original Rolling Stone, Andrew Oldham gave him the boot because he didn't look the part (3,7)
39 Eaglet Glenn
40 Chris Montez' palais stomper (4,5)

DOWN

1 Featured Dave Freiberg on bass, John Cippolina on guitar
2 Founder-member of Fairports, left to form his own band (3,8)
3 Reformed by Glen Hughes on demise of Deep Purple
4 Neon muddles (anag.4,7)
5 Screaming fool (4,5)
7 & 13 Brother of Elkie Brooks, he was in the vanguard of the ...erh...what was it again?...the Mersey Boom, or something? (5,1,6)
9 See plenty sea (anag.8,4)
11 They want more, they want more, they want more, they ...
12 See 35
17 Yes, I'm Bronson O.K. (anag.6,8)
18 Paul or Grey
22 Daftness as diagnosed by the Doctor?
24 Not Harold, this one's in Sue's perm!
25 Before she retired and married Jeff Banks, she had hits with "Girl Don't Come" and "Puppet On A String" (6,4)
26 & 30 across The Texan Tornado — more a lukewarm fart of late!
29 Starship elpee
30 Miss Tammy
31 As in Bolan's Dream and the Hot Rods' Depression
36 Defunct soul singer found in hot island!
38 See 15

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS BELOW

ACROSS: 1 The Ramones; 10 Alice Cooper; 12 Eddie Jobson; 13 "Apeman"; 14 Ten Years After; 17 "Eleanor (Rigby)"; 18 Rascals; 20 (Lou) Reed; 21 "Harlem Shuffle"; 23 NME; 25 Beatles; 26 Rainbow; 31 Ace; 32 Arlo (Guthrie) 33 Stone The Crows; 35 Karen Carpenter; 36 Lewis; 37 Chess; 38 "Pet Sounds"; 40 Kiss; 43 Al Green; 45 Stills; 49 Peter Frampton; 51 "Layla"; 52 & 53 Jo Jo Gunne; 54 Bernie (Taupin); 56 Honeybus; 59 Stephen (Stills); 60 (Lee) Dorsey; 61 Innes; 62 Camel.

DOWN: 1 The Damned; 2 Eddie and the Hot Rods; 3 Average White Band; 4 Oboe; 5 Epstein; 6 Linda; 7 Genesis; 8 Jon (Anderson); 9 U-Roy; 10 Andy Fraser; 11 "Paper Sun"; 15 "Fearless"; 16 Ronettes; 19 Cello; 22 Uriah Heep; 24 Brian (Epstein); 27 (Jeff) Beck; 28 "Whole Lotta Love"; 29 "Passion Play"; 30 Anderson; 34 Three Degrees; 35 Kinks; 39 Elton John; 41 Sam the Sham; 42 Glitter; 44 Gary; 46 Sparks; 47 Spencer; 48 "Argus"; 50 Monkees; 55 Andy; 57 Neil; 58 Bees (Make Honey).

Hoppy New Year!

ON THE TOWN

LINDISFARNE rehearse for their seasonal shindig

Pic: JOE STEVENS

How to turn FOG ON THE TYNE into BREAD ON THE NIGHT

Lindisfarne

NEWCASTLE

THE IDEA to reform Lindisfarne again was initially conceived in late summer by local whizzkid promoter Barry McKay and Rubber Records boss Dave Wood. Slowly but surely they went about piecing the whole thing together — beginning with the task of convincing and/or tempting a band whose once sky-high cameraderie had disintegrated into the realms of open-faced dislike over the years to let bygones be bygones and do their legendary Christmas stint once more.

Exactly how they achieved this is still uncertain, since personality conflicts within the band had seemed to be irrevocable (perhaps 8,000 punters at around £3.00 a head might offer a clue) but the whole shebang was signed, sealed, and duly delivered in the shape of two shows over two nights at Newcastle City Hall last Wednesday and Thursday. A last minute third set was added, allegedly without the band's prior consent, to cater for the enormous demand for tickets throughout the North-East.

With Lindisfarne themselves in accordance, all that remained was to add the icing on the contract, Filming rights went to the BBC, recording rights to Metro Radio (the local commercial station), and souvenir programmes, T-shirts, *et al,* were quickly organised in an effort to quench the area's infamous thirst for nostalgia.

It was fast becoming obvious that this was to be a full-speed ahead "Train In G Major" down memory lane, with everyone travelling (and paying) first class.

HOW CAN YOU be objective about mass hysteria? The audience, complete with mass distribution party hats, laughed, cavorted and clapped at anything that moved, including a tuxedoed organist knocking out Bach toccatas and a Geordie Santa Claus who incited community singing with "Cushy Butterfield" — provincial kitsch at its fun-loving best.

All the misgivings that I might have had concerning the band's sentiments were immediately removed when they took the stage; there was enough energy in the air to carry them through anthing.

Rumours of drastic under-rehearsal were reflected in a slightly nervous start, but Lindisfarne's *raison d'etre* had never been based on watertight musicianship anyway, and all the bum notes and off-key harmonies one associates with being a long time gone and grown rusty floated up to the rafters unnoticed.

Drawing almost entirely from "Nicely Out Of Tune" and "Fog On The Tyne", they cruised through everything you could possibly want to hear, pausing only for a short interval, "so you can go to the bar for a piss-up and we can go to the toilet 'cause we're all shitting ourselves."

High points of the first half were Alan Hull's "Winter Song" and the instrumental "Scotch Mist", which offered the rather ludicrous bonus of two BBC cameramen crawling around the stage with their posterity-capturing portables.

After the interval all hell broke loose. "Lady Eleanor" brought the house to their feet; they stayed there, and the gig was transformed into an occasion, with the band indulging in all manner of buffoonery, ranging from Simon Cowe having his hair cut during Ray Jackson's famous harmonica medley in "We Swing Together" to Jacka himself doing some amazingly accurate impersonations of a London bus starting up on a cold morning and James Hunt winning the World Motoring Racing Championship!

All this was interspersed with the real classics of Lindisfarne's old repertoire, which they'd understandable saved till last. "Meet Me On The Corner", "Fog On The Tyne" and "Clear White Light" guaranteed them a reception that was easily on a par with the ones of lore. By the end there was no alternative but to smile, stamp your feet and sing along with them.

At the post-gig lig I asked Ray Jackson if the response had been enough to make them think about reforming.

"Not permanently."

How about annually?

"Yeah, well, it keeps the name going, doesn't it?"

And the wolf from the door, I suspect.

Norman Baker

Bandit

SOUTHAMPTON

THE SINGER shuffles uneasily at the front of the stage, his face anxiously white, his confidence slowly draining into his boots as he apologises to the now restless audience and thanks them for their patience. Really, we'll start just as soon as possible.

There's an unfriendly silence in the hall as the stiff-necked punters glare at the roadie replacing a duff amp; the band look dolefully on, squirm slightly in their stage clothes and nervously fiddle with their instruments as the repairs are made.

Bandit's British concert debut at the Southampton Gaumont as support on Manfred Mann's trio of Crimbo specials isn't the most auspicious.

Formed earlier this year around Scotsman Jim Diamond, the self-proclaimed kiddie of the Glasgow scene which bred talent like Hamish Stuart and Frankie Miller, in rehearsal six months ago they displayed considerable talent.

With Jimmy Litherland (ex-Collosseum and Mogul Thrash) on guitar, bassist Cliff Williams (formerly of Home) and two comparative new boys, guitarist Danny McIntosh and drummer Graham Broad, they've since recorded an album (to be released on Arista in January), warmed up their act in European hell-holes supporting Alexis Korner, and made two low-profile appearances at London's Nashville.

But tonight the technical horrors prevail. There's the delayed start, an infuriating buzz on the PA and a lack of volume on Litherland's guitar. Their confidence shaken, at first Bandit surrender themselves to the inevitable mediocre performance the circumstances dictate.

Diamond selfconsciously tucks his head down and sings at the floor, while the group merely play adequately — that'll see them safely through without unduly antagonising the assembly. But the band has an attitude and spirit that can't be broken and about a third of the way through their set they overcome their hesitance and battle on with a sense of purpose.

It pays off, to a certain extent.

Musically they *do* have a lot of ability, particularly in the contrasting guitar playing of Litherland and McIntosh; the former creating delicate figures for the latter to savage with hard, spontaneous licks. And behind them you discover the same kind of virtuosity from Broad, one of the finest new drummers I've seen this year, but whose technical skill sometimes outclasses Williams' imagination on bass.

The strongest character in the group is Diamond; a wiry hardnut who has vocal muscle and rock'n'roll power on numbers like "Dance When You Boogie", yet can turn on the passionate sensitivity for a ballad such as "Love And Understanding".

Although they have good material, their biggest difficulty at this stage is putting over what's basically a club act in the concert environment without losing their musical excitement and energy. They don't actually manage to do so in Southampton, yet they have the kind of intelligent approach to rock that suggests they will.

Catch 'em where you can.

Tony Stewart

A peanut in the court of King Capricorn

Macon Whoopee

BBC2 — OGWT

IT WAS ALL QUITE silly really . . . and embarrassing. Bomber Bob and the Old Grey Woosle Test schlepping over to Charleston and Georgia on the license payers' expense in order to fill in the folks back home on what was happening in the South *vis-a-vis* the recent resurgence of good ole boy rock'n'roll.

The idea was fine at least, but the execution . . . Shot of Bob *en route* reclining in his airplane seat, mumbles a bit. Cut to Bob onstage telling the audience that he's from England and what's more, to make him more English, he's from the BBC. The audience, who are no doubt out of their skulls, cheer and hootenanny loudly on learning that this is all going to be on *The Old Grey Whistle Test.* Certainly history in the making.

Wet Willie come on and perform an inordinately boring song, the highpoint of which is that the lead singer attempts to play a saxophone at the same time as a tambourine and doesn't do any of those things too well.

Bob comes on and tells the kids that Marshall Tucker are one of his favourite bands. That makes two of them, audience goes bananas and Marshall Tucker do indeed get down and get with it in mighty fine style. I was just beginning to tap the cat when they cut to our hero leaning out of a van window, grinning and mouthing at me above the roar of Interstate whatever. The driver is none other than Carl Richardson, who engineers for Eric Clapton and is therefore just the man to ask about the "Southern Sound."

Bob: "TThhhh . . . tell me, Carl. One thing I've noticed about American music is that it has a definite sound."

Carl: "I'd divide it into three categories. First there's the English sound. Then from New York you've got the East Coast sound and from the West Coast . . . well, the West Coast Sound."

I'm enthralled, but suddenly Carl does a nifty Left and we're at the home of Dicky (but you can call me Richard) Betts. Looking wasted in a daft hat with hair longer than of late, Betts is sitting on the porch in a wooden chair. Such Credibility. He does yodelling impersonations of Jimmy Rogers, strums a bit of Blind Willie McTell and Robert Johnson and tells us that this is where Southern rock is coming from. It's that simple — but then the whole programme was grossly uncritical, its objectivity quotient less than nil.

There are brief interviews with imminent Pres Jimmy Carter, who sounds like he's reciting from a prepared speech on how to appear hip, and Bonnie Bramlett and Elvin Bishop, who natter about nothing at the Macon Whoopee party. Some footage of Chuck Leavell's Sea Level and Stillwater proves to be the highpoint of the evening in terms of visuals.

A tourist guide to Macon revealed that both Little Richard and Otis Redding were born there; it wasn't followed up. Instead Phil Walden, boss of Capricorn (yeah, and I thought the BBC weren't allowed to advertise, so what was the programme?) Records told the story of how he got to manage Otis. The camera followed a few spades round a pool hole. Riveting stuff.

Back at the shindig a lot of boring Georgians could be seen snoozing round a lake on pedaloes while a lot of girls without bras who needed them badly juggled in front of the British lens.

Well, Bob thought it was pretty marvellous, and later on why don't we stick around and go downtown. I hear there's gonna be a jam and, gasp, Dicky Betts might turn up. Unfortunately he did. So did Elvin and Bonnie, and Johnny 'V' Vernazza, I think played harp — and none of them knew when to stop.

I could have been watching *Hondo* too.

Max Bell

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HOOKER (clockwise): James Langston, Mark Bristow, Bob Boucher and Snitch. Haydn Simpson couldn't make the session.

Hooker

DIGBETH

"IS EVERYBODY warm?" says this man in red satin pants.

He's James Langston, a singer with a bleat not unlike Roger Chapman's and the look of a crazed Frankenstein as he jogs out in his big black boots.

And my goodness isn't it warm on this icy Birmingham night as the bass line thuds in and sets the ventricles on fire. We toast our toes and whet our appetites on a Guinness.

"It takes a whole lotta lovin' to keep my baby happy," shouts Langston — and it sounds as though he means it. Stomping up and down like a bad guy puppet gone out of control.

Already we can tell it's going to be a good night for Hooker. This is nice — a tasty lead break from Mark Bristow, these days looking like a squaddie on parole.

"Hooray" ends with a silver blast from the lone ranger and we're into "Miles Away." Snitch winds it up with the Hammond. Gorgeous swirling chords like the intro to Cocker's "Little Help From My Friends." Snitch has a Moog too, but he uses it with cool and sparing respect, while he handles his organ old fashioned-like and raunchy.

Oh, good lad! . . . yes, and the occasional burst of a frustrated solo. Bring back the organ!

Snitch and Bristow toss out this rock music between them, and at first it seems the rhythm section is playing to orders. But then you realise there's more to the simple pumping bass of Bob Boucher. He knows his bumps and bounds and keeps Haydn James Simpson's drums effective and straight ahead.

Hooker play "Over The Barrel", a number they once tried on *New Faces*, and then Papist Rock — "Hail Mary I'm So Dirty."

Another organ intro and Langston's lyrics are right. If you've ever had an Irish landlady, you'll know what he means. The crowd's digging this, and now the band goes Carribean, Bristow joins in the vocals and Hooker are getting there.

Then there's the guitarist's piece, "Riviera Glide Wormer." Near silence as Bristow — and he's a man to watch — picks it up and echoes out. Somebody's playing a pinball next door and the tills are clanking. It's not miraculous, this. But then the band troops on and Bristow builds to a fever.

And they have more. Langston's baby song, "White Light/Cut The Cord" and finally the grindling horrors of "Locked In My Room One Night With You."

You can't tie Hooker down and you won't find a semi-pro band working much harder anywhere.

They hit London in the New Year and they are still unrecorded. So look out kid . . . and see what they do.

Ian MacLaren

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DOX: SLIPPING UNDER THE JETTY IN '77?

Dr. Feelgood's Christmas Party

HAMMERSMITH PALAIS

COME ALIVE, you're in the lying-on-the-floor generation.

The hallowed floor of Hammersmith Palais was not only slightly damp from all the tipplers tipping their tipple on top of it, but it was also sporting a succession of weird fungoid clumps resembling recumbent schnurdoes in a state of surly melancholy, which made it more like a Budgie crowd at the Roundhouse than a Feelgoods crowd anywhere — but that's neither here nor there (though it was both at the time), right?

Up on stage The Lew Lewis Band were tromping out a steady supply of undistinguished but competent late-'50s style Shee-caw-go blues. Lew and his guitar players display a sound working knowledge of the standard riffs used on vintage Waters, Williamson, Walter and Wolf albums, but neither axeman plays particularly exciting lead, and Lewis himself was singing in an oddly perfunctory manner. The best vocals of the set came when Paul Bassman (*aka* Riley, formerly of Chilli Will and Roogalator) weighed in with a variant on "Sweet Home Chicago".

Even the closer, the eagerly awaited version of Lewis' "Boogie On The Street" single, was spoiled by Lewis blowing out the harp in the required key and then stumbling around testing his other harps through the mike, retiring in confusion and using guitar or vocal choruses to cover.

Lewis definitely got the right idea and it's great to see that blues harp is not an entirely neglected art these days, but that set was a long way from what Lewis was trying for. He could do with a hot lead guitarist, a few spare harps and a bit less pre-gig booze.

Clover, who followed, are a rather dull 'Frisco bar band with a pedal steel/lead guitarist who useta be in a famous *Zigzag*-type band. They do a bit of funk, a bit of blues, a bit of country, a bit of bluegrass, a bit of acapella and sundry other bits. They've got themselves something of a rep after frequent supporting gigs with T.Lizzy and the Feelgoods, but they did rather less for me than one would have wanted.

Finally ... finally ... at long last ... by public demand ... your favourites and yours ... the truly great ...

Now Christmas ain't the time to sling filth and abuse at our pop kids, but it seemed like I'd come to see the Feelgoods one time too many. They sounded okay and looked fine, but a depressing aura of same-old-same-old hung over their set. It was like seeing a movie you loved four times and digging it and then going again and maybe feeling a little bored. Nuffing wrong wiv it like ... still a good movie'n everyfing ... but it was still one time too many.

Except rock bands shouldn't be like movies, 'cause time passes for them as well as you (after all, they're just people, right?) and by rights they should be growing and changing too, and despite a coupla new numbers (best one: Wilko's bluebeat "Everybody's Carrying Guns") and Lee's drastically improved slide playing, going to see the Feelgoods is getting to be like watching the same episode of *Dr Who* every single week.

Dig: I love the Feelgoods dearly, but unless they do some growing they're gonna end up like flies in amber. "Everybody got to change sometime," sang Sleepy John Estes, and with "Stupidity" preserving for all time the glory of what I hope will be merely Phase I of the band's development, now's the time to do it.

I mean, I'd hate to see "Stupidity" turning out to be an epitaph.

Charles Shaar Murray

Watch it, Murray!

Cuckoo

HULL

"WHO ARE We Playing To?" the opening number demanded cheekily, and whoever it was, it was Curved Air they'd come to see. But Cuckoo neither think nor play like a support band, and their exuberance began to spread, trying to close the distance that was an almost empty dance-floor between stage and seating. To give them credit, the audience gave them a chance, and listened. And they should have been well pleased, because Cuckoo were excellent. Seldom boring, indeed varied and versatile.

So versatile that one minute I was thinking Weather Report, and the next Van Morrison. Ex-Globals keyboard man Jimmy Lascelles writes loose, South American feel instrumentals; singer Mike Storey provides the songs, mellow yet rough-and-rustic harmony choruses, set amongst continually shifting rhythms. His most touching song was also his most direct: "Oh Ginny", a love-song, strong but gentle, straight to the heart.

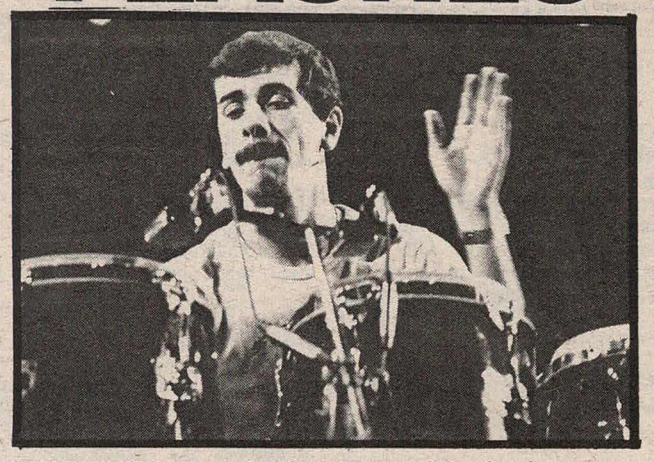
Third front-man was G. T. Moore, of Reggae Guitars, and it was on the reggae-style "(Key To) The Prison Door" that his guitar added some of the nicest touches. He's just a some-time member, on a loose arrangement, but I hope it works — if nothing else, because of the memory of "Summer Nights", his own song. It was the first time they'd played it, and it can only get better.

The same is true of Cuckoo, whose problems are mainly teething, with one line-up change already, in what is still a comparatively young band. New bassist Colin Gibson and drummer Dave Sheen showed real quality.

Cuckoo display an easy warmth.

Paul Hunter

FLASHES



FUNNY GIG. Recorded for a TV special to be shown next year, although there was nothing musically or technically wrong with **SANTANA** there was definitely something missing, something that was there last time I saw them at a magical Wembley gig back on the "Caravanserai" tour of 1973.

It was kind of let's-promote-the-new-elpee-on-TV and play-the-hits-after-the-cameras-have-been-switched-off.

Even with a new band Carlos managed to play things like "Incident" from "Lotus" note-for-note — even the silly bit from *My Fair Lady* was the same.

Carlos, as usual, looked like a Persil ad, but he had nothing on Bill Graham, who came on for the finale dressed as a gorilla.

Ah, I know what was wrong with the gig: it just got boring ...

Chalkie Davies

ALBERTO Y LOST TRIOS PARANOIAS at the Marquee last week put on what was simply the funniest gig I've ever seen. I'd never witnessed this bunch of bloody madmen before and I kicked myself. Superb parodies of Lou Reed, the Woodstock nation, punk-rock, rock'n'roll, fag rock, you name it and this lot will number it.

Ain't often you get actual rib-tickling belly laughs at a rock gig, is it? Rat Scabies and the Cap from the Damned got onstage to join in towards the end of the gig before the men in white coats dragged the Cap back to the home.

Listen — if you love rock AND you've got a sense of humour then go see the Albertos. THEY SHOULD HAVE THEIR OWN TV SERIES, WORLD!

Tony Parsons

JAZZ DIARY

THE ROCK GARDEN in Covent Garden is throwing its doors open to jazz on Sundays for blowing sessions, stipulating only that sitters-in know a crochet from a hatchet.

That brilliant altoman, **Trevor Watts,** will be at The Plough, Stockwell on January 8, 7 Dials on the 20th, 100 Club on 31st, all with his **Amalgam** unit which has recently cut an album for the Vinyl label.

Joy are at 100 Club on January 10, The Phoenix, Cavendish Square on February 16, and the Fulham Arts Centre on 21st. The great **Mike Osborne Quintet** plays at The Phoenix on January 5, the **Dick Heckstall-Smith Quintet** at 7 Dials on 6th. **Isipingo** blows the Battersea Arts Centre on 7th.

The Peterborough Jazz Club has **Bud Freeman** with the **Jimmy Owens Trio** on January 11, and **Back Door** on 18th.

A coupla new jazz books are out: *All This & 10%* by **Jim Godbolt,** published Robert Hale and covering the scene here from the mid-'20s (the author was agent for the **Johnny Dankworth Seven** and **Kenny Graham's Afro-Cubists**), *A Jazz Retrospect* by **Max Harrison,** dealing with **Hamp, Monk, Diz, Ornette** and **Bunk Johnson.**

Brian Case

Burlesque

BRISTOL

HAPPY BIRTHDAY time: to Little Richard (44 on Christmas Day), Phil Spector (36 on December 26), Edgar Winter (29 on December 28) and Bo Diddley (47 on December 30). As for Burlesque, they're celebrating too:

IT'S GONNA BE A HAPPY NEW YEAR

SO 1976 is almost at an end, rock'n'roll has moved another year towards its ultimate oblivion, but as usual there is an eager assortment of people determined to keep the electric spirit panting away in the battered corpse for 12 more months at least. Graham Parker and the Rumour, Eddie and the Hot Rods, Racing Cars, Cado Belle and those Damned Pistols are just some of the groups on the British Brightest Hope for '77 list.

However, good as those groups are, there is only one name that belongs at the top of the roll, a group that, like Rudolph's shiny red nose, will be a guiding light into a brighter musical future. Ladeez and Gennelmen, all the way from Bromley in Kent, I give you . . . Burlesque!!!

The lights go up and a familiar noise grasps your aural extremities. By the time you realise it's the opening to Dave Clark's "Bits And Pieces", the group are coming on like Return To Forever — and just as you've adjusted to that, goddam if your attention isn't sucked into some weird lyrics. *"The music, the perfume and the wine/Her silver spurs kept digging in my spine."*

That was "Elsie Petunia", and already you want to hear it again.

Burlesque have startling visual impact.

On the left stands Billy Jenkins, drowing in Army surplus rags that would fit Cyril Smith and still leave room for the other two members of the Liberal Party; he maniacally clutches his guitar high on his chest like it's his baby blue security blanket.

On his left is vocalist Ian Trimmer, who at first seems to be yet another Ferry rip-off merchant until you see that he has deliberately upset the delicate poise of BF's style into a beautifully seedy send up of the '40's chic so beloved by Deaf School and the Gentleman Geordie. He also plays an excellent and energetic saxophone.

Next we have drummer Paul Warren, shades and the hint of Joe Cool sneer complete with a sense of rhythm more highly developed than a Swiss Roman Catholic.

Bassist Steve Hughes sports the jolly - jack - tar - on - shore - leave - in - the - Med look and, with his continual impassive expression, is unlikely to bend over backwards to accommodate your sailor jokes.

Keyboards player Ivor Parr is the odd man out in that he looks like a Druid roadie, but fortunately he doesn't let this prevent him playing his Fender Rhodes with great skill and taste.

A stomping paean to tight sweaters, "Lana Turner", follows, the real Hollywood, cheap'n'nasty, Jenkins groaning: "why do my vital parts itch so!" Then comes "Gorilla Crunch", about the invigorating effects of a breakfast cereal, that contains all the Burlesque trademarks; shimmering light jazz/funk verses and memorable melodic choruses which suddenly shoot off into fast, vigorous, complex jazz/rock, and Trimmer's galloping raucous sax solos jostling with Jenkins' zippy, agile breaks, showing up his confessed admiration for the achievements of the likes of Monk and Mingus, all the while driven on to a greater velocity by the rhythm section and Parr's staccato clavinet.

In complete comparison to that, they later swoop into a hilarious samba a la Edmundo Ross as Trimmer croons "Quando Quando Quando Quando" like the last of the Palm Court Hotel lounge lizards. Such versatility emphasises that they are all very fine musicians and all playing an equally important part.

The most amazing thing about Burlesque is they make their intricate music comes across as an added bonus. Their lyrics are a cross between Godlet/Creme and Zappa, cynicism through to depraved lunacy, but the feature of their show which gives them an immediate appeal that can win over any audience is their sublimely comic choreography. Trimmer and the two guitarists send up every hackneyed pose of the last twenty years in a way that is impossible to describe — and this plus their superb tango number is the main reason that on their recent tours with Be-Bop Deluxe and the Kursaals the band were able to project themselves so successfully.

They finished with their most popular song, "Acupuncture", with its great pounding sing-along chorus, and then took their encore with a calypso number called "Bananas" featuring those immortal lines *"We like bananas cos they've got no bones/We like marijuana cos it always gets us stoned."*

Burlesque have imagination, flair, just the right amount of bad taste, and a healthy amount of good original material; they have recorded a live album — produced by Muff Winwood — which will be released on Arista in January, and judging by their virtually non-stop touring this year it ought to sell well. File under Tidal rather than New wave; that they will be a very big deal seems inevitable, and hopefully it will be very soon.

David Housham

WARTS: TAKE A FRIEND'S ADVICE
I'D LIKE TO TAKE JILL OUT, BUT NOT WHILE I'VE GOT THESE WARTS
NO PROBLEM, DAVE. JUST GET SOME... COMPOUND W
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HI, DAVE. HOW ARE THINGS?
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ON THE TOWN '76

Continued from page 27

OCTOBER

October 2

SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES: Hypnotically compelling drumbeat like that of a bored five year-old, building up his strength with a couple of sandbags on an old disused Senior Citizen ....received with politeness.... **Geoff Hill**

CLASH: Perform as if they actually dig rock music. **Geoff Hill**

SEX PISTOLS: The fans Pogo, singly and in twos and threes, breaking up and reforming here and there around the floor, amoebas on methedrine.

After the fifth or sixth "Born To Be Wild" soundalike I am ready to split — right down the middle.

Perhaps I can maintain my sanity by concentrating on just one instrument, since I can't find two that are playing together. **Geoff Hill**

October 9

RUNAWAYS brought the house down with some hot, hard, bitching rock'n'roll, and the fact that they are young and extremely horny teenage females was a bonus. **Tony Parsons**

NATALIE COLE: Sorry I used up all my superlatives on Dorothy Moore last week.... **Cliff White**

BE BOP DELUXE: The audience was determined to have a good time and every time enough beats fell in a straight line they clapped along like an American football crowd.... **Miles**

October 16

KRAFTWERK Dressed in suits and ties and short hair like bank managers....they would actually look weird in jeans. Since it was dark onstage....they showed slides of themselves wearing bow ties and looking blank.

Their music was blank too. The electronic melodies flowed as slowly as a piece of garbage floating down the Rhine.

They are actually old fashioned realists.... **Miles**

MOTT: If this isn't the best Mott yet it's certainly the most exciting. **Paul Morley**

STEVE HILLAGE: Barren of emotion save cosmic joy.

....undoubtedly large appeal.... **Phil McNeill**

THE TROGGS: Presley has managed to retain his own identity: that stark yet warm simplicity, and his special role as rock's foremost soft-porn yokel. **Phil McNeill**

MANFRED MANN proved just how stubborn, not to mention old-fashioned and dull, rock music and its followers can be.... **Steve Clarke**

RAY CHARLES needs the kind of presentation given him at the Palladium like he needs a kick in the groin.... **Steve Clarke**

HAWKWIND's audience were real space cadets. The guy in front of me was wearing a pair of incense sticks as antennae in his leather hat. Sometimes he would light them to show everyone he was smoking a joint....

They opened with a pleasant little number about having eleven fingers and someone stealing his stash. The audience sat motionless as if experiencing increased gravitation . . .

Hawkwind made a bid for the punk rock vote . . . a one chord beat that didn't vary *at all.* It was a total experience.

They can present the most simplistic images in a convincing way. A Martian dropped dead as a spacesuit-clad astronaut pissed-up the stage through a metal hose and waved a "Holiday Inn" flag. The audience roared their appreciation of the symbolism, a sequence of slides portrayed a tree in the country, steadily being engulfed first by houses, then tower blocks and a space city. Then the city became ruinous, fell down and all that was left was the tree. It was very moving. **Miles**

BARCLAY JAMES HARVEST: Musical dry ice. **Andy Gill**

DON WILLIAMS: the most appreciative audience in the universe . . . in Belfast. If I was better than a pedestrian Lonnie Donegan imitator, I'd be over there like a flash. **John Tobler**

October 23

PATTI SMITH: The drunk yells, "Break It Op!"

Without even pausing for breath she goes from pyramids and triangles and breathing and energy to "Fuck you, asshole!" **Charles Shaar Murray**

AEROSMITH: The Blank Generation could do a lot worse. **Nick Kent**

DEMIS ROUSSOS: Up soars his voice!

"*. . . take you far away to another land . . .*"

The eagle on his nightie inflates. The note trembles thinly in the rapt air. I nibble a truffle log. I am transported into the world of Boon & Mills paperbacks, the canvasses of Tretchikov — the green-faced Oriental girl, the stone steps festooned with the carnival streamers of yesterday, the forgotten bloom. What I couldn't face with my bearded anchorite at my side . . . **Brian Case**

LINDA LEWIS needs to take her live act by the scruff of the neck and work out whether she wants to be a night club act or someone who appeals to a rock crowd. **Tony Parsons**

STEVE GIBBONS communicates through subliminal associations . . . the crisp, running-through-the-morning-snow beauty of "Spark Of Love" glistening with the same frost that showers off John Cale's "Ski Patrol" . . **Phil McNeill**

SBQ: Their longevity is assured — in a music industry suffering from a dearth of memorable pop material, their songs are melodic manna from heaven. Just ask Rod Stewart's bank manager. **Andy Gill**

DR ROSS: Several decades ago, I rather suspect that Doctor Ross didn't find gigs too easily . . . but now he tours Europe to appreciative audiences. The crowd at the 100 Club came to revere a legend and duly revered . . .

Doctor Ross was the only black man in the 100 Club. Well, who wants to see someone's grandfather make a fool of himself **Penny Reel**

October 30

WINGS: Middle-of-the-road family-type thingy . . . the poignant, beautiful "Blackbird" was devalued when chummy old Paul invited the audience to contribute a few bird noises to the song. Bird noises? Whatever next?

. . . The Cliff Richard of the dope-smoking world . . . **Steve Clarke**

PETER FRAMPTON: Probably the most supremely skilful crowd manipulator I've ever seen on a rock stage . . . frankly rather boring. **Chris Salewicz**

PATTI SMITH may be chicken-faced and pigeon-chested but she comes over like a chance encounter in a dark alley . . . makes the Runaways look like the Sisters Of Mercy. **Julie Burchill**

THROBBING GRISTLE: The band mutilating itself . . . most of the audience looked bored. "Oh, *daaaahling!* So *passe!*" **Tony Parsons**

CHELSEA: "We don't want no thirty-year-old manager telling us what to do." **Tony Parsons**

HOT CHOCOLATE can actually claim a command of the style similar to such leading figures in their respective fields as the Eagles, Who, Queen. What's strange about Hot Chocolate is that they're in a field of one. **Phil McNeill**

NOVEMBER

November 6

MUDDY WATERS blew four choruses of the most bleedin' *avant garde* slide guitar I've heard in years . . . **Charles Shaar Murray**

THE CLASH were real good.

A young couple, somewhat out of it, had been nibbling and fondling each other amid the broken glass when she suddenly lunged forward and *bit his ear lobe off* **Miles**

CLIMAX: Intelligent mainstream rock that few outfits can rival. **Phil McNeill**

THIN LIZZY: The second coming of British heavy metal. **David Housham**

CATE BROTHERS: Not the sort of performance to keep your fans talking for days afterwards. **Steve Clarke**

CHIEFTAINS: Here I am at the University, man, fountain of knowledge, etc. I came straight here, man, from my decaying pad in downtown Mirfield . . .

The Chieftains are Beings Of The Cosmos, man, intinerants of space and time. A man only has to check out the cosmic instrumentation — pipes, whistles, harps, tiompan, bodhran — to see I speak the truth.

Besides, if they are an Irish folk band how could John W. Hamblett sit through 2 hours plus of their music, man, John W. Hamblett hates, loathes and despises all folk music, man . . .

. . . Take some dried Argentinian Pampas Grass. Fall asleep.

Wake up. *Wake Up?* What planet am I on? What are all these people doing in my pad, man? . . .

. . . Paddy Moloney, dressed in standard issue itinerant of space and time garb — blue blazer, white shirt and grey trousers — and a cosmic grin. I shout. He sees me. Our eyes meet. He flashes me the secret space cadet extended two-finger salute. I'm with you, man . . .

. . . a tappetty-tap-tap rhythm aided by a plunk-plunk harp — sorry to have to lay all this technical jargon on you, man . . .

. . . surge into my soul, awakening the thousands of little gods of my body — helped by a heavy hit of excellent Peruvian Mango Skins — John W. Hamblett and the band are as one, man. **John Hamblett**

GRAHAM PARKER & THE RUMOUR have not only become stupefyingly good, they're also becoming stupefyingly BIG . . .

Bob Andrews is probably my all-time favourite rock organ player — with the obvious exception of Garth Hudson. **Nick Kent**

TYLA GANG could become Britain's answer to Bob Seger . . . **Nick Kent**

THE DAMNED: They'll be very very big. **Nick Kent**

DOCTORS OF MADNESS: Caricatured deviants . . . dismissed by silent concensus. The most unfashionable band of all time. **Paul Morley**

November 13

SANTANA: What was once exhilarating is now empty of feeling. **Angus MacKinnon**

ERIC BURDON: Imagine Van Morrison trying to front Budgie. **Angus MacKinnon**

JONATHAN RICHMAN played so quietly I wasn't sure whether I was listening to a skiffle band or a chamber music group . . . pretty inspiring if you went for the humour of the situation and overlooked musicianship on a par with Wild Man Fischer. **Lester Bangs**

DERELICTS: Like politically aware alcoholics . . . no one was being cool. The atmosphere was real good . . . . **Julie Burchill**

TANGERINE DREAM: . . . Some of the loveliest guitar notes ever to fall on human ears . . . **Ian Cranna**

WOODY WOODMANSEY'S U-BOAT: He should never have left the Rollers. **Tony Parsons**

STRANGLERS: "Go Buddy Go" is a hit. The boring thing is that their conformist "rebel" image will require them to smash up the dressing room when they appear on *Top Of The Pops.* **Phil McNeill**

DAVID ESSEX: A jovial bundle of artistically ambiguous authenticity. **Paul Morley**

November 20

THIN LIZZY: A band who have *achieved* greatness rather than somehow stumbling over success. **Charles Shaar Murray**

LARRY CORYELL: Nobody wanted to go home. Except me. **Phil McNeill**

THE DAMNED will have no trouble retaining the excitement of their act in the larger venues. **Tony Parsons**

THE TROGGS look like geriatrics compared to the Damned. **Tony Parsons**

TOM PAXTON: "The White Bones Of Allende", a venomous tirade derected at Kissinger and his blind eye approach to the horrors of Chile ... you can forgive him anything. Even growing old. **Fred Dellar**

KURSAAL FLYERS played their Greatest Hits. That's the strength of their writing for you. **Phil McNeill**

AC/DC: Despite their limited ability, with Angus Young tossing in every lead cliche he's ever heard and taking at least a minute to make Them's classic "Baby Please Don't Go" recognisable, they do have an inexhaustible source of energy and serve on a platter exactly what this audience want.

I haven't had such a good laugh for weeks. **Tony Stewart**

KIKI DEE: Some people have expressed doubts as to whether Kiki Dee is a major enough artist to fill the Royal Albert Hall on the last date of her tour. On this showing she deserves to fill it three times over. **David Housham**

MAN are splitting because they're just not going anywhere musically. Stagnation city.

They could stay together a few more years ... rake in the shekels on the slide to oblivion. But they chose to split up and try pastures new. And for that attitude I salute them. **Andy Gill**

November 27

CHUCK BERRY'S first words on taking the stage were, "Well, we've only got 14 minutes," but it was hardly said with any disappointment. **Steve Turner**

LOUDON WAINWRIGHT III: I took my cat and he loved it. **Paul Morley**

CARAVAN: Two hours (!) of top quality entertainment, an aural delight that drew two standing ovations from a packed house. **Ian Cranna**

EDGAR BROUGHTON formally dissolved the Edgar Broughton Band forever. **Paul Morley**

BUZZCOCKS transcend the essentially orthodox energy adherence of the other new bands ... **Paul Morley**

EATER: While their hard-man poses are just boring after the initial amusement wears off they should at least get laid more than most of us did when we were fourteen years old. **Tony Parsons**

JOHN OTWAY is particularly famous in Brighton and Bognor ... in Oxford he enjoys the support of the Wingnuts, a local subcultural grouping named after their headgear. **Miles**

December 25

JACKSON BROWNE is the embodiment of that Southern Californian consciousness: aware guy (28) (Libra) tired of phonies. Seeks sincere companions. Into meditation, ecology, natural things . . . **Chris Salewicz**

STREETWALKERS: If the recent personnel upheavals were considered to be their deathnell then they are . . . rolling in their hearse. **Tony Stewart**

RUNNING SCORES: My tip for '77 . . . **Joe Maggott**

DECEMBER

December 4

ROD STEWART: The audience's instant response is enough to demonstrate they don't care whether Rod Stewart has been eating caviar out of Britt Ekland's hand, posing with Royalty or blowing his nose with hand-made silk handkerchiefs.

... The new band's approach is totally professional ... thoroughly rehearsed to the extent of being overtly cautious ...

Roddy had left Tinsel Town. **Tony Stewart**

LOU REED: Forty eight black and white TV screens stood in banks behind him ...

There was a synthesizer, keyboards, drums, bass, and a saxophone. And Lou on vocals ... believe it or not, Lou Reed's music this time round sounds jazzy. **Lisa Robinson**

MARSHALL TUCKER BAND line up on stage like a Western standoff. A row of cowboy boots stomping and stetsons jerking like those toy birds that drink from a bowl of water ...

"Aw superb," yelled a ponitailed chap in front of me, before sliding authentically to the floor. **Miles**

PIRATES: If Mick Green and Wilko Johnson ever join forces they'd rule the world *(Hmmm, seem to recall a duo of that nature at the NME party — Ed.)* ... **Roy Carr**

FABULOUS POODLES: As yet their set is dominated by non-originals, but that never bothered Petula Clarke, so what the ... **Paul Morley**

JESS RODEN: much pulling of the proverbial lavatory chain — a gesture I hadn't seen much of recently ... really good. **Miles**

CARPENTERS: Karen looks every inch a Clacton housewife dolled up for the Women's Institute ... as much grace as Marie Osmond ... **Julie Webb**

MEDICINE HEAD: Could two guys whip up such a fat sound? I never realised Med Head had released so many singles ... Too soon the gig is over, but that's how is should be, right? **John Hamblett**

December 11

SEX PISTOLS: Rotten just hangs from the mike stand ... burns the crowd with his glassy, taunting, cynical eyes ...

"I 'ope you 'ate it!" he screams ...

... Iggy's "No Fun", arguably the definitive Pistols live number ... **Tony Parsons**

HEARTBREAKERS: certainly better than the Ramones. **Tony Parsons**

NEILL YOUNG'S opening 45 minute acoustic set hardly put a dent in the chatter ... Maybe they thought he was the opening folk act.

The second half ... with Crazy Horse ... Young's gunmetal guitar ricocheting those searing solos ... Young played as though he were tanked to the gills on ox-blood and whisky ...

It was powerful and a little awe-inspiring. **Stephen Demorest**

EDDIE & THE HOT RODS: Masters comes on like a 50-50 collision between David Johansen and Dave Dee ... Paul Gray not only has the best visual but also has the most solid time ... Higgs and Masters seemed to be having a private race to get to the end of each song before their teammates. **Charles Shaar Murray**

LITTLE BOB STORY: I danced a bit, tapped me foot, grinned, said yeah in a loud voice on several occasions ... Can't say more than that, can I now? **Charles Shaar Murray**

December 18

STEVE HARLEY drank a glass of water ... clap clap clap clap.

"Don't underestimate my audience," he says later. "I mean, I may have drunk that glass of water real classy." **Paul Morley**

FLAMIN' GROOVIES: These guys are starting their set with a Beatles number!

... no matter how much you shake it about, a corpse is still a corpse ... **Phil McNeill**

JOAN ARMATRADING: I love the "Joan Armatrading" album myself. But only against my better nature. **Chris Salewicz**

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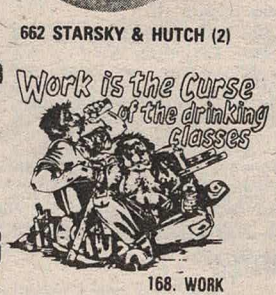

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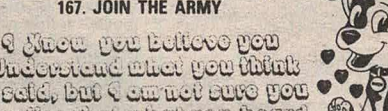

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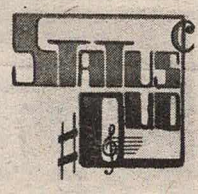

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160. CHE

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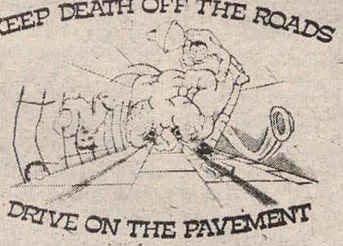

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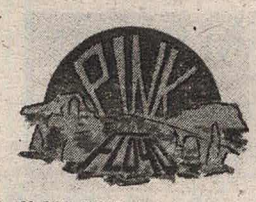

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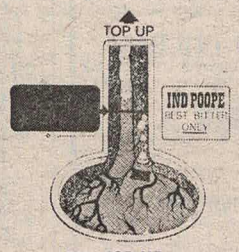

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THINGS HAVE come to a head. I wish to reply to the Sex Pistols article in your December 11th issue, written by Julie Burchill. In it, she criticised the (Derby) Leisure Committee because "This was the first occasion the Committee had ever previewed anything that might pollute the pure Derby air; no films, no plays, no books, no bands had ever run the gamut before." Now I must make the basic assumption that Punk Rock bands generate violence in their audiences.

This is justified by recent press coverage, but a specific example was provided by Tony Parsons in his *On The Town* article on The Runaways at the Roundhouse in the N.M.E. of October 9th. He describes the "Dead End Justice" encore where Currie, as the new girl in borstal, loses her teeth and a lot of simulated blood, and he says that this "brought a smile to many of the faces in the audience who had seen the scene played for real at a lot of punk rock gigs in London over the past few weeks."

As far as I can remember, no bands generating comparable aggression have visited Derby in the recent past, and so I would agree with Ms Burchill — "but of course the Sex Pistols are different." No plays, no books, and no bands would leave an innocent passer-by in such great danger of being bottled outside the place where the art form was on exhibit. The majority of films fall into the same category, but certainly "dirty movies" should be vetted — four weeks of *Emmanuelle* leaves members of the public open to another sort of attack.

I should also like to comment on the *Thrills* article in the issue of October 30th, entitled "Match of the Week". In it Ms Burchill writes "Patti quits flinging food and climbs on the the table, clambering amongst the tea cups. For a two-year-old it would be a very impressive performance; from the Queen of Rock and Roll it's like watching God jerk off." I find the last six words offensive in the extreme. I'm not square (I like rock as heavy as it comes, if that qualifies me), I just happen to be a Christian. Often, the N.M.E. seems to take the viewpoint that a bone fide rock fan must renounce his faith. You criticise Cliff Richard on the grounds of his faith. As a music paper you may comment on anything, but you may only comment with validity on things musical. Enid Hudson makes the point, but CSM is non-commital. Come on. N.M.E., keep profanity out of your articles or let us know where you stand.

Finally, glad to see Ian " 'Allo" Hunter back in action. When is the new Kermit-Hunter album being released?

J. S. Elliott, Derby

● **Talking of Mr. 'Untah, how'd you like the song "God" on his last album then? — PHUNKY PHANTOM.**

C'MON, WHO'S fooling whom? Since the delectable Miss B. hit the type print, all we read is dyke sleaze so why no pic? Can she exist or is she another Farren fantasy a la *Nasty Tales*.

We don't believe in her or Dick Tracy, the other dubious *Nome de plume* generally gracing the *Thrills* emporium. So what gives at Faulty Towers? Can't afford the staff wages so rather than admit to a small time outfit with big time aspirations you con the public with fresh writing blood to perpetuate the illusion.

She's a riot of hysteria, a strumpet of sleaze, a regular Lone Groover supreme, so How's A Bout A Pic, fully clothed or head and shoulders if the school girl bondage job won't beat the censor.

ALAN, Wales.

● **Of course she doesn't exist but don't tell the company, we're drawing her salary. — MB.**

YOU CERTAINLY weren't doing Robert Palmer any favours with a two page spread in your November 27th issue, with an article that starts condescendingly and ends up downright antagonistic. 'His patience is strained too much, however, when I ask "Because there's a lack of musical projection on your albums did you compensate with a strong visual image?" Strained! I would have kicked Tony Stewart's teeth down his throat. What you might call destructive journalism although the word "journalism" is in doubt.

I think Tony Stewart stretches the importance of Palmer's visual appeal a little. In "Rock" terms I would have thought Palmer put less importance (in a pretentious sense) on this than most. If the guy likes to dress well, it's incidental to his main concern which is the music he obviously loves.

As for contradictory attitudes, Mr. Stewart is the guilty party in this respect. In view of the defensive position he was forced into Palmer extricated himself well enough.

For the success which seems to be coming to him it's no fluke. In this age of sensationalism he's lucky to have someone like Chris Blackwell behind him. Today anyone uncompromisingly making the music he wants to with a lot of class and integrity in spite of the pressures of a jaded music industry and press to conform to their restrictive little set of rules is very refreshing. It is actually how most of your biggies started but there you are.

Tony Stewart seems to have an almost personal resentment and dislike of Robert Palmer and everything about him. Bit like the guy in the Mini with racing stickers resenting the guy in the Ferrari.

In short this was an unfocused article, rambling and contradictory, skipping from dismissal to liking him, to suggesting his success is based on his album covers, to placing him between Bowie and Ferry. To patronisingly forgiving him for being contradictory in interview. Quite extraordinary.

As for the absurd comparison with Bowie and Ferry the only point in common I can see is they all wear suits and visit the hairdressers.

PAUL ROBERTS, London W2.

● ***Deeply* jealous — THE DEEPLY JEALOUS TONY STEWART**

YOU SHOULD be ashamed of yourselves, and Roy Carr should be shot. How could he write such rubbish about an album by one of the best groups around, namely Milk 'n' Cookies. To me Roy Carr seems incredibly jealous of the band's good looks. I can assure you that the boys are four red blooded all American males but I have my doubts about you.

RHONDA INGRAM, DENISE INGRAM, DENISE BISHOP, Manor Park, London.

● **I am *incredibly* jealous — THE INCREDIBLY JEALOUS ROY CARR.**

YOU REMEMBER that article on American "herbal/organic" stuffs you did a coupla months back, in *Frills*? No? Must be all that guarana you been taking. Anyway, we was thrilled as *Thrills* was about it all. Too good to be true, yeah? So when we actually saw an advert in *Creem*, pushing the goodies, we rushed off our greenies, and eagerly awaited the goods.

Three weeks later, we'd tried most of 'em (those we could stomach) and got absolutely nothing 'cept blitzed guts. Even tried double amounts, which resulted in (very) minor effects. So you've been warned, all you hopefuls. Oh yeah — you can buy at least two of these "herbs" over here, at a tenth of the yankee price. e.g. Damiana 1oz $1; over here 1oz 7p.

God, we thought the yanks were used to good quality gear. Don't waste your time, money and digestion on this stuff.

MALC & MILL, Warwick.

P.S. Counterfeit Coke now! Ho! Ho!

● **My advice to stay at home with an ounce of snout and a good book. For those of you anxious to get to grips with 'Herbal High' stick around for Tony 'Guarana' Parsons' thrilling expose on same next week. — MB.**

READING Steve Clarke's article on Jackson Browne something seemed odd. He classed "For Everyman", "Further On" with Joni Mitchell's "Hissing Of Summer Lawns" and Neil Young's "On The Beach" as "70's classics."

I looked out a review of the aforementioned album "On The Beach" which described it as sloppy, and advised readers to forget it and listen to his first three albums. The review was written by — Steve Clarke.

Then scanning the review of 74, many contributors classed it as the album *of the year*. Steve Clarke didn't even rate it a mention as one of his also-rans. Now, to be even more consistent, S.C. rates O.T.B. as a great album of the 70's.

RICHARD BROOKE, Glasgow.

● **"The average critic never recognises an achievement when it happens. He explains it after it has become respectable." — RAYMOND CHANDLER.**

Another fearful menace for CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT?

EXHIBIT A: In re Captain Midnight Group

I REFER TO the last two visits of the Group that you are associated with, to this Club to provide music for dancing on Saturday evenings.

My Committee are dissatisfied with the brand of music that you play in that by far the greater number of tunes that you play are unknown to most of our members and the timing is nor suitable for orthodox dances, i.e. quick-steps, waltzes, fox-trots, sambas, tangos and etc.

I understand that both the club Chairman and Social Chairman remonstrated with you on these matters, on your last appearance at the club, without any success.

I must, therefore, insist on your acceptance, in writing and per return, any requests put to you by the Chairman, Social Chairman and/or Social Secretary when you next appear on New Year's Eve.

For your reference on that evening the Club Organist will also be playing for dancing and will, therefore, require easy access to the organ. Needless to say he will also provide a pattern of tunes and dances which meet our members requirements and could well be accepted as a basis for following.

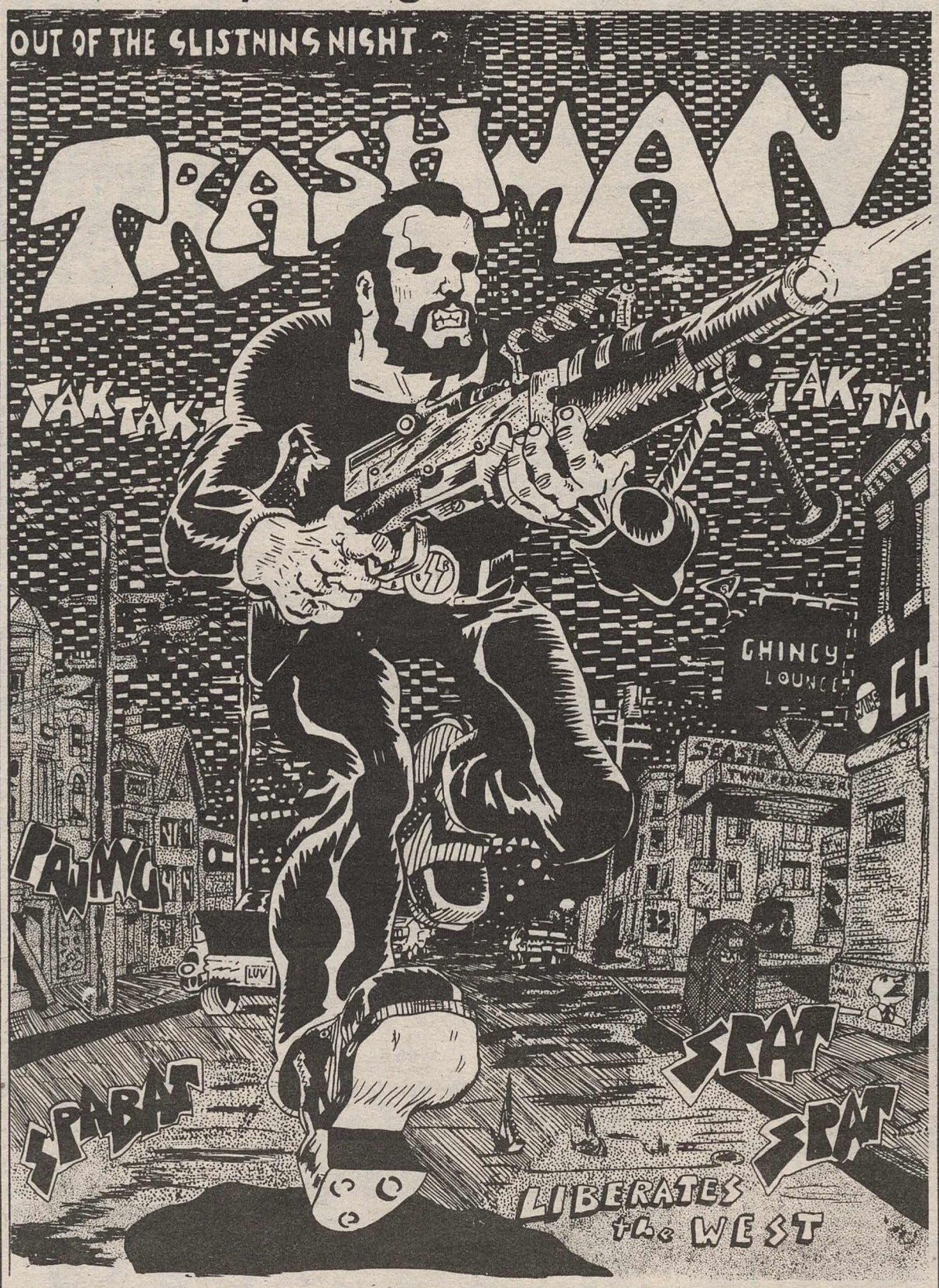
K. M. HALL, St. Annes Conservative Club, Lytham St. Annes.

DOES THE attached letter qualify my group for Punk status?

CHRIS CUMMINGS 'CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT', Marton, Blackpool.

● No, but it means you won't be playing the St. Annes Conservative Club again, sonny jim. — THE DUMMY MARGARET THATCHER.

Alright you dogs, the party's over. It's gonna be another year of gloom and despondency unless . . . unless, my damaged ones . . .



There was an answer and there he stood . . . Agent of the 6th INTERNATIONAL BAG

Edited by MAX BELL and the Phunky Phantom of Kings Reach.

TEAZERS

A WEEKLY CONSTIPATION

THE *OPENING T-zer* dragged itself scurrilously away from the turkey's carcass and staggered over to the medicine cabinet.

A refreshing glass of Alka-Zeltzer clamped firmly in the paw of its middle dot, it clambered over the keys to sit disconsolately — edgily even — in the typewriter. It belched loudly.

Pete lashes **Rod** lashes **Elton** shock horror probe!!! After Rod Stewart had layed into Elton John, thereby scoring a front cover on the London *Evening Standard*, Pete Townshend replied to The Tartan Outburst via Dictate-A-Letter. The previous day Stewart, talking to rock critic **James Johnson,** had said of Elton: "I don't think he was ever born to be a rock and roll star. He was probably born to be chairman of Watford Football Club and now he's even beginning to look like a chairman of Watford as well." To which Elton replied: "I am capable of being a rock'n'roll star and chairman of Watford FC and sell more records throughout the world than Rod Stewart . . . Anyway, he should stick to grave-digging because that's where he belongs — six feet under."

Dictated Pete: "Rod Stewart reveals a knack of securing your front page almost as skilfully and obnoxiously as the recent punk rock group publicity explosion. Rod has a superb voice, a long history in British music and has made one of his finest albums to date this year. Why does he need to display such obvious insecurity and paranoia.

"I must warn Rod and your own music correspondent that mud slinging and bitterness, especially tinged with the kind of jealousy and indirect hatred displayed by the punk rock group whose name I cannot remember at the moment, might appear to be livening up a tired music scene. But in reality they are helping to put it firmly to sleep.

"I wish **Johnny Rotten** luck; if he can write a decent song and then sing it well he will be successful. He will eventually find that that is all that is important. I would have thought that this was something that someone of Rod Stewart's calibre already knew . . . "

It's back to the slammer for **Rubin "Hurricane" Carter,** the man they couldn't keep out of the charts. At his retrial in New York last week, Carter was found guilty of murder once again. And where does this leave **Bob Dylan,** questioned a flatulent *T-zers?* Specifically, where does this leave Bob Dylan in respect of **Patti Valentine,** the prosecution witness who claims that the Zim's lyrics in "Hurricane" depict her as co-operating unlawfully with the prosecution. Remember her attorney's words in *Thrills* on November 20: "If you were a good citizen testifying in court, would you want a derogatory song done about you for someone else's pocket? It makes Patti look like she lied." "Is Bob about to get his ass sued off?" *T-zers* ask themselves . . .

Steve Sparkes, who promoted the **Runaways'** European tour, had an interesting phone call from **Kim Fowley** the other day. Mr Hollywood Rock'n'roll Hustle let conversation linger over just two points: firstly, he (Kim Fowley) maintains that it is he and he alone who is currently managing the Runaways — the ladies recently claimed they'd blown him out. Secondly Fowley was interested to know whether Steve was one of the two un-named males who, along with former Runaways' manager and bassist Jackie Fox's mum, are suing him for one million dollars. The specific reasons for the suit are unknown. Sparkes says he is not one of the two un-named males. He also claims he no longer has any interest whatsoever in the little cuties' management, but is considering flogging the *News Of The World* The True Story of What Really Happened On The Runaways British Tour.

Retired Detective Constable **Michael Chamberlain** (33), who was sentenced to eight years at the Old Bailey last week for taking bribes fron pornography traders, was the nice gentleman who busted our own cute **Mick Farren** and **Edward Barker** for 'obscenity' in their comic **Nasty Tales** in 1971. Mick and Edward got off. Chamberlain didn't.

Mick Taylor, ready once again for the pressures of stardom, has signed with CBS.

Krackers **Keith Moon** getting kicked out of places yet again after he traipsed into the Polo Room at the posh Beverley Hills Hotel in LA dressed up like Field Marshall Rommell . . .

Nick Turner offed from **Hawkwind.** What is this strange Hawkwind policy of sacking all the identifiable members? . . .

Clash to sign for **Polydor?**

Cross country rockers cross: **Eagles'** concept album "Desperado" is to be made into a Broadway play and /or movie. This, though, will have no pistol-packin' support from Les Eags themselves. Apparently US management team **Leber-Krebs** — who handle **Aerosmith** and **Ted Nugent** — obtained the rights to the material from Warner Bros Music earlier this year, despite wild objections from Eagles Manager **Irving** "Bring Me The Head Of Steve Clarke" **Azoff.** Azoff maintains that Leber-Krebs approached him personally about the project. "We totally rejected it. Aesthetically we don't think they're the right people to do it," Azoff told *Rolling Stone.* He also claimed that Warner Bros. would be sued by The Eagles over the material and "related other claims." Said Steve Leber: "Two years ago, when the Eagles weren't as big, we told Azoff about our concept. He told the Eagles and they were ecstatic. As they got bigger, Irving became less enthusiastic. . . "

Yes, it's Good Ol' Boys Git Cross one mo' tahm down in Dixieland *T-zers:* New member **Steve Gaines** is the tellee, as he told *Rolling Stone* at a NY party for **Lynyrd Skynyrd** of a night with the boys: "I was puking through my legs and **Ronnie** (Van Zant) went around saying, 'Anyone who don't like him throwing up is gonna have to put up his fists'."

At the party, drummer **Artimus Pyle** was overheard discussing the Old Testament and vegetarianism, commenting, "People wonder why I still take LSD." Some minutes later a demented Pyle overturned his table, wrestled with bystanders and ran out of the restaurant leaving a couple of band members on the floor.

Tina Turner to go for trial in California on charges of carrying a concealed weapon.

Writes North Country vet **James Herriott: "Thin Lizzy** guitarist **Brian Robertson** is swearing he's off the sauce after a medical examination told him the old liver weren't looking too hot after all the alcoholic hammering it'd been taking recently . . . "

At their London Roundhouse gig just before Christmas, **Streetwalkers** star nutty **Roger Chapman** broke a foot whilst onstage. Performing despite *colossal* pain — states His Publicist — Chapman pluckily finished the gig to spend the rest of The Festivities on crutches and in *horrific* pain. Amputation was only just averted . . .

What *men* are these music makers! In a blatant attempt to reverse the **Steeleye Span** image and prove that folkies can be hard cases, **Tim Hart** was planning to spend Xmas in Norway in a log cabin with no running water and no heating. The cabin, which is the home of his Viking Lady, currently has three feet of snow outside and at least four hours of daylight. At least. It is expected that Hart will pass the time getting an improvement grant for his pad . . .

Jojo Laine, la cherie amoure of **Denny Laine,** has opened a second-hand bric-a-brac shop in Weybridge *(Why are you telling us these things* — Ed.?)

But that's nothing: Sterling English squire **Gary Brooker** has just bought a pub called 'The Parrot' in the same area. The locals apparently find him absolutely fascinating . . .

Oh yeah: And *Noo Yawk Times* and *Rolling Stone* reviews of **Roy Carr's Stones** book highly complimentary. No doubt this will make Roy even richer and more rumbustious than ever. Oh, and **M. Farren's** poster book's outselling all expectations . . .

Pete Townshend and **Ronnie Lane** (Two guys. Into Self-improvement. Growth. Meher Baba. Self sufficiency) recording together. R Lane is apparently considering going to agricultural college to further his understanding of the farm life . . .

Avengers luxury crumpet **Joanna Lumley** once walked out with young **Rod Stewart.** Incidentally, what on earth were **Stewart Of Olympia** and **Susan George** discussing as they sat on the stairs of Rod's manager **Billy Gaff's** Fulham gaff after Rod's post-gig bash? The time of the next flight from Salisbury *T-zers* suspects . . .

Tchaikovsky on **Brahms** after hearing his collected output: "What a talentless bastard." (Really.) Since time immemorial, you see, musicians have been controversial fellows . . .

EMI rumoured to still not have decided what to do with the **Sex Pistols.** Although it is said that most of the record company itself wants to keep the band, *T-zers* understands that boardroom dramas are still to come . . .

Tower Of Power's ex-lead singer **Rick Stevens,** 35, sentenced in San Jose, California, to life imprisonment for three drug offences. De judge urged him to become an apostle and preach about how much harm had come to his life through drugs . . .

David Bowie copped the US Academy of Science Fiction Fantasy and Horror Films Best Actor Award for his part in "The Man Who Fell To Earth" . . .

Bruce Springsteen giving away copies of him singing "Santas Claus Is Coming To Town" as Christmas presents.

It is with great regret that *T-zers* reports the death of **Mayor Daley** of Chicago. Long-time boss of Chicago, Daley's reign reached its all-time low during the 1968 riots at the Democratic Convention when he sent Chicago riot cops into an orgy of violence and destruction against responsible, sane, protesting human beings. Well, that's the way it goes, Mayor . . .

"Round The World With A Rubber Duck" is **CW McCall's** sequel to "Convoy". And staying with ducks, **Rick Dees** follow-up to his US smash, "Disco Duck", is "Dis-Gorilla". Form a line for the King Kong Klean-ups here . . .

Joan Winston, organizer of the annual US "Star Trek" conventions, has written a book on the subject, "The Making Of The 'Trek' Conventions or How To fill A Party With 12,000 of Your Most Intimate Friends" . . .

The original face of the **Blue Meanie,** painted on celluloid for the "Yellow Submarine" movie, went for £150 at Sotheby's last week, which *T-zers* thinks . . . err . . . sums it all up . . .

Under new traffic regulations in Jakarta, Indonesia, it is permissible for police to throw rocks at drivers not obeying road signs. This is true . . .

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